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# Hokum

BY STRUTHERS BURT
Author of "The Interpreter's House," "The Delectable Mountains," etc.

THERE are certain fundamental events, spiritual and physiological processes, that happen to every one, and these happen even to Broadway producers, motion-picture stars, gold-digging chorus girls, columnists, flappers, college seniors, recent millionaires, and the youthful sardonicists of the critical world of New York or the world of the immature university. Among these events are being born, dying, and (to every one who survives to fifteen, or, as the psycho-analysists now tell us, who survives beyond a few months), the being attracted by a member of the opposite sex, whether the last take shape merely as the cacodemon of lust or the half angel, half bird we hear about but seldom see. These things happen and there is no avoiding them. In fact, life stripped of its ormolu is so exceedingly stark that fiction has only nine, or eleven, basic plots—the exact number has never been determined.

But humanity does not like starkness, it is the one thing humanity cannot abide, so artistically and socially, and in all other ways of course, save for narrow interregnums of actual revolution, the history of the human race has been a history of concerted attempts to cover up or deny, by this fashion or that, the common fate. Cromwell tried to do this by prayer and persecution, the playwrights of the Restoration by laughter. The pendulum swings backward and forward and only for the second when it is in the exact axial position between the two extremes do we even begin to approach the truth. In other words, the philosophy of the more egregious modern maidens and of Oxford bags is as far removed from reality as the philosophy of vapors and smelling-salts. The atheist is quite as mad as the fundamentalist, and hard-boiled youth is only the reverse of soft-boiled senility.

The examples of these phenomena do not like each other and do not understand each other when they meet, but both have, if they but knew it, an underlying bond of excessive sentimentality. Both are attempting to disclaim life.

Several gentle old ladies of my acquaintance will not mention the word cancer; any number of young, or youngish, people of my acquaintance will not mention the word beauty. The little boys and girls, too frank and modern to be polite, are merely expressing in current terms the bland egotism expressed by their grandmothers and grandfathers through an elaborate subterfuge of courtesy. The Victorians took more trouble over their selfishness, that is all. The exact truth, in this particular instance, would be, of course, simple good manners. Between denying or embellishing a fact because it is supposed to be too ugly, as the Victorians did, and denying a fact because it is supposed to be too pretty, or too banal, as many moderns do, there is intrinsically not the slightest difference. As if facts were ever anything but banal!

Now it happens that just at present we are in an excellent position to study this circular and somewhat wasteful, although

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inevitable, process, for we are emerging from one well-defined period and, after a few years of actual but, as always, confused and fairly grotesque rebellion, are on the point of entering another period that shows signs of being equally well defined. Having destroyed the lollipops of the Victorians—by no means all of them as yet, but many of them—we have our mouths greedily set for lollipops of our own. Suddenly we have come to the conclusion that we are sophisticated and that, of course, is the exact moment when gold-bricks are likely to be sold to us. The suspicious rustic is seldom in danger.

Hokum and buncombe, the latter distorted into the hideous phrase, "that is the bunk," have been the rallying-cries of the released, those together with "apple sauce," but from the present on we have need to be careful lest these slogans of liberation become the prisoners' songs of our own and the rising generation. Shibboleths are dangerous the moment they lose their original careful interpretation. Freedom, once codified, is tyranny. The Black Mass is just as elaborate, as time-taking, as demanding as the mass it seeks to supplant. It is possible to imagine a future in which embattled monogamists will furnish auto-da-fés for serious and convinced polygamists who will weep and pray over them as Philip of Spain did over his heretics.

Let us see what has happened to us in the last twenty years.

According to our notions the Victorians, and this means in most cases our grandparents, and in many cases our parents, despite their powerful impulses and accomplishments, lived in a world of illusion which it has been our duty—and pleasure — to destroy. This fairly well accomplished, we have emerged into the clearer atmosphere of to-day. Possibly. One does not deny the illusions of the Victorians, one merely questions the clearer atmosphere of to-day. Or rather, not of to-day, for the atmosphere actually does seem clearer, but of to-morrow. We have not as yet left altogether the interregnum of revolution, so some of our revolution is still valid, but we are beginning to bow and scrape before the royal feet of new chimeras.

The essential error of the Victorians lay not so much in a denial of fact, for that was resorted to only when there was nothing else to be done, as in the assumption that most facts were ugly and therefore needed decoration. Our essential error is likely to lie in a belief that a fact is not a fact unless it is unpleasant and that most facts aren't worth bothering about anyway. With the Victorians facts were corsetted, bejewelled, tight-booted, and long-skirted. In verse they were put into the sonorous rhythms of the iambic pentameter and in prose there was a collusion of delicate evasion. There was even a period when one addressed one's wife as "Mrs." and when the human body was never seen in its entirety, not even by its owner, save by the doctor at birth and the undertaker at death. This, naturally, was unbearable and the forthright and courageous began to attack such a point of view even before it became duly accredited.

Where suppression is the protagonist on the one hand and liberty of thought the protagonist on the other, the primary object of the early revolutionist is to get things said; to use exact words and to state positively and clearly that such and such things exist and such and such things do not. The principal crippling of the Victorian mind lay in the fact that a quarter of the magnificent vocabulary of the English language was not admitted to polite usage. And if you deny words you deny facts, for words follow upon facts and each word expresses a fact. Nowadays, thanks to these early revolutionists, all words, save a very few, are permissible both in print and speech, and that is as it should be, but, having achieved our point, we are on the way to forget once again that nothing—not even words or facts—is in this world removed from the qualifying factors of circumstances and intention, that there is nothing, in short, isolated from its immediate environment.

There is practically nothing that cannot be said if the circumstances and the intention are correct, there is practically nothing that should be said if the circumstances and the intention are wrong. The mere desire to shock is as sentimental as the mere desire to suppress. We have

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all heard people say God in a way that made our hair creep and we have all heard people use indecency in a way that warmed our hearts. There is not much sense in destroying a fiction if we erect another in its place. To be educated out of reading *True Tales* into reading, let us say, *College Wit*, is to be educated out of the kitchen by a circuitous route back to the butler's pantry.

The Victorians did not like to speak of death because they thought death ugly and it affronted their pompous dignity, therefore they called it "passing on," or "facing one's Maker," or "the final moment"—circumlocutions which meant nothing. We do not like to speak of death because it is interrupting and affronts our restless exhibitionism, therefore we say "getting his," or "passing out" or, if we belong to a lower social order, being "bumped off"—circumlocutions which also mean nothing. The fierce intention of the early revolutionists was to get the word death back into the language, that and nothing else, in the same way that their fierce intention was to restore the human body to its frank and commendable reality. But mankind is not content with equilibrium, or even a vague approach to it—for the human body is not yet, of course, restored to its frank and commendable reality—so it leaps numerous unbridged chasms from one pinnacle of nonsense to another. To the Victorian mind the legs of all women were indecent and ugly, to the modern mind the legs of all women are supposed to be decent and comely. In either case the sensitive-minded suffer.

The fact that marriage is not the romantic hypocrisy of the Victorians, with its outer soft syllables and its inner harsh words, its perversions and inversions, its lunatic asylum as the one recourse of the unhappy, does not mean that it is the temporary affair it so often is to-day. The Victorian who lied about marriage and said it was made in heaven was no more soft-headed or sentimental, no farther from the starkness of truth, than the uneasy rebel, the rich idler, or the motion-picture star who lies about marriage and says it is made in Reno. And the essential similarity is proven by the truth that the insane asylum is frequently still the only refuge. When you mix your categories you end in confusion, just as the artist ends in confusion when he essays to mix his mediums. Marriage is one thing, free love is another, divorce is a third. There is much to be said for and against each one, but when you attempt to achieve free love by means of marriage plus divorce you achieve nothing. You achieve neither the advantages of a wife nor a mistress. Instead, you merely achieve a succession of mistresses with the exigeant rights of a succession of wives. The truth is not even approached. A lady who breaks up a household evades the issue when the breaking ends in another marriage and need not comfort herself with the thought of morality.

But hokum is a much more subtle and permeating essence than is visible in these already well-worn instances. Like the first gas attack during the war it looks at first to the unwarned no more than a creeping yellow mist on the horizon, until, pretty soon, they are strangling to death in its midst. If you fall into the habit of denying all specifications of a certain kind you are all too likely to acquire the habit of proclaiming all specifications of another kind. The brilliance that enables you to perceive that geese are not swans may lead you, unless you are wise as well, into the shadow where all swans look like geese. It is an easy game to play. You choose a noun or an adjective and then you state its antonym. The equipment of most up-to-date critics is simple and light; it consists of a Roget's Thesaurus.

Let's begin.

Discipline, free will; romance, reality; beauty, ugliness; religion, atheism; lyric, vers libre; melody, cacophony; banal, original; Victorian, modern; older generation, younger generation; hypocrisy, frankness. Without intricate, subtle, and hard-minded investigation each one of these terms means just as much as the other and the users haven't as a rule the faintest idea what they are talking about. In real life black fades into white and humanity is delicately shaded, by no means susceptible to sweeping generalizations. But the game of antonyms is fascinating and one distinguished critic is at present conducting a campaign against bird-songs

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solely, as far as can be made out, because most people take pleasure in them.

We are creating a most elaborate hokum of our own and the emergence of this can best be seen, perhaps, in our literature and stage, for these two mediums are the first to respond to rebellion and the first to succumb to illusions newly evolved. To the ancient hokum of "Abie's Irish Rose" a section of the advanced stage has responded gallantly, and the hokum of those of the clergy, especially those who conduct columns in the public prints and who settle in a few sentences the fate of the world, is ably matched by the hokum of the radical novelist who says that nothing can be settled at all. The heart of hokum is the denial of the truth and it makes no difference how you deny it. The hokum of radicalism is the twin brother of the hokum of reaction. Both arise from a conviction that every one else save yourself is a fool. The intelligent radical and the intelligent satirist never fall into the error of minimizing the intrinsic worth that must originally have been in the platform of their opponents. They attack not so much humanity—no, not even Dean Swift—as the evil ways into which humanity falls. To heap contempt, for instance, upon the so-called "service clubs" *per se* is not radicalism but class prejudice, since these so-called service clubs are the response to a powerful need of a certain type of human mind. Criticism should be reserved for the absurd and venal practices which overtake such clubs.

No wise religious radical laughs at Jesus Christ, for if he does he shows himself, if nothing else, ignorant of history and the secret places of the heart. Instead, he attacks the base perversions of the church.

It is inconsequent to rest your case upon a thesis implying universal carnal repressions amongst the clergy. Even if this thesis were so it is not overly important save as the crudest kind of preliminary work, weakening the powers of priestcraft. Were all bankers dishonest, that would not prove banking unnecessary. Or, if you believe that most of our sorrows are due to banking itself, then attack the whole capitalistic system, as Marx did, and do not waste your ammunition on trivialities. As Rebecca West says, to discover and drag out into the limelight of scorn an old lady in Iowa who has read her Bible a hundred times is as if Voltaire had lost his breath deriding the pietistic practices of Breton peasants. Furthermore, the game, within a short time, becomes absolute hokum, for it is so easy that you play it blindfolded and automatically, and what you are trying to do is to convince yourself and others that an entirely natural impulse amongst old ladies is some sort of tortuous mendacity.

All through time old ladies have read their Bibles, or sacrificed to Baal, as an expression of their sense of the near approach of death. What you should do, if you want to do something important, is so to train young women that when they become old ladies they will read their Bibles, or sacrifice to Baal, with some degree of intelligence. To leave a vacuum is merely to create a playground for windy devils. The similarity between a meeting of the average Kiwanis Club and the average gathering of the intelligentsia is appalling, leaving the open-minded spectator open-mouthed with amazement.

Hokum, after all, is largely the failure to react normally. The Victorians failed to react normally because they were under the spell of an elaborate code of evasion, we are beginning to fail to react normally because we are under the spell of an elaborate code of so-called elimination and frankness. We are constantly being called upon to be frank when there is nothing to be frank about. We deride the service clubs, and rightly, because too many of them have an elaborate code of good-fellowship concealing a cold and deadly selfishness. But what is the difference between that and an elaborate code of rudeness concealing an equal selfishness? Furthermore, there are so many mechanical and artificial stimuli nowadays that we are in danger of losing most of our reactions anyway. Stevenson's prayer to be stabbed wide-awake has increased in value. New York might be called the city of lost reactions, as might Paris, as far as that is concerned, or London. When a man is electrocuted his heart jumps repeatedly for several min-

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utes if you draw a thumb-nail across it. After a while it ceases to respond. The hearts of a good many city dwellers are in the latter condition.

The clergyman, or large, cold-eyed business man, who announces that all is for the best in the best possible of worlds is no greater purveyor of hokum than the sleek young translator or producer who claims that perversion—let us say—has become such a common factor in life that it has assumed the largeness requisite for tragedy. And this remains a fact whether the producer's claim is based on venal hypocrisy or the fact that he himself has reached a point where he responds only to abnormal stimuli. Beautiful and tragic things may be said about perversion, and in one instance recently they have been said, but it is an old and proven rule that nothing can be warm food, except for experts of life, until it has some elements of the universal; up to that time it is dangerous for the larger public and generally popular for no artistic reasons. Nor is this contradicting the well-taken stand of the psycho-analysists that everything is universal. Undoubtedly everything is, but until a particular thing is actively present in the common consciousness, if treated publicly at all, it must be treated as the universal workings of a blind Fate, as the Greeks treated such subjects, and not as the particular horrors of an individual or small group, no matter how splendidly conceived and executed the history may be.

The classic attitude, after all, is the only one as yet discovered that is a sure cure for sentimentality, or, in other words, hokum.

The arrival of our own brand of hokum has been hastened, moreover, and our susceptibility to it heightened by a peculiar and not clearly recognized reinforcement in the shape of the increasing influence of orientalism. The Oriental has much to commend him, but he belongs to a tired race, he actually has eliminated. Unfortunately his elimination has been in a direction entirely opposed to any possible future and to-be-desired elimination on the part of the Occidental. The desire of the Occidental, despite how little most of them think and how little the desire is evident, is always toward spiritual and intellectual elimination—toward the sparse, clear regions of the mind and a concentrated warmth of emotion. The Oriental—that is, the particular Oriental of whom we are speaking—persecuted and confined, has learned to eliminate in the direction of texture and the sensation of the moment, or the sensation that will arise from a single-eyed pursuit of an especial, not-too-hard-to-obtain end. In short, he has eliminated everything except what can be packed up and carried off, in the mind or in boxes, in the face of impending pogroms. And at the same time he has concentrated on those things that can be carried on from a distance, or put aside and readily taken up again. The Oriental, in other words—all Orientals, as a matter of fact, save the East Indian—is a pragmatist. When the Oriental finds himself surrounded by Occidentals he exercises his peculiar talents by catering, with his tongue in his cheek, to what he thinks is the sentimentality of his neighbors. His mental reservations are sardonic. Or else, if he is a rarely powerful and honest Oriental, he seeks to impose his own ideas upon an alien audience, and educate them to a set of reactions not their own. He misunderstands the Occidental as the Occidental misunderstands him.

Save in the Mediterranean basin, where he has long been under Oriental influence, the Occidental cannot and never will recover from the perhaps altogether illogical belief that beyond everything there is an indefinable creature called the soul, whereas the Oriental is as dry and pragmatic as the desert winds that once blew upon him. Forced by the common ambition to make money, the Occidental, for instance, will hire hundreds of young women to dash out on a stage in a state of comparative nudity before hundreds of one-hundred-per-cent American travelling salesmen, but, believing that all these young girls have souls, which is doubtful, he will weep about it and lie to himself. The Oriental has no such pangs and will lie only to meet the requirements of the Occidental—requirements he thinks, mistakenly, are hypocritical. He does not care whether the young women have souls or not so long as their bodies form a colorful and desirable pattern. He has no con-

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ception of the dual Occidental personality which is constantly agonizing in a world where, in order to make a living, one has so frequently to break all the rules of life.

He has no idea of the God of the old Scotch dominie who, "in his official and public capacity does so many things he is ashamed of as a private citizen."

But you can see that the juxtaposition of such differing points of view makes at once for hokum; the hokum of the pragmatist playing up to what he thinks a sentimentalist wants, or, at the other end of the scale, the hokum of the sentimentalist, vaguely uneasy about his sentimentality and unable to separate it from his genuine sentiment, trying to play up to the opinions of a pragmatist. At all events, it is bad for art, which is a bitter attempt to ascertain the truth. That, and nothing else. And that the Occidental, whatever his faults, is a better artist than his rival is proven, it seems to me, by artistic history. A better final artist, that is; not a better performer, perhaps, or producer. The Oriental is an excellently chromatic background, but otherwise artistic history is filled with extinguished Oriental comets.

You have to be a bit of a fool to be a great artist. You have to forget yourself and give yourself away at times. You have to be a trifle uncertain and, above all, you cannot deny mystery. This, as a member of an audience, is interesting to watch. When an audience comes forward psychically toward a great artist, whether he be a fiddler, an actor, a painter, a singer, a novelist, a composer or a poet, inevitably the great artist comes forward to meet his audience. The two mingle and ascend by alternate reactions toward an indefinable and, possibly, sentimental apex. But the Oriental cannot do this. His attitude is always one of a *ne touche pas*, as it is in his personal relationships, and he is forever stepping back out of the picture, a frightened or amused smile on his lips. He has not the final silliness—if you wish to call it that—of the transcendent creator.

The motion-picture, that most widely influential of the arts, if it can be called an art, which I am quite sure as yet it cannot be, has a curious hokum of its own, far more subtle than the apparent hokum assigned to it. It is not the comparatively simple reverse-English of much of the radical stage and radical literature, nor is it in reality a frankly cynical appeal to banality, although that is what for the most part it is intended to be. The motion-pictures have a reverse reverse-English; you box the compass, passing through vast realms of pseudo-sophistication—or perhaps real sophistication, since the term originally had no complimentary meaning—and arrive finally at nothing. But on the way many of the more unpleasant traces of sophistication are caught by and adhere to the skirts of the Bathing-Girl Muse. Due to censorship, the average present-day motion-picture represents a tacit conspiracy on the part of the public and the producers to agree that all ends well if it ends in matrimony. In between you can titillate all you want. But after all, the nudity or escapades of another man's wife, or husband, are not such personal or accustomed matters that they fail to titillate.

Every other art having striven for decades to prove that marriage means nothing in itself and is frequently a most immoral convention, the motion-pictures are working night and day to prove that marriage means everything and is a cloak for all immorality.

But there is another conspiracy of which the motion-picture producers are unaware that will one day bankrupt the original conspiracy, an unconscious conspiracy in which the audience is an enforced participant. And this is proven by the fact that nowadays wherever an audience is partially civilized it is necessary to introduce dancing and music, and various other adventitious props, to support the tottering edifice. Not one person engaged in the making of motion-pictures believes in a single premise connected with the vast majority of pictures they make, the only premise they believe in—one common to the partially wise and rashly educated—is that their pictures are being made for audiences of morons. They cannot get through their heads that most people are not really morons, and that after a while, if you persist, you can insult even stupid people intellectually. They may be ill informed, these people,

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ignorant, obstinate, and prejudiced, but they are not morons. Meanwhile, lacking other amusement and in the habit of seeking some sort of recreation, say Tuesday and Friday nights, the outlying public permits in silence the whims of the producers, even to permitting that final insult and, as far as the pictures are concerned, new form of megalomania, where the leading characters of a story bear the first names of the leading actors and at times the actors themselves even step out of their medium and, in their ordinary street clothes and personalities, appear on the screen.

It will be interesting to see what happens when the lure of doing something on Tuesday and Friday nights fails any longer to function. It will be interesting to see what happens when the audience begins to educate the producers.

During the next twenty years the coming generation of radicals and haters of hokum will have their hands full. Perhaps among the first of their startling and terrifying pronouncements will be the statement that every woman, possibly unfortunately, does not kiss you the first time she sees you—not the first time, anyway—and that "Ulysses" is not a complete picture of the average man's mind. . . . A furtive picture, perhaps, but not a complete one. There are moments when the average man sleeps. It may be even that a renewed interest will be taken in those inevitably important but at present entirely unconsidered members of society, the gently bred and gently acting man and woman, if for no other reason than because, no matter what may be said to the contrary, they of all people are least given to hokum.

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# Not Roses of December

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

Not roses of December,
Ah! bring them not to me—
I crave no dying ember
Of Love's satiety.

I know the glowing faces
Of buds that break at dawn,
In shining, emerald spaces
Where radiant June is born.

And Love has left his May Day
Of apple blossom boughs,
To meet me in the hey-day
That June, alone, endows.

We'll pluck the whole of beauty,
And drain her fragrant breath,
We'll dream delight is duty,
And bid adieu to death;

We'll join the roses' riot,
And reel in reckless rhyme,
For June has framed her fiat—
The timelessness of Time!

And Love and I will scatter
Blown petals at our feet,
For Time shall never shatter
The day that has been sweet;

And we will link to laughter
The passion of our tears,
Nor dread the dim hereafter
Of pale, encroaching years.

For then, in Memory's amber,
We'll lay our June away
In that deep-scented chamber
Where only Love shall stray.

So bring me not the flower
That blooms in winter snows,
For mine has been the dower
That only June-time knows.

And when I meet December,
And gone is yesterday—
I'll whisper, "I remember,"
And hide my heart away.

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# The Cave of the Magic Pool

## THE MEANING OF A FRAGMENT

BY JOHN C. MERRIAM
President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE story of life as it comes to us through the ages must in certain cases be built upon fragments. This does not signify that it is therefore untrustworthy. Nor should it be assumed that it is always fragmentary. A clear understanding of the record requires appreciation of the importance of our evidence, even if it rest upon meagre data. The following incidents in the course of cave exploration in a search for knowledge of ancient life in California illustrate conclusions which seem not to be avoided, though based on scanty materials.

It was a part of the programme in this investigation to examine every suggestion of evidence that might lead to discovery of caverns in which remains of ancient life could be entombed. In searching for new clews we learned from Wintun Indian workmen of a cave long known because of reputed magic qualities of a pool in one of the larger chambers. Though the story came to us repeatedly, it was always in the same form: of a cave with a magic pool called in the Indian language, "Samwel," and that it was visited for the potency of its water in bringing good fortune. Always it concluded with an account of three maidens who failed to obtain good luck at the pool, and were told by a very aged woman of other water with stronger magic. This second pool was said to lie in a remote chamber, and to escape discovery excepting for the most adventurous. In the course of a long search for this more powerful charm the three maidens came to a pit with sloping borders. As they approached the entrance, one of them slipped on the moist rock. The others tried to save her, but she fell screaming into the darkness. They heard her "strike and strike again, and all was still." A rescue party was unable to reach the bottom of the well and efforts to find the maiden were abandoned.

The story of the cave of "Samwel" seemed to present the possibility of a cavern of considerable magnitude, in some part of which remains of ancient life might be discovered, and plans were therefore made to visit this locality. Though it lay in a wild, unsettled region, there was little difficulty in locating the entrance of the cave. About sixteen miles above the mouth of the McCloud River an extensive series of galleries was found opening on the face of a limestone bluff three hundred and thirty-five feet above the river. Nor was there difficulty in finding a pool located in the third chamber. Whether or no its waters gave us the good fortune, it is true that we succeeded also in the real objective of our search. On the floor of the cavern there were ancient deposits containing numerous bones and teeth representing animals of California in a period probably antedating the present by many tens of thousands of years.

The second pool and the deep pit we did not find. Three expeditions failed in search for the well, and in the attempt to verify the story that had led us to this cave. Neither fascination of following the lead of a legendary description nor lure of unexplored regions could bring success. In the third attempt we made heroic efforts, crawled through passageways so narrow and tortuous as to seem impassable, and entered chambers apparently never before visited by white men; but without obtaining evidence indicating that the legend was based on fact.



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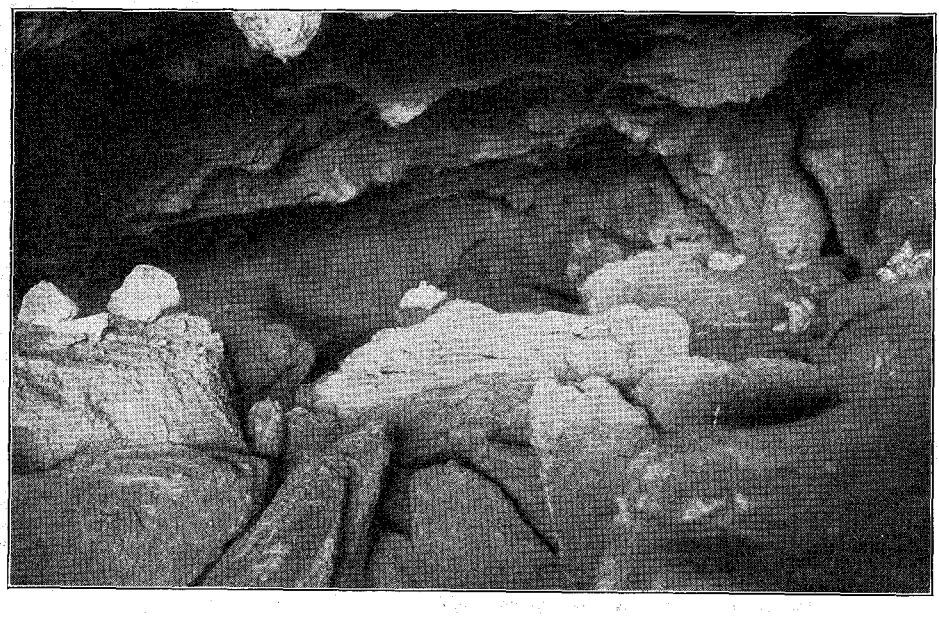
After the last trial the exploring party returned to camp, where excavations were under way at Potter Creek Cave near the mouth of the McCloud. Mr. Furlong, one of the members of the staff, remained at Samwel Cave to investigate the fossil deposits discovered in chambers near the main pool.

On the day following our return, a message was received from Furlong stating that he had found the deep pit, and requesting that I return as early as possible with all the rope-ladder and rope available. The next afternoon I arrived at Samwel Cave camp with a pack-horse carrying fifty feet of rope-ladder and all the loose ends of rope to be obtained in camp.



Entrance to the first, or outer, chamber.

Furlong told me that on entering the cavern shortly after our departure he had noticed a narrow ledge along the wall of the second chamber. On following this shelf he discovered a series of galleries not seen in earlier exploration. At the end of these passageways was a pit with sloping borders. Rough measurement indicated a depth of approximately ninety feet. After transmitting word to me by a roundabout route, Furlong had returned to the cave and begun preparations for our descent. In the rock near the edge of the well he drilled two deep holes so placed that the steel drills standing in the floor could give firm support to a ladder.

We spent the evening and the next morning in constructing an additional fifty feet of ladder out of pieces of rope, and such short sticks of wood as could be found around camp. It was then something of a burden to transport this equipment to the edge of the pit. The ladder was firmly fastened. A few pieces of burning paper were dropped into the well to make certain that the air was safe for breathing. Then we drew straws for choice as to order of descent. Furlong's straw was the longer and he elected to go first.

As he descended, Furlong described the cavern opening to the light of his candle. "It widens as I go down," he said, "from a diameter of ten feet at the top to a great chamber below. And here as the ladder begins to hang free of the wall is a sharp projecting spine of rock that thrusts itself between the ropes and makes climbing difficult." Then after a longer wait, during which he moved somewhat unsteadily over the rickety lower fifty feet of odds and ends of rope and firewood, I



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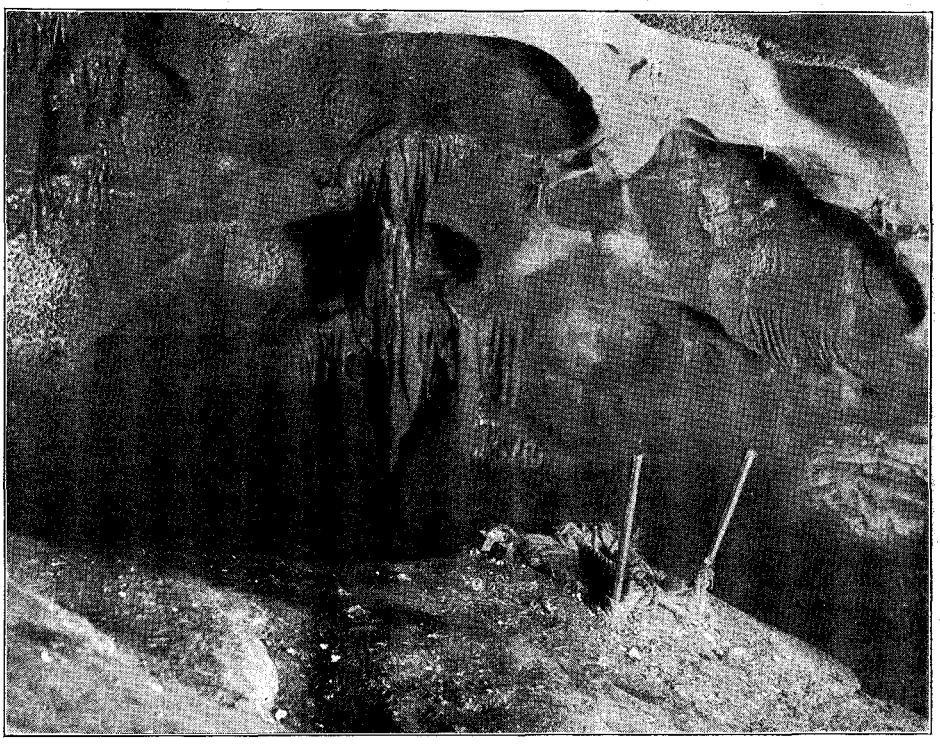
heard the hobnails of his heavy shoes grate on the stone floor. It was a critical moment, as I waited to learn whether the maiden whose tragic story had led us to this adventure was a reality or only the product of fertile imagination. Suddenly, with voice raised by excitement, Furlong called up: "There's a mountain-lion at the foot of the ladder." The swift train on the floor below the opening is the skeleton of the Indian maiden."

As quickly as difficulties of descent would permit I climbed over the edge, and down past the sharp spine of rock that thrust itself against the ladder. The well widened to a great chamber in which our unsteady ropes hung clear. Swinging free at the bottom I almost stepped



Entrance to the pit into which the Indian maiden fell.

of thought in the ensuing moment I often recall, and the various possibilities that presented themselves. To go a little less than one hundred feet down an imperfectly constructed rope-ladder to help a man fighting without weapons against a puma offered little hope of real assistance. If the lion should win, would it attempt to climb the ladder? Before any plan was framed that seemed to have value under these special circumstances, Furlong shouted: "It is a fossil mountain-lion embedded in the cave floor." Then, almost without pause, and with intonation indicating that he could hardly believe his eyes, came the words: "And here on the skull of the mountain-lion. A few feet beyond, Furlong was bending over a delicate human skeleton that lay huddled in a dark heap. The body had not moved from the spot where the girl crashed against the solid stone immediately under the opening. Only the bones and a film of black mould remained. Here and there a beginning crystal of stalagmite gleamed in the dark covering, but the lapse of time had not been great enough to allow the lime deposited from dripping water to form a complete incrustation.

This was the end of the trail we had followed so long. Was it also the end of the trail the maiden sought to follow?

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The skeleton of the Indian maiden on the floor of the cave.

Could it be that in the tragedy which terminated her search she had found the pool of greater magic? As we asked this question our candles were held higher, and for the first time we looked about the cavern.

A part of the bottom of this huge chimney was covered by masses of rock with lime incrustation. The broad floor was partly encrusted with sparkling stalagmite. The lowest area carried a layer of soft brownish clay.

Scattered about wherever we looked were skulls and parts of skeletons of many animals, some so deeply covered with lime as almost to merge with the floor. The mountain-lion at the foot of the ladder was heavily encased and cemented in the rock. Near the skeleton of the maiden was a large skull with gracefully curving horns. No head like it had been known to man before. Close by lay another creature with wide sweeping ox-like horns—a type of animal then seen for the first time. Across the cave was a perfect skull of a bear, encrusted and cemented to the floor. No human had known this type alive or dead. Spread before us was a veritable museum of ancient life, including also deer, squirrel, porcupine, raccoon, fox, rabbit, and many others. We wandered about the cavern attracted by each new treasure, but soon exhausting the means of expression that seemed adequate for this experience.

The remains which we saw on the cave floor belonged to an assemblage of animals not previously known. They represented a stage in ancient life of America long antedating the fauna now ranging over mountains and valleys of northern California. Shut off from the outside world in this



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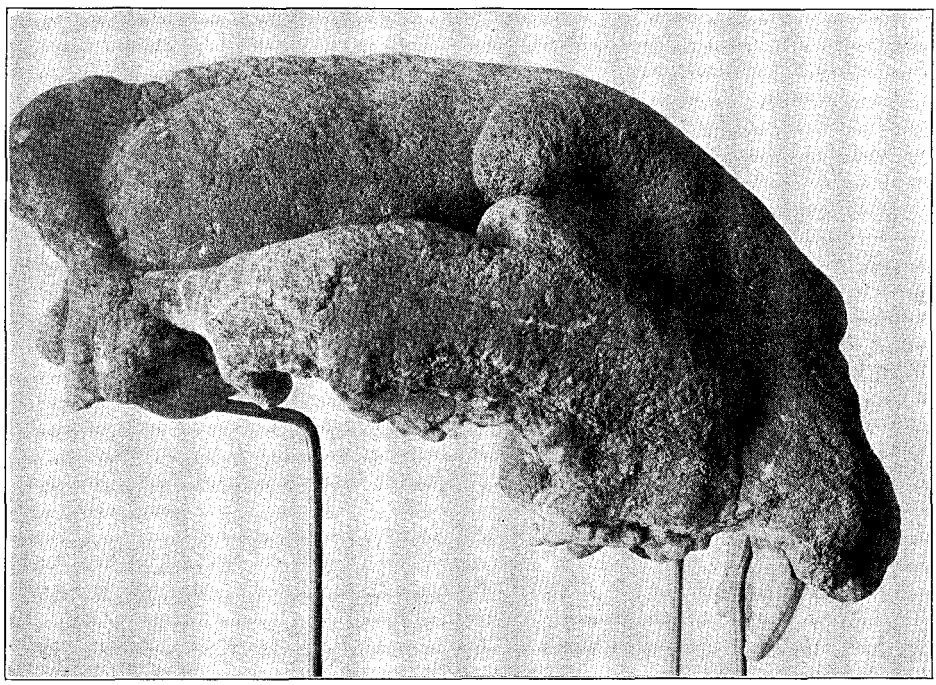
chamber we stood as it were in the immediate presence of a remnant of the past that through protection of these walls had remained to give its testimony.

The remaining traces of original organic material covering the skeleton of the Indian maiden, and the incomplete lime incrustation upon the bones, indicated that entrance of the girl into the cave had been at a very recent period compared with that of the strange creatures among whose incrusted remains she had come to rest.

Nowhere in the chamber was there evidence of standing water, unless it once occupied the area now covered by soft clay. The maiden who led us on the trail of the magic pool failed in her special mission, but had marked the way to knowledge of mysteries as great as those she sought to fathom.

For hours we studied the cave and its treasures. Then seeing that it was late we made preparations for return to camp. In the course of the afternoon I had stated to Furlong that the study of this cave and its many fascinating problems was to be his task. As we were leaving he remembered that C. Hart Merriam, the great authority on bears, was in our camp at Potter Creek, and that his judgment might be had on the characters of the bear whose skeleton was frozen in the cave floor. The skull was straightway pried loose, wrapped in my corduroy coat, and fastened to the foot of the ladder.



The skull of the mountain lion at the foot of the ladder, with its original covering of stalagmite.

Weary with the long day's work we made our way carefully to the galleries above. At the edge of the pit we drew up the ladder with the bear skull attached. It was heavy. We pulled together. Then Furlong held fast while I laid back the folds of the ladder as they came over the edge. After seemingly interminable hauling, the last rung appeared with the cord fastening the bear skull. I lifted back the last fold. When I turned again Furlong was standing with one hand reaching over the well, holding the end of the ladder, but rigid as if turned to stone. The corduroy coat and the bear skull were gone. Suddenly there was a crash, and I realized that the cord which tied the skull to the ladder had

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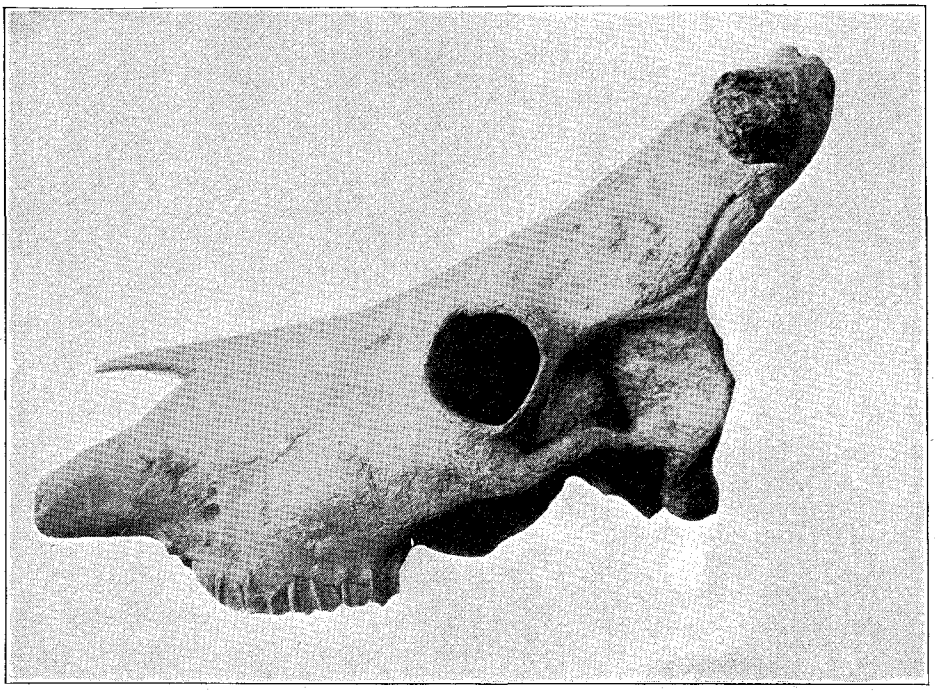
parted just as the last rung was lifted over the edge. Mr. Furlong prefers that discussion of what was said in the ensuing moments be omitted. He insisted on lowering the ladder, and descended to learn the fate of his new bear. The skull was spattered pretty well over the entire floor, but with unbelievable care Furlong gathered up every piece. No fragment escaped; all were wrapped in a new bundle and once more the bear journeyed to the top of the ladder. When many weeks later the fragments reached the laboratory, he fitted them together with such skill that the mounted specimen as we see it now appears practically without flaw.

The absorbing experiences of the day, pieced out with the escape of the bear and its recovery, had made us lose the count of hours, and arrival at the outer entrance did not diminish immediate usefulness of our candles, as it was night. We stumbled into camp conscious mainly of an overpowering need of sleep. Furlong found a pan of rice and a can of tomatoes cached in the ice-cold water of the McCloud. They sufficed to meet a hunger largely overwhelmed by weariness. Lying back on my sleeping canvas, for a moment I was conscious of the piercing brilliance of starlight, and a babel of muffled voices from the river—and then the bright light of morning wakened us.

Many days were consumed in preliminary study of the deep well and its treasures. Furlong then began systematic gathering of the abundant remains of ancient life on the floor. With this work under way the remainder of my time was spent in exploring nooks and crannies for further evidence regarding the origin and mode of entrance of the creatures whose bones were found in this chamber. It seemed inconceivable that the large animals here could have found their way in by the long dark galleries leading to the small aperture above, nor was there piling up of skeletons immediately below the mouth of the pit such as would have occurred had the bodies fallen in. There seemed good reason for assuming that



The goat-like animal with curved horns that lay embedded in the stalagmite near the skeleton of the Indian maiden. (Side view.)

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at some early time there had been a lower passageway through which bears and pumas, and the creatures upon which they preyed, had reached the cavern—an opening that later changes had closed and sealed.

The search led me finally to a narrow space behind a number of large rock masses on the extreme margin of the chamber. Among the loose blocks forming the floor were numerous parts of skeletons. There were porcupine, gray fox, a tooth of an extinct ground-sloth whose near relatives were found in Texas and South America, and then among the bones appeared a portion of a human tooth. Instantly this fragment raised question whether man had been present at the time the ground-sloth and other animals now extinct had inhabited this region.

There was at least one other possibility. With the specimen in my pocket I climbed over the rocks toward the skeleton of the Indian maiden. As I approached my mind centred on the chance of proof that this particular portion of a tooth from a remote part of the cave belonged to the remains on the floor below the entrance. If the irregularly fractured end of this fragment should fit with perfect smoothness upon a roughly broken tooth in the skeleton of the Indian girl, there would be no need of further answer to questions concerning presence of the human tooth among the bones of these ancient animals. It would be clear that the human individual represented by the fragment was a comparatively recent arrival and not a contemporary of the strange extinct creatures whose skeletons were here seen for the first time.

With the tooth in my hand I bent down and turned the skull till the teeth were all in view. A portion of one was missing. The broken end of the fragment was brought into contact with the fractured tooth in the skull. The irregular ends touched and grated as their unevennesses failed to match. A slight twist and the surfaces seemed to melt together. No smallest roughness held them apart. There could be no doubt that they belonged together.

With the fitting of the fragment into its place in this skeleton there flashed into mind the ending of the Wintun story of the maiden who sought the pool of stronger magic. "She fell and struck, and struck again and all was still." I looked up to see the sharp spine projecting below the mouth of the pit. As if the drama were being re-enacted, I saw her strike in mid-air on that rock, a fragment of a tooth flew wide across the well—the body "struck again" upon the floor, "and all was still."

To the Wintuns in this region we gave the story of our search for the well and the second pool. In turn, they told us something of the family of the maiden who perished in the pit between one and two hundred years before our coming. The Wintuns asked to take the skeleton, and as much of it as was carried up the rickety ladder was entombed again with ceremony where the crystal waters of Nosone Creek join the McCloud.

Summer ended before work in the cave of the Indian maiden was completed. In the meantime we had tried by many methods to locate the suspected ancient entrance through which the numerous animals in the floor could have entered. A stalagmite-covered slope next the wall suggested a stream of earth coming from a passageway which it might have filled. A cut was made. Below a thick lime incrustation there was earth and gravel. The heap led to an opening in the solid wall, and then upward through a chute penetrating the limestone in which the cave had been formed. As work proceeded there was grave danger from caving, as the earth was above us, and means were not available for adequate protection. Not wishing to risk serious accident, further examination of this gallery was postponed to another season.

A year later, during the last stages of excavation, we made calculation as to the nearest point on the outer wall, hoping that by this means an ancient outer entrance might be discovered. A shaft was sunk at the point located. At eleven feet it entered gravel through which oozed a strong draft of cold air. Following the gravel layer horizontally the draft increased. Suddenly gravel and earth gave way and we were digging into a small chamber closed on every side. The thrill experienced was of that peculiar type that

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comes only in facing the mystery of a hidden room, perhaps shut off for ages from the outer world. What secrets of the past might it hold?

The cavity we had entered was a small chamber closed on every side. It gave no evidence of a passage extending into the mountain or toward the cave in which our excavations had been conducted.

ness, we heard Boynton say: "For heaven's sake step easy or you'll come through." Without stopping to reply I seized a shovel and stabbed sharply into the earth at my feet. The floor gave perceptibly. A few more strokes and we saw the light of Boynton's candle for an instant before a rush of cold air extinguished his light and ours. A moment

The bear skull that escaped and was smashed on the cave floor. Shown as it appeared after repair.

Boynton, the athlete of the party, volunteered to climb back to the main entrance and down to the cave of the maiden to discover whether signals could be heard through the intervening rock. It seemed only a moment after his leaving that a sharp tap came from a point near the inner wall of the hidden chamber. It was followed by other rappings, each seeming nearer than the last. The pounding stopped, and there was a rasping suspiciously like scraping of heavy shoes dragging behind a man crawling through the narrow opening between the cave of the maiden and the lateral chute into which we had dug in the previous year. Furlong was remarking that the sound came from a point only a few feet distant when, with unbelievable distinct-

later the wind died down. The candles were relighted. The opening was widened, and the smiling face of Boynton appeared as he climbed through.

Scant eighteen inches of earth and gravel had separated the highest point of excavation in the previous summer from the floor of the hidden chamber. The chute, the hidden chamber, and the shallow outer grotto partly filled with earth in which our shaft was sunk, formed a passageway reaching through the limestone cliff to the cave of the maiden. When, later, the earth was partly cleared the opening showed itself sufficiently large and easy of travel for ready use of the animals discovered in the cave. There could be no doubt that one of the mysteries of the cavern was solved. A

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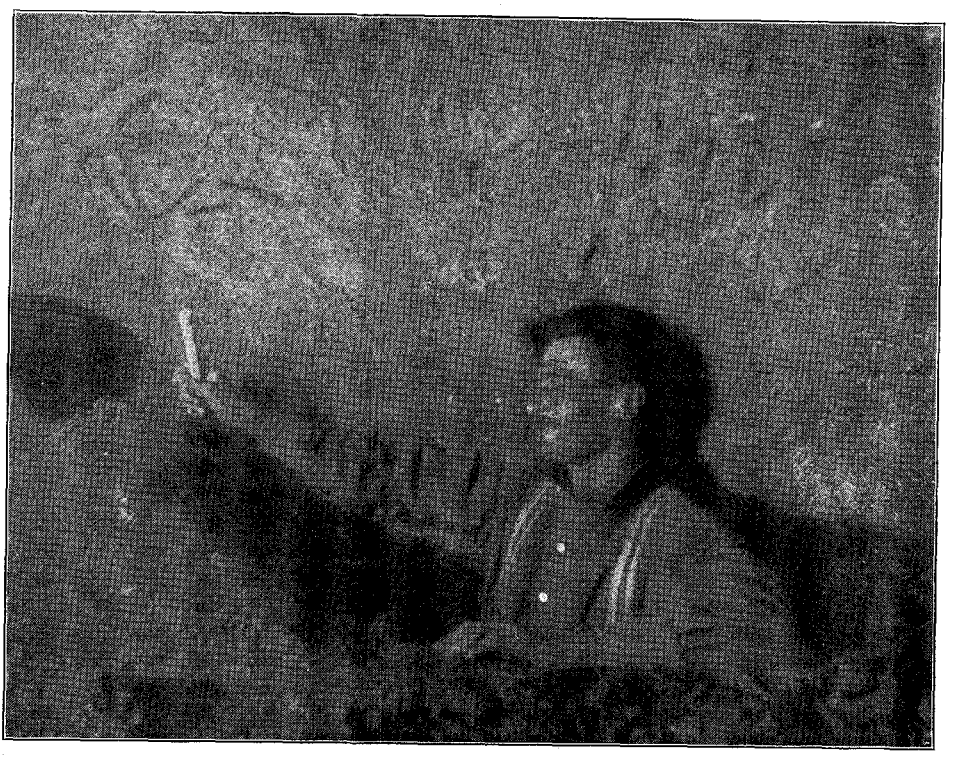

Mr. Boynton coming through.
The first living being to use this passageway since it was choked in a remote period.

large part, if not all, of the creatures we had found entered by this route. Like the unfortunate Indian girl, the mountain-lion at the foot of the ladder may have lost its footing at the mouth of the pit and fallen to the floor below. Other animals possibly entered by passages as yet unknown, but the wide and relatively direct way furnished by the opening we had just followed was clearly the principal means of entrance for the ancient population.

How long this buried entrance had been closed, and the precise time at which it was open, we may never know in terms of years and dates such as are used in description of events and periods of recent human history. When the creatures found resting on the cave floor lived and were moving back and forth through the ancient entrance, the face of the land and the life roaming over it differed from what we see to-day. At the time the entrance was blocked the landscape approached more closely its present features. When the Indian maiden, clambering over the rocks to the upper cave, looked back toward the blue river for the last time, the early entrance was already lost to view behind a mask of débris.

Such are the outlines of a story that as yet we read only in part. Lured by the possibility of bringing to her use something of the mysterious power she saw everywhere in nature about her, the Indian girl opened the way to mysteries which the obscuring veil of time had seemed completely to protect. The fragment of a tooth that parted, when she "struck and struck again," brings before us in clear reality the maiden in her strange adventuring, who joined the sleeping company of ages past, and led us to a place where we could have a fleeting vision of the world in other days.



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# Two Old Timers

BY WILL JAMES
Author of "Smoky, the Cowhorse," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"YESSIR, the country is all shot to pieces, the range is all gone, the cowboys have turned farmers, and the white-faced muley cow, which to me looks like a cross between a hog and a rhinoceros, has took the place of the wild-eyed range critter we used to know."

Old Dan Whitney was talking on his favorite subject again. It was a subject he more than liked to hark back on on account that it all had been his life. He'd been born and raised in the cow country, and the fortune he was now having the benefit of had come from range cattle and the holdings he'd fought for while a cowman.

He'd been a king at the hard game, made his pile while the making was good, and happened to sell out at the right time, which was when the "doped up" homesteader begin to fence up the land, and before the first clouds of the World War appeared on the skyline.

In the years that followed, after Old Whitney had turned the deed over and changed his home grounds from the long rambling log house on the river bottom to a Spanish style "dobie" mansion on a California beach, that old cowboy had turned his back to the cow country for good, he didn't feel able to stand the sight of what he *thought* had happened there; instead he'd let his imagination exterminate the big range world till he'd figgered every part of it was cut up into ten acre plots with a fenced-in farmer on each.

He'd took it for granted that when he left the cow country the range cow had disappeared too and he could near see the plow and wire fences swarm over where all that critter had roamed. Then prohibition came in and that, he thought, sure put a cap on things. He'd settled back in his comfortable chair more satisfied than ever that he'd quit just in time and before the country was too far gone. He *pictured* the cowboys with a glass of soda pop on one hand and a hoe in the other.

"Yessir, the range country is sure all shot to pieces," he remarked once more to the man setting near him. He waved a hand at the big stretch of ocean could be viewed from the porch, "and now I'm thankful," he went on, "that I can at least depend on *that* never being fenced."

The other man looked at the long straight line where ocean and sky met and grinned. Frank Baldwin understood. He was an old timer too and felt the same and all what Old Dan kept a ruminating on.

Him and Dan had been neighbors when neighbors was forty miles and more apart, when, as they liked to keep a saying, it was "just the government and us." They'd rode side by side from the time the long horned cattle begin to take the place of the buffalo, fought side by side when the sheepman came afterward and tried to graze his blatting woollies on their range. They'd stuck it out together through blizzards and droughts and won out in spite of everything.

Yep, they'd fought the injun, the cattle rustler, and the sheepman, and even with all that fighting they'd enjoyed the life; it was *free* and they was fighting with a chance to win, the big odds against 'em had made it all the more worth while. But when the railroads begin to come, and branch out here and there, was when the two old cowboys had sort of felt a pinching at the throat. Pretty soon there was plenty of wagon tracks to be seen; them wagon tracks had branched out both ways from the iron trails and was scattering out on their range, bringing set-



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tlers. Then it wasn't long when the first strands of barb wire begin to make their stand and a few years later that barb wire had accumulated till it sort of formed an entanglement and trap which threatened to cut the cowmen's throats. There was no fighting chance no more.

The range that Dan and Frank had blazed a trail to and which they'd stood up for was gradually took away from 'em by the homesteaders. The big flat benches which was fit for nothing but cattle and horses was soon fenced up; so was the creek bottoms, and when the two old timers begin to gather up their scattering cattle they found many dead alongside some homesteader's fence. The fences had kept the stock from drifting in to shelter and out of the sting of the blizzards.

But that wasn't all; cattle had been killed by them same homesteaders and carcasses of fine steers was found where they'd been butchered only for one hind quarter,—the rest would be left to waste and the cayotes.

After a lot of hard riding going through a lot of fences, following lanes and opening many gates the two old timers finally got their cattle off what once was free government range onto what was left of their leases and other holdings; then one evening Old Dan heard a queer chug-chugging noise coming up the creek and opening the door of the old ranch house he saw a buggy on the road. The old cowboy couldn't believe his eyes when he seen that buggy moving right along without any horses pulling it, but somehow he kind of figgered the noise that rig was making was what took the place of the horses.

It was the first automobile in that country. Old Dan watched the queer rig work its way on up to the house and to a stop, then two slick looking hombres in long dusters got out and smiled their way on up to the door and where Old Dan was standing.

The old cowman had his suspicions of what these two gents was the minute they got out of the horseless rig; they was land boosters. A few words was exchanged and then it dawned on Old Dan that they was out to buy his land and cattle.

That was agreeable to Dan, he was more than ready to sell. He set a price and the two men went chugging away remarking that the price was too steep but that they'd think it over. They thought it over two or three different times and made as many trips, and each time Old Dan raised his price five thousand more.

"And it'll keep on being five thousand more every time you come and inquire about it," Old Dan had warned 'em, "so if you want this layout you'd better decide on it mighty quick."

So that's how come that the deal was put through mighty sudden one day. And when the final settlement come and all the cattle and land was accounted for, one of the gents remarked that they got the layout mighty cheap at that.

"We're going to build a farming center right here," says that hombre, "and make millions out of cutting this all into small farms and a town site; in another two years you'll see this country in waving grain fields and supporting happy families."

"That sounds all right," says Old Dan. "But I'll bet if anybody gets any riches or happiness out of farming this land it won't be the families."

It didn't take Old Dan many days to make ready to leave the old spread. He hated to leave Old Frank behind and have him see the country get tore up, but as Frank said "he'd soon be leaving too."

Old Dan spent his last night with a few of his riders at an old cow camp, and his last words as he left the next morning was that soon as they'd turned over all the cattle to "for god sake hit out for a country where it'll never be farmed,—line out for the desert where the water is far apart and scarce."

It was a year or so later when Frank, Old Dan's neighbor, sold out and joined his partner to stargaze acrost the big stretch of ocean and imagine it all as prairie and range land instead of water. Old Frank brought stories with him as to what'd happened to the country since Dan left. A town had sure enough went up, and right where the old home ranch used to be, and the whole country around it had been cut up in small patches and plowed and sowed.

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They'd rode side by side from the time the long horned cattle begin to take the place of the buffalo.—Page 273.

"Has anything started to grow yet?" asks Dan.

"Not yet, maybe I wasn't there long enough."

"And you never would be there long enough," Old Dan went on, "that's not a farming country, it's a cow country. They think they can dry farm that land but I know better, I know they'll need water to irrigate with before they can make it pay."

But four and five years went by and the news from the old range was that the new town was still "boosting" and that the farmers was still plowing up the soil and putting in their crops, and, even though there was no news of any big crops ever being harvested, the two old cowmen had come to finally think that they'd been wrong, that the old range country had sure enough agreed with the farmer and was giving returns for the tilling.

So, as it was, the two old timers gradually resigned themselves to thinking that the cow country had passed away the day they left it. They'd figgered that all the land of the cowboy, from Texas to Canada, had gone under in the same way as they'd seen theirs go under. Near every day the newspapers told of some new land that'd been opened to flocking homesteaders all over the West; then once in a while a whole sheet of the paper would tell of a new big dam gone up which would redeem the desert for miles around; truck farms and gardens would flourish where the bleached skull of a critter once told of



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awful droughts that'd parched that same land, and the pictures of "before and after" of other projects of the same kind was enough proof of the success of stored waters and irrigation.

One success brought on others, more dams kept a going up and redeeming more land, and then one day Old Dan called Frank over and showed him a sheet of newspaper on which was spread great plans to irrigate the whole Southwest. The two old timers studied the map for a long time, they spotted old range lands they used to know and which all was in the territory the big irrigating projects would take.

"But that might not go through for many years," says Old Frank, "and by that time we'll most likely be a riding amongst the stars."

"True enough," agrees Old Dan, "but I'm sort of wondering about the younger fellers, the boys that used to ride for us for instance; they was too much cowboys not to feel bad at their country going out from under 'em."

But time took care of all that, time and happenings. The big war claimed many of the riders, and them that came back, having a taste of a different life to the one they'd been used to, sort of changed a little. Most of 'em of course went back to the range and appreciated that life more than ever before, and the others? Well, they wanted to fool around a little before going back. Contests and rodeos begin to sprout up here and there, and that sort of suited them few pretty well. The money they won at them events at steer roping, bull dogging, and bronk riding kept 'em up respectable and all with a high ambition to ride and rope for. Following them contests through the country many of 'em wound up in California where such doings are put on in grand style. Once in that State the movies begin to attract many of the boys, a few made good and a few others made just good wages. That's the way the whole thing layed about the time the two old timers was worrying of what would become of the younger riders.

They knowed some of how things was with them riders, but they imagined a lot more. With all of what the papers, the magazines, books had to say about the old West, free range, and cattle being gone it was no more than natural that they thought of the cowboy as being turned either into a farmer, a contest rider, or a movie actor, and they never stopped to think one minute that they themselves and other retired old timers like them was responsible for most of the rumors that the West and the cowboys was of the past and done gone.

Many a writer hunting up western material had visited Old Dan and Frank and rode the range with 'em on the front porch of the dobie house, it was such a comfortable way to find out *all* about the West, and it saved time.

The material they'd get from the two old timers would be of what them two thought or imagined had happened to the cow country since they left it many years past. They was like any other old timer, as old timers always was and always will be. The great times to any man are the times when he's got the gumption to try and make a go of things, and when that gumption fades away and a go of things has been made, a comfortable chair is hunted up, the fighting days are over, and glancing back the old timer remarks, "them was the times."

That was the way with Old Dan and Frank, their "times" was past and it had been easy for them to believe how when *they* left the cow country that country went to pieces; they'd seen some of it go with their own eyes, and with all they was reading about dams, irrigation, redeeming, etc. that was enough proof to them that all the land of the cowboy had went under the plowman's furrow. And that's how come that when the writer out for western stuff come to question Old Dan that he'd be heard to say:

"Yessir! the range country is all shot to pieces, the range critter is now dehorned and in the dairy barn, and the cowboy has turned farmer."

The big wide porch of the dobie house was where many a remark of that kind had been passed about the cow country and the cowboy, and the two old timers had been sincere in what they said. If they hadn't meant it they'd still been on their range and with their cattle, and believing as they did that all of that was gone forever is why they'd left and sort

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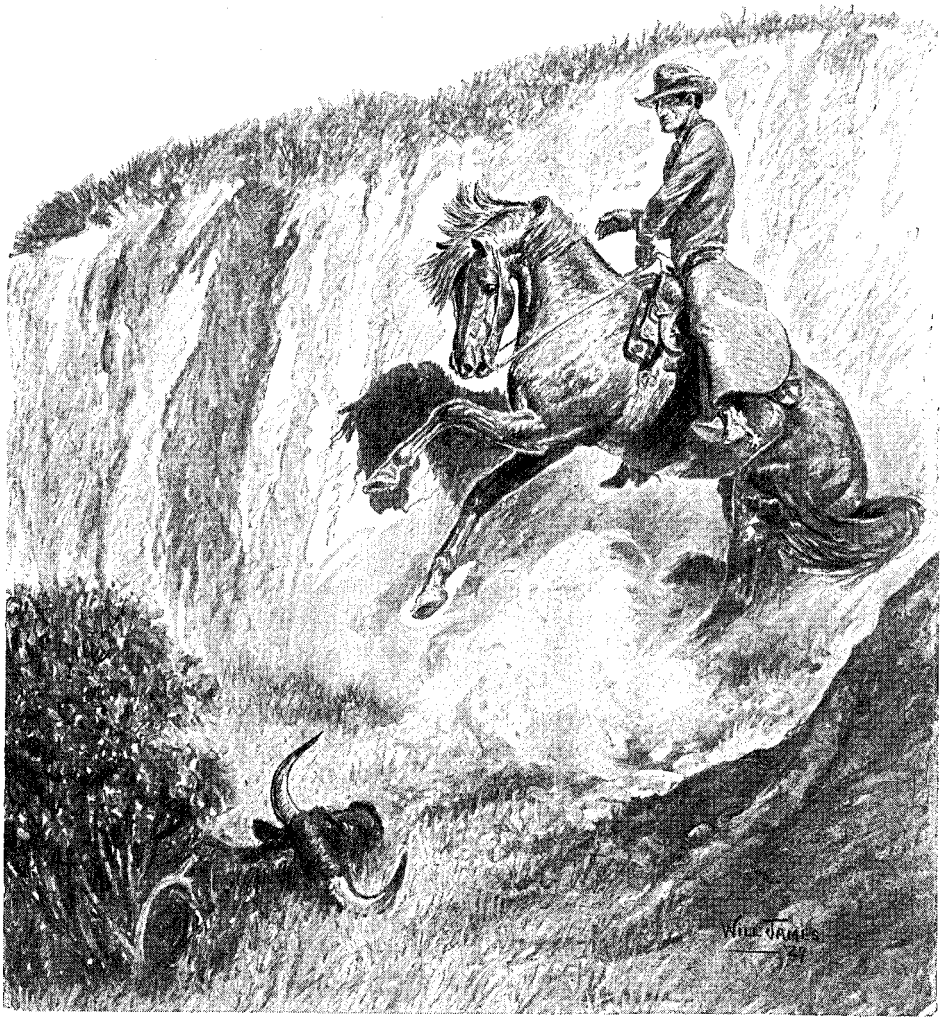
of hid away in the coast hills as a last retreat. They could live comfortable there, the wide ocean sort of give the open feeling of the big range they'd left and it'd all had stumped 'em, they'd managed to keep every day pretty well filled with new interest. They'd been near contented.



Cattle had been killed by them same homesteaders, and carcasses of fine steers was found where they'd been butchered only for one hind quarter.—Page 274.

never be fenced. Then again, no neighbors could get very close to them, so they thought,—the hills was too steep and rough.

The two old timers spent their time reading the papers and discussing all that appeared in 'em, with that and talking of old times, and along with having a visitor once in a while who'd always be called on to give his point of view on what

They'd enjoyed squinting at the ocean and imagining things. Between their mansion and that big stretch of water was a road which when they first come had reminded 'em of the little old road that followed the creek bottom at the old home ranch; it was a wood road and travelled mostly by Mexican wood cutters, teams, and burro trains. That all looked pretty good to the old timers and

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it sort of helped to make their retreat to their liking.

Then one day, a couple of years after they'd settled on the coast, Old Dan looking down the winding road from his porch spotted one of these horseless buggies, a kin of the same that'd chugged up to the home ranch and which had packed the land boosters. Old Dan had called Frank over and pointing at the rig he'd remarked:

"I'd been hoping them things would never get this way," he says, then he went on: "I don't know how you feel about the sight of 'em Frank, but to me they look sort of threatening."

The rig coughed on past their house and out of sight up the wood road. Two weeks later another one was spotted, then a week after that Old Dan seen three of them carriages, one right behind the other. From then on the horseless buggies seemed to multiply, and came a time when the two old timers didn't have to mark the calendar to know when Sunday come; the honk and engine clatter of the rigs told 'em a plenty of that day. It was the day when the crowds from the neighboring towns came out to picnic and bathe on the fine beach that was all along below the wood road and right in front of the old timers' retreat.

Then one day a road gang came up with teams and scrapers and in a few weeks had graded the old wood road to a good width; from then on the cars (they was called cars by then) swarmed along there and not only on Sundays but on week days also. The old timers was told afterward that the road had been opened from one big town to another, and that accounted for the traffic.

The Mexican wood haulers' teams and burro trains gradually disappeared and big jarring trucks begin to take their place in hauling the juniper and pine from the mountains to the towns. Old Dan begin to feel another pinch at the throat, and as the gasoline smell and noise and all it meant got to the old timer's brain he'd got to setting awful quiet and low in his chair, and his vision was kept to the line where ocean and sky met, above and past the steady stream of automobiles on the road below.

It was as the old cowman's imagination was performing the act of bringing a long winding trail herd of steers over the big ocean stretch one day that he was jarred out of his vision by the sound of a motor, louder and strange from the many others he'd heard and seeming like coming from some hard to locate direction. Old Dan straightened up in his chair, looked at the road below him, and making sure that that new noise didn't come from there begin to look other directions; then he spotted a big shadow a skimming along on the ground like the shadow of some unbelievable big bird, and looking up to see what was making it he found hisself staring at another of man's creations, an airship.

Old Dan stared at the thing for a long time, till the strange ship, after making a big circle over the ocean, went back over the coast hills and out of sight. Frank had been inside of the house showing the new cook how to make "hucky-dummy" and "son-of-a-gun-in-the-sack," and it'd never come to Dan's mind to call him to witness what he'd just seen.

But it wasn't many days when Frank himself spotted, not only one but two of the big birds, and when he pointed 'em out to Dan that old boy just grinned kind of hopeless like and then grunted.

Like the automobile, the airships got gradually numerous, so numerous that at one time Old Frank counted close to fifty of 'em in the air at once; they was army ships in formation, and in training to do their share in the World War.

The news of that war and all it meant was plenty awful enough to make the old men feel mighty lucky to be where they was for the time without resenting the hand of progress that was steady creeping up on 'em. They felt lucky, not because they wasn't in the fight themselves but because they was away from the sight of suffering families and wounded men. They'd already done *their* fighting, plenty of it and for a good cause, and now that them days was over with 'em they only was thankful that they was away from the suffering that went with war, they couldn't of helped.

By the time the war was over the two old timers near got used to the automobile and tried their best to accept 'em in a way they figgered they should, but it

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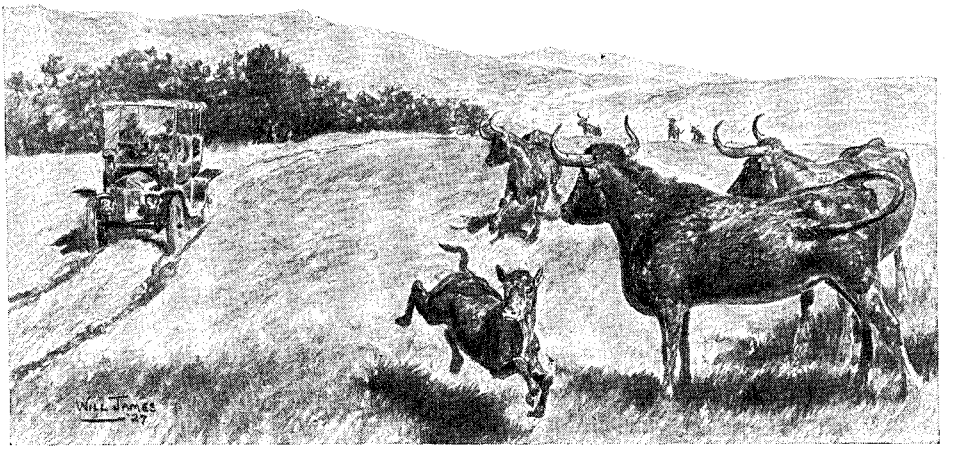
was hard, if not impossible, to get out of their mind that them same automobiles was responsible and at the bottom of all the crowding they felt, and for that reason they sure couldn't very well fall in love with the rig.

The style and size of them things kept a changing and went from high to low wheeled long snouted things; they also kept accumulating and bringing people out of the country of the old timers by the hundred.

ing of the name of the outfit that handled them.

With all that commotion going on Old Dan begin to look up how much land he owned around his mansion, just to see how close any neighbor could get to him, and he found that even though his land spread up the hill many yards back of the house, the front of it and the big porch was barely on his own territory, and it was as the rainy season was near over that one of the signs nearest his house




It was the first automobile in that country.—Page 274.

Then one day a bunch of carpenters and laborers set up a camp to within a hundred yards of the old timer's front porch. In three months a stucco house was up and before the new neighbors moved in the foundation of another house had been started. By the time the rainy season come half a dozen houses more or less the same style, and a trying to imitate the Spanish with stucco and lath instead of adobe, had went up, and the windows of them kept a staring at the old timers in a way that sure disturbed 'em.

But regardless of that, progress kept a spreading all over and around their retreat. Signs went up telling about choice lots, and two of them in big letters and awful striking was set up on each side of their place a few feet away. By that time, gas, electricity, water, and sewer systems was all set in and the whole hillside plum down to the ocean was cut into lots with a flag waving on each and tell-

was took down, the ground tore up, and a foundation started, right smack bang against his house.

Old Dan had near the same feeling again as he did when the homesteader begin to flock on his range many years past, and taking what seemed like the right of living and breathing away from him.

"I don't know," Old Dan says to Frank one night, "but it strikes me like there's something wrong with our feelings and our ways of thinking. Now, these people that's building all around us, and flocking in like a bunch of bees, all seem so tickled the way things are progressing here. They're all doing their best to see that more flocks in and they seem to like it all the more if they're jammed up against a thousand neighbors like a bunch of sardines.

"With us, and according to the way folks would think, we're like hermits.

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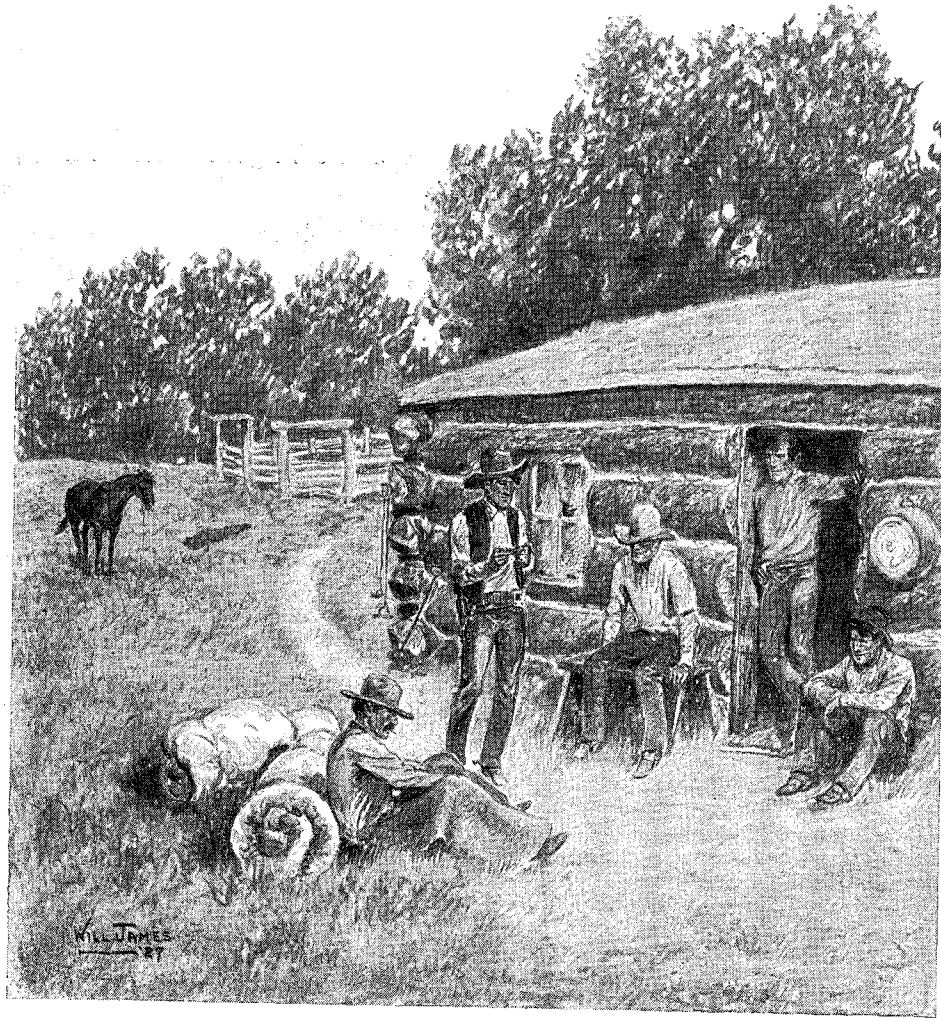
We don't like the rush, the noise, so many strangers and so close. I know it ain't that we don't like people, because we do, some, but I guess we like 'em best when they're scattered out a little, say about ten miles."

"Then," Old Dan went on after a while, "there's progress and all it means,—I don't want to think that we're against that, and for that reason I wish I could get myself to liking and agreeing with all that's going on around here in that way. But I guess I'm getting too old and the change is too much."

"Well, it's a pretty deep problem," says Old Frank shaking his head, "and I don't believe anybody but us and our kind could understand and figger it out. It's like our life on the range, Dan, nobody but us would live it. We was cut out for *that*, and I don't think none of us humans are cut out for more than one big thing in this world. We can't expect to be what we was, go through a whole life of that and then turn out afterward to agree with some other way of living that's teetotally different."

"And as for progress," Old Frank went



Old Dan spent his last night with a few of his riders at an old cow camp.—Page 274.

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on, "we done our share there. We and our kind blazed the trails, Dan, and started a mighty big industry in the cattle game. Before that industry was started, we was the kind that was in the lead of the soldiers when they went out of their forts to clear the land of injuns on the rampage and make the country safe for the people that came.

"We done a lot in making the West peaceable and safe without the help of the soldier, and in more ways than one we're the ones that's blazed the trail for progress to follow up on, and then crowd us out afterward.

"Don't you never think that we are against progress, it's just that we don't fit into the times. We done ours and now it's past."

The summer came on and with it came the crowds to the beaches. The retreat of the old timers wasn't at all to be recognized no more as being the same where the two had come not so many years ago. New paved highways was being built all around the district which now was called a suburb. There was a steady noise of steam shovels, concrete mixers, hammering,—and mixing in was the honk of the big buses bringing buyers out to see "the new wonderful opportunities that was offered in home sites."

Then one day Old Dan glancing at the landscape around him, and trying hard not to see it, noticed a big smoking hunk of machinery digging its way through the side of the hill and straight towards his house. It was a steam shovel taking cart loads of dirt at a time from the high side of the hill and dropping it on the low side. It was following the line mapped out for one of the new highways, and Old Dan's heart near went up his throat when he noticed that the stakes marking the upper side of that line went past to within a very few feet of the foundation of his porch. Old Dan swallowed hard once more and let the thing come, that was all he could do.

The thing came on and kept a scooping big scoops of dirt from the high side of the hill to the low side. Pretty soon Old Dan felt the earth shaking under the house as the big machine came closer. On it came, day after day, and then one day, the grade was made past the house. When Old Dan and Frank went out to see "how they stood" they found a fifteen foot drop in front of their house, and so close that one of the steps leading up to the front porch hung on air over a straight up and down dirt wall.

"Well," says Old Frank a trying to grin and bear it, "it looks like our front entrance is in the back now."

The big machine went on slow and finally out of sight; then came a time when the new highway was paved and opened to traffic. That was no more than done when on the lower side of it and right acrost from Old Dan's, there sprung up another building, and alongside of that right along that same highway, or boulevard, there went a string of shed-looking contraptions with partitions what looked like box stalls opening wide to the road. When the whole thing was done, the first place put up one and ten signs about the merits of the gasoline that was sold there, and motor oils, etc. Then the other places hung out their shingles. There was soft drinks, hot dogs, barbecued meats and all under one sign which said "EATS." Another place farther down the line advertised the same thing to the passing motorists with the word "grub." Then there was fruit stands whose owners was bound to flag the automobiles with their juicy fruits and loud hollers; but that wasn't all, there was a stall where baskets was sold, another filled with Navajo blankets, and right on down to stands of ripe olives, salted peanuts and potato chips.

All that was, you might say, right under Old Dan's front porch, and facing a man who'd rode through the blizzards when there was no trails, when towns was hundreds of miles apart and when meals was on the hoof and only a well aimed slug could get 'em.

"Well, Frank," says Old Dan one night as the echoes of the day's noise died down some, "it looks like the end of our string has been reached and our jumping off place has come. . . ."

One thing brought on many others to the booming community, and finally came a time, when cross streets run into the boulevard and were named, that Old Dan had to put a number on his place. Agents



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and peddlers of all kinds begin to swarm around trying to sell anything from safety pins to oil wells; along with them came visitors to look at the old timer's mansion just for ideas on the style of the Spanish; there was remarks of "how wonderful" at this and that, and if it hadn't been for Frank, Old Dan would of most likely give away most of the old Spanish furniture to sweet old ladies and nice old men who was "simply in love" with it.

Then one day Old Frank noticed a great big shining limousine winding around their place seeming like looking for a way to get in. Finally the trail at the back was spotted and out of that limousine came a couple of slick looking hombres who smiled their way up to the back door. Old Frank looked at them in the same way somehow as a prospector in the desert looks at a circling buzzard overhead. There was something familiar about 'em.

Old Frank opened the door as they knocked, and it wasn't till they came in and when he shook their soft moist hands that it really came to him who they was. About that time the two gents smiled their surprise at meeting Old Frank again and said something about such being their good fortune and so on; then Old Dan came in to see what was all the noise about.

"Well, well, well," they both said and smiled while meeting that old timer with open arms, and like he was a long lost brother, "this is indeed a pleasure."

The pleasure, it seemed like, was all theirs. If either Dan or Frank was pleased they sure done a fine job hiding it. The old timers was surprised of course to see them two land boosters away out on the Coast when, as they supposed, they was up in the north and having success in building a town and cutting up the land which would support so many happy families, the land that was once Dan's and Frank's cattle range.

It came to the old timers' minds to ask how the promising project panned out but they figgered it best to let them two show their hands, and after the howdedo was over there was everything about the old men that went as much as to say, "Well, what do you want now."

It seemed like what they'd first wanted, and the reason of the visit, was that they'd hoped to interest the owners of the mansion which was Dan's into a trade for some choice property in the same community, it would be a good trade "you may be sure," and they wanted the mansion and the site it had only for speculation, but——

"We had no idea it was you gentlemen who lived here," says one of the visitors. "And as it is now," he went on, "I'm afraid a trade would be out of question on account that the property I would want to trade you for this one might be a little too modern to please you. It is a——"

"Are you fellers connected with this land dealing and boosting that's been going on around here?" interrupts Old Dan.

"Why, yes. We bought this land some years ago, right after we cleaned up in your country, and we've been very successful with our scheme in turning this out as fine residential district it is."

"Yes, and hot-dog stands," chips in Old Frank.

"But what's happened to our country up North?" Old Dan finally asks. "I expect you left a lot of happy self-supporting families up there."

"Well, we done pretty well there. That is we cleared up enough money to come down here and carry us through this deal in fine shape. Of course the town we built was only to attract the settlers to buy our land you know; it soon died after we left and most of the farmers have gone out of the country now. . . . Well, that country was only fit for cattle and horses anyway."

The look that came to the old timers' faces as they listened to the talk showed everything except pleasant. They might of carried near as bad a look during the days when sheepmen was found grazing woollies through the range they'd saved for wintering their cattle. Neither said a word, for words seemed useless. The two agents glanced at both Dan and Frank for a spell, then got up from their chairs, reached for their hats, and went out the door toward their waiting limousine.

They drove away disappointed and scared, but they wasn't through with the

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old timers yet; they wanted that property awful bad, and somehow they was going to get it. They waited two weeks till they figgered the old timers had sort of lost their hankering to commit murder, and then to play safe, they wrote a letter offering a price that was ten times as much as Old Dan had paid for the place.

Both Dan and Frank read the letter over careful, and sort of forgetting who it was from, Dan says: "Mighty tempting that price," and then he adds on—"but we're not after the money, all we want is a place to rest the last few years we've got left, and a little room."

"Yep," agreed Frank, "but room is getting mighty scarce out here now and this new boulevard out in front has dog-gone near dug us out."

"But where would we go?"

"Well I don't know, but I been thinking since them boosters was here that it'd be sort of nice to see our old range once more and see what's really happened to it."

"That'd be fine Frank, but I'm sort of leery of that. I got an awful blow there once and I don't believe I could stand another by the sight of what it might look like."

Weeks went by and the rainy season was near over when another offer was made to the old timers, by mail again. The letter wasn't even answered and as far as could be got out of 'em was that they sure wasn't figgering on selling, no time.

That seemed to be their intentions sure enough, but a strong hint came along and from the skies above one night. It came along in the shape of a heavy rain which was more like a cloudburst. The ground, all soaked and soft from the many rains before was just waiting for that next downpour to start washing the scenery toward the ocean in fine style. The upper wall along the boulevard had started to crumble away pretty fast, and that night the two old timers was woke up by an awful roar. It seemed like the whole house had buckled up and give away, and when they straightened up to see what the commotion was all about, they found themselves staring out of their beds right into open space.

The fifteen foot dirt wall into the boulevard had been washed out from under the front of the house, and the dobie wall of that mansion having no support and being awful wet and heavy just natural like followed the foundation right on down acrost the boulevard on toward the ocean and all escorted by a regular river of muddy water.

The two old timers set in their beds, neither saying a word, and by the early light of day watched part of their front porch a skimming along and on down. Then Old Dan spotted the chair on which he'd set on so often, an old chair brought in from Mexico by the Spaniards a century before. It was going on down in the muddy waters too, and making a last stand.

"I guess that's convincing enough," says Old Frank after things had quieted down some. "We don't belong here neither."

The next day, as the scrapers was clearing the muck off the boulevard and folks all around the community was estimating the damages of the storm, Old Dan was busy looking for a letter which he'd throwed somewheres a few days before. After quite a bit of looking around and with the help of Frank he finally found it, and the two together handled the pen and figgered out the words in answer to it.

They told of the conditions of the mansion, and that if the last offer still stood they was ready to accept and close the deal at once.

A long pullman train was pulling its way up a long desert wash to a low summit. It was headed north and east, mostly north. It was spring time, the sky was bright and the desert air was like wine, specially so to two old men who was setting out on the observation car and taking it in.

"Sure is intoxicating all right," Old Dan remarks.

Yep! it was the old timers a setting there; they was headed back for their old home range, to give it a look, and hoping as they travelled that that look would do their tired hearts good. They'd felt pretty old as they'd been crowded out of their last retreat, and picturing the whole of the range countries to be all under fence and plowed and irrigated as

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they had didn't give 'em much ambition to be on the move much. They'd only looked for more disappointment.

But as the train went on the two old fellers begin to set up straighter in their chairs back there on the observation car. They was surprised that only a half a day's ride or so from the coast was such open country as what they was seeing. Here they'd thought from all that'd been hinted in different ways that this whole desert would be growing cocoanuts and pineapple by now, that the whole of it would be blooming with flower gardens and happy homes. But it was just the same as it seemed like it ever was, and outside of the railroad track that went through the land, the time could of just as well been the 70's as the 20's.

They passed Nevada and Utah, and even though the railroad went through some mighty prosperous looking valleys and towns, the old timers with a knowing eye at the hills on both side of the valleys and beyond, could see that progress hadn't covered near so much territory as they'd figgered. It had made considerable headway all right, but it was only in spots, and the territory that was around, bare of any signs of any man's work, was still all range land and awful big, so big that the spots where progress had touched seemed, in comparison, to be very small specks.

There was many sights, as the train went on, that brought sunshine to the old men's hearts. They was sights that no other people on the long train ever noticed. Like for instance, twice they'd glimpsed the white rumps of antelopes. The other passengers never seen 'em and if they had they'd thought it was white rocks a shining to the sun against the far away hillside. They spotted bands of wild horses winding their way through the junipers and joshuas and going to water. All that was plain reading to the old timers, it told of many things, and it all spelled open country.

By the time they reached the heart of Wyoming the old timers seemed to've shed ten good years of their life. They'd begin to do justice to all they paid for in the dining car, and the porters' and waiters' tips told some of the happy recklessness that'd took holt of 'em.

"It seems to me like we been considerable hasty with our opinions, Dan," says Old Frank during their last day on the train, "why this country still looks like *home* to me."

"Well, you got to admit," answers Dan, "that things sure looked bad when we left, and anyway let's wait and see what's become of our range before we get our hopes up too high."

"Yes, but look at this," went on Frank as he waved a hand at the big stretches of Wyoming rolling prairie all covered with good grass and with no interruptions of any kind for as far as the eye could see, "why you know how we figgered that this had all gone under the plow, or dudes, and dude ranches."

The plow, sure enough had never been there; it was part of the millions and millions of acres of the range country of the West where the farmer never stopped,—and as for the dude ranches they was huddled up in the northwest corner of that State, and the space them places took was only another speck as compared with the big territory around that was still all cow country.

Late that night the train pulled up by a station in a little Montana town, and there the two old timers, tired but happy, got out. They'd come to the end of their trip.

They registered in the same old hotel that'd been their stopping place whenever they used to come to town to ship their cattle, and when they was showed to their room by a young feller who took their grips, they was pleased to see that it was their regular room whenever they came there. It hadn't changed, there was the bullet holes by the window which told some of the days of the rustler war. Both Dan and Frank knowed the characters that'd done the shooting, they'd been more than present at the doings.

The next morning bright and early the two old timers was up and sashaying around town just to sort of see what'd happened to it. Quite a bit had happened to it of course, but there was no mistaking it was the same town. They noticed two new hotels, streets paved, hitching racks gone, livery stables turned into garages, and so on, but there was many an old landmark that stood up for itself amongst all the new things.

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Like the people, there was many that was strangers to 'em, but amongst 'em they could once in a while see the head of one they knowed well. Just the sight of them few meant a better welcome to the old timers than if the mayor and town-band had turned out to meet 'em.

On their way back to the hotel they stopped at the bank, and there, after the howdedo was over, the old president of the bank near prayed at Dan and Frank to take some of the land which had been on his hands ever since the farmers left the country.

Saying they'd consider doing that little thing later, the two headed for the depot with intentions of buying a ticket to the town where the old home ranch had been, and there they got the surprise of their life. They was told that that branch line wasn't running any more, that it hadn't been running for the past eight years, and what was more there was nothing left of the line but the grade, the tracks had been took off and the ties had been burned.

Old Dan turned at Frank at the news, they stared at one another for a few seconds and then a big grin begin to spread on their features.

"What do you know about that?" says Old Dan his eyes a sparkling. "And they even took off the tracks."

They both got awful anxious to be at the place all at once; there was only one quick way for them to get there and they took it. In half an hour they'd got a hold of a car and a driver, loaded the car with a little flour, bacon, blankets, and a few other things, and away it started on its forty mile trip to the deserted town and the old home ranch.

The road leading out of town was wide and gravelled, there was many automobiles on it, going both ways and like they was in an awful hurry to get there. On both sides of the road was farm after farm and house after house, none of 'em over a quarter of a mile apart. There was stores along that highway too, and gasoline stations, school houses, and high elevators for the farmers' grain.

The whole country sure looked prosperous and was sure enough a farming country, and the hearts of the old timers begin to beat sort of unnatural as mile after mile didn't seem to bring no change. The wide highway led on like a straight ribbon flanked on both side with green fields of alfalfa and new grain. It looked like there'd never be no end to it, for as far as the old timers, whose eyes was a little dimmed by then, could see it went on and on.

Then after what seemed an awful long ways the driver slowed down and turned to the left off the main highway, through more farms but not on as good a road. A high steel bridge was crossed and the old timers looked down at the wide river they'd knowed so well. Their cattle used to range near this far.

"The river is pretty low for this time of the year," remarked the driver, "and if we don't get much rain this summer the farmers are liable to run short of water to irrigate with."

So that was it, thought the old timers, these farms they'd passed was irrigated farms, and not the dry farms of the kind that'd tried to take over the range. It was a great relief for them to realize that and their hopes went up to the top once more.

Straight acrost the irrigated valley went the car, through a little farming town and then it begin to go up a grade to the high benches where the irrigating waters couldn't reach. There was the dry farmers. Acrost the rolling land and for many miles around was shacks, each on a hundred and sixty acres or more and a setting up there on the landscape looking like something that'd just dropped from up above and landed there for no reason only for a place to land. Outside of the few shacks that was the closest to the little town that'd been just passed the others seemed most all deserted, doors and windows closed, and the atmosphere in the dark inside matched well with the rusty broken handle plow on the outside. It all was like a monument which told of hopes that came to life and then went under.

The car turned to the left a little and the road from then on was on the grade that'd been the railroad on which the train had hauled in more than it ever hauled out. It made a good road and all the driver had to watch out for was the spikes which had been left scattered when

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the track was pulled up; them spikes wasn't good for tires.

The dry farmers' shacks kept a getting more and more scattered as mile after mile was covered; then came strips of open land which looked like they had been missed entirely by the soil tilling army, but, as the driver told 'em, them strips hadn't been missed, it was just that the shacks had been tore down when the farmer went away, and the fences had went too. Scattering over where oats and rye had once been planted was little bunches of cattle and horses, grazing on what was once again range land.

One more ridge and then Old Dan would be able to see where the old home ranch had been; he pictured the town that would be there instead and he sit tight ready for whatever blow the sight might give. He was afraid to look, and it wasn't till he was sure the car was where he could get a good plain view of the land that he opened his eyes,—he wanted to get it all at once.

"Where's the town?" asks Old Frank to the driver.

"That's what's left of it," says the driver pointing down the creek bottom, "most of the houses have been hauled away to the town we left this morning and for the farmers on the river."

Old Dan's heart went up ten notches at the sight he was seeing and the words he was hearing. His mouth opened to speak but he couldn't say a word,—he just looked and listened.

Outside of the few scattering shacks and run down fences that was left to mar the land the old country still looked near the same. Even the old ranch house which he thought gone to make room for town houses was still there and looking like it was waiting for him. Part of his corrals was still up, and with the short time that old cowboy had to view his old range and home he already pictured how with a little hired help to pull away the fences and burn up the dilapidated shacks he could make it all come back to life as the country he'd once knowed.

Yep! it would be even better than the country he once knowed; it would be *his* and not free government range for anybody to use. As his old friend at the bank told him the land could be bought for very little more than a long lease would cost. He could get all he wanted and deeds for the whole, then he wouldn't have to contend with keeping the sheepman off of it and he wouldn't have to worry about straying herds of cattle or horses that'd take the feed away from his own stock.

All that went through the old man's brain as the car went on and finally came to a stop in front of the old ranch house. Here he got out and somehow he didn't look so much like an old man no more. He stood a minute and sized the old place up, and then stepping on the porch he looked the direction where the town's main street had once been. All there was to show of that now was a couple of houses on either side, but he didn't see them, they'd soon be going down.

The only inhabitant of the town was found when Old Dan followed by Frank walked into the old ranch house, he was a pack rat who'd made his nest of sticks and anything he could pack right in the middle of the floor of the main room. Outside of that mess to clean up the old house wouldn't be needing much work done to it to make it as good as it ever was; it had sagged a little or maybe just settled, and it'd be good for many snows to come.

The two old timers was near like youngsters again as they took in what could be seen in their ramblings. The old ranch house and the country around brought many memories back to life again, and there was remarks passed such as "Remember Dan, when a few of us stood off a party of Sioux warriors right over there by that cliff" or "Remember one of the hard winters Frank, when we couldn't see the high corrals for snow?" etc., etc. The two kept a talking of the times each spot or other reminded 'em of till away late in the afternoon, and Dan was just in the thick of another of them old time happenings when he stopped short and listened to a sound like he wasn't believing his ears, it was a familiar sound but he hadn't heard it for many years. It was the thump of boot heels on the wide porch and the ringing of spur rowels.

Old Dan jumped up and sticking his head around the corner of the house spotted a rider there; it was only a sec-

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ond later when the old cowboy and that rider sort of clinched into a handshake and happy cuss words. . . . That rider was none other than his old cow foreman who regardless of Old Dan's advice to hit for the desert when the outfit "broke up" had stuck to the old home range. He'd been just riding by and spotting the car in front of the house had stopped to say "howdy" to whoever might be there. Folks had been kinda scarce the last few years.

Old Dan found afterward that there'd been many other of his old riders what hadn't at all followed his advice in hitting for the dry country.

"It all makes me feel like a quitter," Old Dan remarked that evening to Frank and the cow foreman as the three was setting on the porch. "Here I pulled up stakes and left just when the country needed help most. . . . It's been under an awful spell, boys, but it came out through, all scarred but sure enough through and still alive,—now it's sleeping; the scars of the plow are healing and the dry weedy scabs are blowing away to the winds, the healthy skin of sod and buffalo grass is creeping up to make it all what it was, what it should of always been, and what it will always be, . . . range land."

Away off on the bench land the beller of a cow critter was heard, then a little while afterward that of a little calf answered. The skies turned from a sunset purple to a deep blue, and then darkness, . . . the range land was resting.

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# The Mocking-Bird

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Lord of the odored alleys green! who on the silence flings
A rippling joy and laughter as from god-touched, golden strings,
Are you looking through the pearly gates?—The clock has struck eleven—
I think out there,
In the moonlit air,
You can hear the harps of heaven!

Translating beauty into sound, you weave the glad day long
Sun, moon, and star, and rainbow-gleams in a bridal robe of song.
And you dye with the blood of roses, as you spin for the airy looms,
And you dip the skein
From your teeming brain
In the scent of the orange blooms.

Deep down in a jasmine thicket, 'neath a tangle of gold and green,
She lives with her growing little ones in a home no man has seen.
I heard you there a-teaching school in a sly and secret way.
In a story-song,
Whispered and long,
You told of the sunlit day.

What tender love and heavenly joy were in the whispered notes!
I think it made them stir their wings and ruffle up their throats.
The magic things, beloved of God, by seers and poets sung,
That lift the eyes
To Paradise
Are beauty and the young.

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# A View from a Hill

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS
Author of "The Knave of Hearts," "Other Joys," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

SHE lived in the loveliest possible house, high up on a hill, so high that from her elaborate garden you could see the whole sweep of surrounding country. Even the largest and most expensive cars had to be put into second speed as they climbed the winding road, bordered by flowering hydrangeas, and swept round the gravelled drive to her door, and the smaller ones, though there were never many of those, arrived chugging with steaming radiators. And when you entered her airy hall, with its shining bare floors and its glassed doorways, you felt that she belonged there as no one else could.

Though there was nothing airy about her. She was concentrated and firm, like a piece of sand-colored whip-cord. All the rightness of the place, its smooth austerity, its high-above-the-worldness, was centred in her. She was its emblem, and certainly she made me feel especially hot and dusty as she came slowly down the wide stairs in her cool linen dress to meet me.

"How do you do, Emily?" she said in her clear, clipped voice, and waited. She had a manner of looking you solemnly in the eyes after she had made a remark that seemed only to mean: "Well, what have you to offer me in the way of response?"

"Edith," I exclaimed, "it's so nice to be here!" It was the best I could do.

"You must be tired after your journey. I'll show you to your room. Morgan will bring your things."

Morgan appeared carrying my worn brown suitcase, obviously stuffed too full, and with a disgraceful bit of white tape sticking out one side of it. She paused and looked at it a moment, and I felt that it ought not to have been a suitcase at all, but a pigskin hat-box that kept its secrets; then she turned, and I followed her upstairs.

"Oh, what a lovely room!" Pale-green furniture with impossible little pink flowers painted on it, a rugless floor here, too, and plain white curtains. I went to the window and looked down on miles and miles of hazy green country, cupped in an overlapping rim of pale, cloudlike hills.

"I hope that you will find everything that you need," said Edith at the door.

"This view is all I need after that hot, stuffy train. But I should like to see Franklyn. How old is he, six?"

"Franklyn is seven years old," said Edith, and she smiled faintly for the first time. "He is having a tennis lesson now, but he will be back in an hour."

"And Herbert, how is he?" I added, unnecessarily, for my cousin Herbert had never been known to have anything the matter with him.

"Herbert is very well," she said precisely. "You will find us in the drawing-room when you come down." She looked me full in the eyes again. "He is bringing a Miss Kenworthy in to tea."

*A* Miss Kenworthy! Why had she said it that way, as if there were dozens of Miss Kenworthys, all exactly alike, or as if to be a Miss Kenworthy was something vaguely not quite nice!

When she had shut the door I struggled with my suitcase until it burst open, disclosing a hard mound of flattened clothes and my sponge-bag, whose string had been cruelly pinched by the cover and exposed to the gaze of a cold and unsympathetic world. I am very fond of that sponge-bag of blue denim lined with rubber. When I had hung it in my white-tiled bathroom, and put my brushes and comb on the dressing-table, and hung my things on hangers in the commodious closet, I felt very much at home. There



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were at least five feet of clothes hanging there, and how I had ever managed to get them into that suitcase seemed a miracle. I thrust the thing, now light with shrunken sides, into a corner of the closet and sat down by the window. It is such fun to be alone in what is, temporarily, one's own room in a strange house; not to know what is going on in the rest of it, not to have an idea of what to expect when one goes down-stairs. To me who have never known poignant joy, such always thought that the more money he paid for a thing the better it must be. Edith looked expensive, too.

A door slammed. Some one clattered up the uncarpeted stairs. Reluctantly, I got out of my chair and changed my dress. Like all intensely shy women, I dreaded, a little, personal contact with people, and hated to leave my room whose four walls so airily and comfortably boxed all that away from me.

Herbert rushed into the hall to meet

She lived in the loveliest possible house, high up on a hill, so high that from her elaborate garden you could see the whole sweep of surrounding country.—Page 288.

moments are a delight, but I suppose that, just as one's eyes are blinded after coming from a blaze of light into the twilight, to most people whose lives are more eventful, mild pleasures like that don't count. But poignant joy comes but seldom, and isn't it just as well to be able continually to strike these little warm glows in unexpected places as to have it consumed once or twice in a roaring conflagration? Just as well, perhaps——

I thought of my cousin. How did he fit into this grand and austere simplicity? Surely Herbert would have been happier among thick velvet carpets, cushioned divans, and silk lamps with dingle-dangles on them. But this was undoubtedly expensive, and I remembered that Herbert, even as a child, whatever his tastes, had



me as I came down-stairs. "Dear old Emily! Well, well! How are you?" He patted me on the back and led me with his arm around me to the drawing-room. "Let me introduce Miss Kenworthy—my cousin, Miss Fraser. We used to play together, didn't we, Em? Do you remember the old hay-loft? Well! How are you?"

Miss Kenworthy half-rose to greet me, then hesitatingly, as if she were not sure that it was the right thing to do, she changed her mind and offered me her hand from her chair. "I'm awfully glad to meet you," she said.

She was very pretty in a queer sort of way, with dark eyes, very wide apart, and a mid-Victorian mouth. Her upper lip came down over the lower in a little point. Her dress was of black satin, and I

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thought that might be why she was to Edith a Miss Kenworthy, for I knew that Edith would not approve of black satin on a summer's day in the country. But I liked her. She seemed so awfully much to want to please, and not to be sure quite how to do it.

"Think of it, we haven't seen each other in—how many years? It must be all of sixteen," Herbert went on. "You're looking fine as silk. How do you like our house?"

"It's a perfectly wonderful house, Herbert."

"*Isn't* it lovely!" put in Miss Kenworthy enthusiastically. And she glanced at Edith in a timid way as if she meant: "Have I said the right thing? Do you like me to admire your house?"

"Have you noticed the furniture?" Herbert said. "All museum pieces. Some of it is Flemish, Seventeenth Century. Spanish too." He beamed at me. There is something about the wide, straight line of Herbert's lips, the shine of his spectacles, and the way he has of looking quickly from one person to the other that makes him appear to be always radiantly beaming.

"I love Spanish furniture," ventured Miss Kenworthy.

Edith, with a lump of sugar poised in silver tongs over a teacup, said: "Do you? It's very uncomfortable." And seemed subtly to convey that she alone knew wherein the real value of her things lay, and that none of us could possibly understand it. "How many? Two?"

"Yes, please," said Miss Kenworthy, as if she were a little girl playing tea-party. "And a little milk."

"I'm afraid it's only cream," said Edith, filling her cup. "I'm sorry."

That was cruel of Edith if she knew, as I was sure that she did, that Miss Kenworthy had said milk in a pathetic effort to live up to her. She no doubt had heard that the English look with amused scorn on our habit of serving cream with tea, and perhaps she had observed some of those people who are consciously correct at all times, asking for milk even when they know it to be cream. She seemed terribly in awe of Edith for some reason, and eager to impress her. But Edith only accepted as her equals those who had adopted or been born with—not the customs of the English, but their impregnable and bland conviction that whatever they did was made right because they did it, and asked for sarsaparilla at five o'clock if they chose.

And how, I thought, she must scorn poor Herbert, who obviously clamored to do the right thing. Delicately aloof, far and away from the swash of his bounding vulgarity and his healthy exuberance, she looked down on him, like a tight-lipped Greek statue in a niche. No wonder that Franklyn was the only one, and even his existence made me ponder and doubt somewhat the laws of physiology.

Bravely smiling, Miss Kenworthy took her cup of tea from Herbert. "The cup that cheers but never tightens. Isn't that what the poet said, Em?"

"What poet?" I asked.

"Byron or somebody. Well, Cheerio!" And then while his back was turned to Edith, I saw his fingers touch hers under the cup and run swiftly down her wrist, saw a look pass between them, his almost a wink, like a delighted little boy sharing a secret, hers imploring, terrified. She bit her lip and gave a quick shake of her head that plainly meant: "Don't—not here."

So that was it! That undoubtedly was it. No wonder she was embarrassed, I thought with righteous indignation. She ought to be. Naturally, since she was more perceptive than Herbert, who simply had no perceptions, she felt something essentially wrong in her being there. It put things out of adjustment, and the situation in that calm room, flooded with late afternoon light, must have put her teeth on edge like some harsh, raucous noise. How utterly brash it was of him to have brought her! Is there such a word? Certainly only brash expressed him to me then as he stood there with his stocky legs in golf stockings, far apart, and his tousled head, so protected in the armor of his complacency that he could crash through those fine barriers, like silk threads drawn tight, that hurt more sensitive people. He had made her come because he had wanted to show off to her—his house, Edith, and the "museum pieces."

Edith was frankly bored with Miss Kenworthy, so with the air of one who has done her social duty and can now come

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down to important questions, she turned to Herbert. Would he please tell the gardener that a limb had blown down last night in the orchard. It ought to be attended to immediately. Had he noticed a knocking in the Renault? Henri was getting careless about the cars. She thought that she would dismiss him when they went back to town.

I spoke to Miss Kenworthy. With me she had nothing to live up to, so she was more natural, and I reluctantly found her charming. There was something supple and eager about her, and underneath that a sort of undercurrent of despair that intensified her like a touch of black in a picture. Her father was an invalid, she told me. She took care of him and her two younger brothers. I thought of her so clearly designed for romance, hedged in by probably irritable and commonplace people, reaching out to grasp the first glittering thing that drifted down to her. What a pity that it should only have been the love of Herbert!

She was very pretty in a queer sort of way.—Page 289.

When I came down-stairs the next morning after a luxurious breakfast in bed, there was no one about but a red-haired youth with cloths and a pail, cleaning the glass doors of the hall. But in the garden I found Franklyn. He was sitting on the grass close to the gray stone wall that rimmed the place and apparently kept it all from slipping down the sharp incline outside.

"Hello, Franklyn!"

"Hello!" he said, without turning his head. "Look, I've got a turtle." He pointed to a white basin on the ground. In it I saw a little turtle about the size of a biscuit, swimming about and making ineffectual attempts to crawl up the slippery sides of the basin.

"What a little one!" I exclaimed.

"He's not grown up yet," said Franklyn. "His name is Coffee."

"That's a good name for him. He's just the color of coffee."

He took it out of the water and held it up to me in his two stubby little hands. "Take him," he urged, "he won't bite."

I held it gingerly between my thumb and two fingers, watching its little flippers waving aimlessly and frantically, and its tiny peering head. It seemed to have, as I held it like that, something of the fragility and yet inner firmness of a baby's palm.

"What are you going to feed it?" I asked.

"Flies and things. I don't know yet." He put it on the grass and crouched over it absorbed, blocking its ceaseless efforts to escape. "I wanted to keep him under my bed," he said, after a time, "because it's shady there, but mother wouldn't let me."

Franklyn at that time, I haven't seen him since, looked exactly like Herbert. He had the same slightly dwarfish look that Herbert had, though why Herbert, who is an unusually big man, should look dwarfish is indefinable. It was perhaps because of the shortness of his legs. Franklyn wore spectacles, too, and a cow-lick, like Herbert's, in the middle of his forehead twisted up his stiff dark hair.

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He had Herbert's perpetual straight-line smile, a smile, however, that seemed to imply not so much good nature as a secret satisfaction. Yet Edith, in spite of the fact that she plainly thought Herbert ridiculous, seemed to find Franklyn quite satisfactory. She was really fond of him. That, of course, was because he was hers. She had produced him, and so he naturally took on that special worth that all of her possessions held for her. Her things were in a charmed circle, radiating from herself and raised, as was her house, above the negligible affairs of other people. She was unaware that she had merely made two Herberts grow where there had been one before.

"Franklyn," I said, "let's put Coffee in the pool. He will die if you keep him in that little bowl of water in the hot sun."

Certainly only brash expressed him to me.—Page 290.

"He wouldn't like the pool," responded Franklyn, "there's fishes in it."

"But the fishes wouldn't hurt him."

"They wouldn't hurt him," he agreed cheerfully, "but he doesn't like them."

I was a little vague about the relations between fish and turtles, still I had a feeling that Franklyn's firm conviction of

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Coffee's distaste for them arose from his desire to have his own way as amicably as possible. It was a characteristic of Herbert's, that happy belief that whatever course he chose to take was the best possible for every one concerned. I finally persuaded him to let me put a large stone in the basin for the turtle to crawl on, and a few pond-lily leaves to give him a place of refuge. I became quite interested in this furnishing of the basin, but Franklyn soon tired of it.

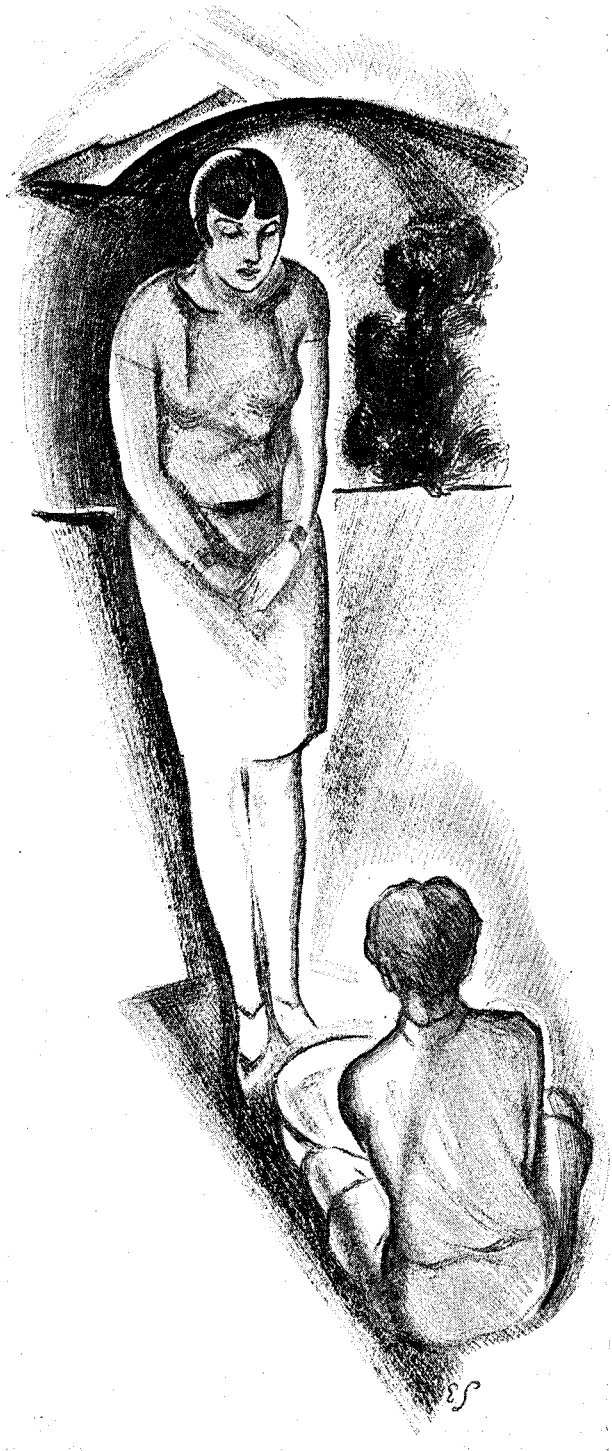
"Look, Emily," he called from the path. "See how far I jumped." With a stick he scratched a line in the gravel behind his heels. "I bet that's six whole feet, or maybe three anyway."

Just then Herbert appeared in riding-clothes, looking fairly luminous with health and good spirits. What, I thought, as he came toward me, an advertisement for soap he would have made!

"Hello, Emily. You *are* an early bird! Catch any worms?"

"I wish I could catch one," I said, "for Coffee."

"What have you got there?" he asked, poking aside the lily leaves with his riding-crop. "Well, well," he laughed, "did Franklyn catch him? You and Franklyn seem to have been getting on in great style. He's a nice little kid, isn't he?" He sat on the wall, smiled and looked about him, taking in Franklyn, the colorful garden, the hot sunlight, all as soothing accompaniments to his content.



"Hello!" he said. "Look, I've got a turtle."—Page 291.

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"I broke my record!" Franklyn suddenly shouted, and with his feet firmly planted in the path, he looked back at us over his shoulder triumphantly.

Herbert got down from the wall and went over to him. "Standing jump, eh?" he said. "Wait a minute. I'll show you how to jump."

"Franklyn knows how to jump," I said.

"Get out of the way, Franklyn," commanded Herbert. "Hurry up."

"But I want to mark it first."

I seized Herbert's riding-crop and drew a line behind Franklyn's heels. Only then would he leave the spot.

"Now," said Herbert, flexing his knees up and down, "now, watch me." He jumped and turned around. "Not bad, Em. How far should you say that was?"

"All of six feet," I answered, "or maybe three."

Herbert straightened his waistcoat, cocking his head at me delightedly, exactly as if he were Peter Pan about to crow. "Lots of life in the old boy yet. That's the way to do it, Franklyn."

But Franklyn wasn't interested. Painstakingly placing one foot carefully before the other, he was measuring the length of his own jump.

Later in the morning I sat in the drawing-room reading a book, while Edith, at her desk, with her back to me, opened her mail. Herbert had ridden away on his horse, and Franklyn was having a swimming-lesson with his tutor, for all of the things that boys naturally do were made into lessons for him, even jumping in a garden path. Poor Franklyn! I looked over my book at Edith and admired the effect of her cool green dress and her pale coiled hair against the dark carving of the desk. How firm she was! How easy, I thought, it must be to go ahead, calmly and smoothly, when you know exactly what you want without any possibility of doubt, exactly what you think about things.

Decisively she opened each envelope with a paper-knife, read its contents, and either threw it with the envelope into the scrap-basket beside her, or laid it on one of the three neat piles of papers before her.

I went back to my book, comfortable in the thought that I at the moment needed to do nothing useful. Suddenly I heard her gasp. I looked up. She had turned around in her chair and was holding a letter in her hand, staring at it. "Good heavens!" I heard her exclaim.

"Edith, what is the matter?"

She didn't answer, but held the letter before her a moment, with her left hand pressed hard against her mouth. Then she let it drop to the floor and stared out of the window.

"Edith," I said again, alarmed at her silence, at this evidence of what was, for her, excessive emotion. "Have you had bad news?"

Slowly she turned her head and looked at me. There was a frown between her eyebrows and an expression of anger on her face. I knew that she scarcely saw me, was almost unaware of my presence. "It's nothing," she said at last. "I opened a letter of Herbert's by mistake." And she leaned her head on her hand with her elbow on the desk.

A letter of Herbert's! Immediately I understood. Fatuous Herbert to have ridden off so gaily before the post arrived. Foolish Miss Kenworthy to have sent a letter whose discovery would crash like an iron weight through the flimsy coverings of their secret.

For a time she sat there motionless, then, as if suddenly conscious of me, she uncertainly took up the paper-knife again and an envelope. I rose to go.

"Wait a minute," she said, putting down the paper-knife with a decided thump. "You might as well know this. He's your cousin."

I preferred very much not to know, not to seem to know.

"Sit down, please," she said, pointing to a chair in front of her.

My kinship with Herbert made me not at all responsible for him, nevertheless I felt extremely guilty as I sat facing her while she told me. She looked at me, still with that hard frown. "I can't bear him," she said, after a moment, in a slow, even voice.

"Edith, don't say that."

"I loathe him."

"Yet," I hesitated, "in a way, he is very lovable. If you could——"

She laughed, if that short expulsion of breath through her teeth could be called a laugh. "So some people seem to think."

She stooped for the letter and held it out to me between her thumb and forefinger. "Read this."

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"I can't read Herbert's letters."

"Don't be absurd, Emily," she said; "this isn't a time to think of conventional good form."

"It is not convention that keeps me from reading other people's letters."

"If you don't read it," she said, still holding it out to me, "I'll read it to you."

For some reason of her own she was going to insist until I did it. She was coldly determined. If I left the room, I felt that she would follow me, quietly reading. Even if I went to my room, she would be at my heels and finish it near the door. Suppose that I ran out through the garden, would she run after me? No, that was too fantastic. But it reduces the dignity of one's principles to insist on them too blatantly. I took the letter. It was written on blue paper, in a careful hand, neatly spaced, as if it had been copied.

"Herbert, this is just to tell you that we can't meet on Wednesday as we had planned. My youngest brother is ill. The doctor thinks that it may be diphtheria. I have to put compresses on his throat, and the doctor has quarantined us until he is sure.

"I shouldn't have sent this to your house but I had to. I couldn't bear to think of your waiting there for me alone, and perhaps after that you might be angry and not want me any more, and then I should die because the only times that I really live are when I am with you.

"When shall I see you again? When—when? It has been so long! Yesterday at your house didn't count. Herbert, you shouldn't have taken me there. Do you mind my saying that? We should have kept it separate, as something so beautiful that it could never come any nearer to ordinary life than the moon.

"But it doesn't matter. I shan't see you Wednesday! Do you know how I thought of it? It was as if the week were seven electric bulbs and only one was lighted. That was Wednesday—and now it must go out and hang dead as the others.

"Oh, Herbert, you are so wonderful to me and I love you so.

RUTH."

I folded the letter carefully in silence and put it on the desk.

"That," said Edith, pushing it aside with the tips of her fingers, "is what I found in my mail this morning. What do you think of your cousin now?"

What did I think of him? It was hard to tell, harder to believe that Herbert could have inspired such a letter. "You are so wonderful to me." Yes, he could be that. But it was another Herbert than the somewhat comic one that I knew, who could have released the pent-up emotion of a girl like that. Even through the extravagance of her letter, and all love-letters, I suppose, are extravagant, she had shown herself to be a so much finer person than he. But in such situations, why should fineness count? He needed her response, and it was possible that when he was with her that perpetual smile left his face. He became serious and believed not in himself but only in the single dominating force of his feeling for her.

"Why don't you say something?" asked Edith.

"My dear Edith, I know you too well to believe that you are asking my advice."

She drummed on the table a moment without looking at me. "What is your advice?"

"You will have to give it to him, of course."

The drumming stopped and she clenched her hand, turning to me. Her eyes looked smaller, screwed up the way a painter looks at his subject.

"Have you ever seen Herbert when he is filled with remorse? He becomes— He would probably kneel at my feet. I couldn't stand it."

It was true that Herbert, but only if he were found out, would genuinely feel that he had done Edith a great wrong. It was partly because he would accept without question the balance of sympathy always piled on the side of the faithful wife with the erring husband, partly because his egoism made him callous to all evidence of her indifference to him. It would have been impossible for him to believe that his loss would not be a great blow to her. So his remorse would be abundant and unrestrained. And to Edith, whose nature was as level as a bar of steel, such scenes, storms of excessive emotion, Herbert's pleadings for forgiveness, when forgiveness, in her mind, didn't come into the matter at all, would be unbearable. I couldn't blame her either.

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"But I don't see what else you can do," I said.

"Will you help me?" she asked quickly and as if it didn't matter to her how I answered. It was difficult for her to ask help of any one.

"But I—there is nothing I can do."

"I want you to give it to him, and say that you opened it by mistake."

"Edith!" I couldn't believe that she meant it. But that was why she had confided in me. Suddenly I had to twitch my lips together, bite them to keep from laughing. How simple a solution it would be for her. In that way she could shake the whole thing from her finger-tips and float away from all connection with it, up to her accustomed place above the rest of us.

"I'm sorry. If I did that I would feel so silly that I could never take myself seriously again."

"Why?"

"Would you do it for any one else?"

She thought a moment. "No. But you are different. I don't go in for altruism."

"Neither do I," I replied, "to that extent."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Edith," I said, "face it. Why do you want to keep yourself so unspotted from the world? It can't be done except by expecting other people to take on spots that rightfully belong to you."

She stared at me, slowly lowering her eyes to my feet and back again. This talk of spots that seemed to hold in it a flavor of presumptuous advice was completely beyond the question and only to be ignored. Yet there was the letter. Thoughtfully she took hold of it, bent it in the middle as if she were about to tear it up.

"Don't do that!" I said quickly.

She paused and looked at me with raised eyebrows.

"They would know. Things don't get lost in the mails as often as people pretend they do."

She tossed it back on the desk. "Emily, will you do what I asked?"

"I can't."

Now she was finished with me and I could plainly see that she wanted me to go. But I couldn't leave her then after my refusal that seemed to block her only road of escape. I wondered if, like a bird caught in a room with an open door, she had perhaps not thought of the most obvious way out.

"Why don't you leave him?" I asked. "You said that you were not fond of Herbert."

"I said that I couldn't bear him," she answered deliberately. "I can't. But I'll never leave him because I need—everything that I have now. This place suits me."

She was absolutely honest about herself, a refreshing and commendable thing in a world where most people twist their motives to make them appear laudable. Still, it must be easy to be frank if you have no doubt at all as to your own worthiness and other people's good opinion does not matter.

"Of course," I said, "that is true. You couldn't have the Renault and the rest of it—and there are few accessible hills as high."

On the desk beside her papers was a package of blue envelopes. I saw her look at them for a time, at first absently, then as if they had some sudden significance. She glanced at the scrap-basket. "Thank you," she said, coldly. "It will be all right. I'm very sorry to have troubled you."

About an hour afterward I saw her go out in the car. Franklyn came running from the garden. "Take me, too." But she refused and went away alone.

And there on the table, the next morning, was Miss Kenworthy's letter again, the same letter, I was sure, in an envelope of a shade lighter blue. "Herbert Fraser, Esqre.," in a hand not at all like Edith's. I started guiltily as Herbert came in. Edith had not appeared.

"Anything for me?" he asked. But I pretended not to have heard him, and went with my mail into the drawing-room. It was cold and rainy and a fire was burning there. I could hear him opening it in the hall. How had she thought of doing that? It was monstrous! Presently he came in looking extravagantly cheerful, and stood with his back to the fireplace.

"Well, Em," he asked, "what are your plans for to-day?"

"I don't know," I said, "I hadn't thought about it."

"Do anything you like," he said, heartily. "This is Liberty Hall, you know."

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*Drawn by Edward Shenton.*

It would not be pleasant for Edith to try to imitate even the handwriting of any one.—Page 298.



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So all was to go on smoothly as before. Things had been set for an explosion but Edith had simply refused to light the match. She had gone by with her face averted. Perhaps, I thought, that was wise of her. We all ought to keep intact, as far as possible, the things that we value. Miss Kenworthy diverted Herbert's ardors and a great deal of his company away from her, and left her where she preferred to be, in a self-possessed isolation.

Of course it must have been a little trying to her pride to have had to do it. It would not be pleasant for Edith to try to imitate even the handwriting of any one, and most of all of Miss Kenworthy, whom she despised as much for her black satin and her ingratiating manner as for her relations with Herbert. She had, no doubt, practised on several envelopes. "Herbert Fraser, Esqre., Herbert Fraser, Esqre.," and thrown them afterward into the fire. The ashes of them were probably lying there now, behind Herbert's legs, innocuous, as are all ashes.

And how can it matter to Herbert, I asked myself? He didn't know that his romance had become a little ridiculous, and what you don't know, they say, doesn't hurt you. Herbert was perfectly happy.

But what a horrid proverb! I looked at Herbert who was gazing into the fire with an unusually absorbed and rapt expression on his face. And it wasn't true. Surely some subtle ruination works in things that have been unsealed, then stealthily covered up again——

Anyway, after that, I couldn't stay with them. Not knowing why, but feeling that I must, I packed my sponge-bag and my clothes and went home.

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# The Poker Game

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

Author of "Susan Shane," etc.

Illustrations by George Van Werveke

BILL WINSLOW came out the door of his bachelor apartment and looked up the street for a taxi. It was a bitter cold night. It was one of those nights when your feet seem to crackle on the pavement, and the circles of your nostrils tighten when the air strikes your face. The street-lights shone very bright and definite, round spots with no diffusion of light about them, and all sounds rang hard and distinct. But Bill Winslow, having come from a room whose warmth still clung to him like a garment, thought, 'It isn't so cold. Wonder where all the taxis are?' and walked to the corner. There the north wind, going at a good rate in preparation for a gale, struck him full in the face and made him gasp. He turned up the collar of his coat and thought, 'It *is* cold. Wonder where all the taxis are?'

He turned his back to the wind, braced himself, and watched the sharp lights go by him. "Taxi!" he called, and a boy, going by on the run, a sort of waddle, for his hands were deep in his trousers pockets, turned his head half round and laughed. The boy was the only person on the sidewalk and the cars in the street went by quickly as if the speed kept them warm and they were afraid to stop. It was all very irritating and the wind was beginning to go right through Winslow's fur coat. It certainly was going through his silk socks. 'A man might easily get his feet frozen,' he thought. And then, at last, after much insistent waving of his stick, a taxi drew up and the driver began clapping his hands together impatiently. Winslow climbed in, shouting the address. Yes, the driver knew the Sphinx Club and it was a cold night.

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It was warm in the taxi and Winslow thawed, opening his coat and looking down over his dinner-coat to see that everything was properly studded and buttoned. The Sphinx Club made a special point of dressing for poker. It kept up the morale, which was important. Winslow felt in his pockets; everything was there: money, flask, gold cigarette-case.

Older members of the Sphinx had shaken their heads when a revolutionary meeting had changed the rule forbidding "round" card games. So many heads had shaken, in fact, that the rule had been much modified while it lay on the table and the amended proposition licensed poker (not by name) on Saturday nights only. Gray and sombre men had left the meeting with the knell of the old Sphinx tolling in their ears, and muttering such words as "civilization," "decadence," "destructive generation," determined to restrict their presence in the card-room to the six remaining nights and fill or empty their pockets under the quiet dignity of bridge and whist.

By the middle of the winter the rule passed at the November annual meeting was in full sway and the storm of its passage forgotten. On Saturday nights the orange-shaded lamps that hung from the ceiling were raised and large round tables placed beneath them; clicking chips, high glasses, ash-trays multiplied upon them, the ashes of cigars missed aim more frequently, the stink of forgotten cigars hung heavier in the air, and the glory of the old Sphinx departed. It was true that the change of money decreased, for the men who had solemnly dedicated ten cents a point to their skill drew back before this blinder luck and passed and checked and passed and laid down their hands and looked at each other's faces, and the pots ran low in the first months of Saturday poker at the Sphinx and the sums that moved in and out of the bank were low in the Sphinx tradition. Oddly, too, there were few tables; there were nights when only two or three with six or seven at each began the evening and often but one survived the closing time after which the remaining players signed hourly checks for the privilege of keeping a boy from his sleep.

'There won't be many to-night,' Winslow thought. Still you couldn't tell. They all had their cars. There was no reason for just plain cold to keep them at home. If it were snowing now. But just cold. The driver was taking first one hand and then the other off the wheel to attend to his ears. It was a wonder he

The cars in the street went by quickly.—Page 298.

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wouldn't wear a fur cap and a fur coat in this weather instead of that sweater. He must be cold out there. Give him a good tip. Winslow's hand went mechanically into his trousers pocket where he kept indiscriminate masses of bills easy to get at. They spoiled the fit of his trousers, his valet said.

He buttoned his coat again because little puffs of air were coming against his shirt front. He slid his feet back and forth over the heater. It was taking a hell of a time to get there. There! That fool was turning the wrong way. "No, no, no!" he yelled, pounding on the glass. "Can't you tell east from west?" The driver turned a blue face half round and said something unintelligible. Taxi drivers always answered back that way. . . .

They were at the Sphinx at last and Winslow, on the curb, was pulling first a twenty, then a ten, then three or four fives out of his disorderly pocket. The driver was pinching at his ear, his face very intent and concentrated. Then his hand moved round the circle of the ear, his large fingers pinching at every half inch of it. It was an enormous ear that stuck out like a sail from the side of his head.

Winslow said, "Here, here," waving a five-dollar bill. The driver turned his head to the meter, his hand still gripping the ear. "Seventy-five," he said, slowly. "Well," said Winslow. "Ain't got no change," said the driver. "All right, keep it," said Winslow, "it's a cold night," and turned away.

The taxi driver looked at the bill a moment and burst into a loud laugh, the end of which Winslow heard as the door closed on him. 'What's funny about that?' he thought, and felt a moment's discomfort as he went up in the elevator to the card-room.

When he got there he found the chips clicking on four tables. The heavy room was full of spasmodic sound. The older men sat, by careful prearrangement, nearest the fire and the youngest by the north window where even the heavy plush curtains moved slightly when a heavy blast of the howling north wind struck the window and little fingers of cold shot abruptly through and the men with their backs to it shivered from time to time and rang for White Rock.

There was a little burst of greeting as Winslow neared the table of the youngest, some of the men looking up cheerily with, "Well, if it isn't Bill, the old bum!" and others simply said "'Lo Bill" to their cards. It was a matter of a few seconds to negotiate his chips and pick up his hand. Yes, the old stuff was back to-night: ("three twos, I'll fill it if it's true to form, two cards please, yes, there they are, pair of fives, keep your face straight, you damn fool!").

The card-room boy moved silently about with bottles; a small boy with eyes slightly ringed from suppressed sleep and a face mildly withered. He had learned the trick of seeing every hand at the table without ever quite looking at any of them, without ever a flicker on his tired face or a halt in his busy, methodical step. He always seemed to be present, too, when the money was passed, his little bloodshot eyes becoming hard steely points at the sight of the big bills. He moved now, silently, stopping behind one of the chairs. "No ice, sir," he whispered, taking a glass off his tray. The man in the chair made no sound, laid one card on the soft green baize, moved the glass a little and glanced quickly round the table. The boy had difficulty removing the cap from the bottle because he was not looking at it. Then, an instant, he caught a flashing eye across the table and looked down, and faint color came into his face. If Mr. Hartshorne would pour in the whiskey now, he could fill the glass—that would take time. The man on Hartshorne's left pulled out a silver flask and poured into Hartshorne's glass. The dealer was looking successively at the men and flicking cards at them. The boy had got the cap off. He moved the bottle so that his hand touched Mr. Hartshorne's arm. Hartshorne jumped at the touch.

"What's that—oh!"

The words, "Shall I fill it for you, sir?" hung on the boy's lips and he stopped them with a shudder clean down his little frame.

"One."

Mr. Hartshorne picked up the card. The boy poured out the sparkling water and moved on softly.

'Supposing I'd said it,' the boy thought, sitting on the bench outside, and he doubled up with nervous horror at the

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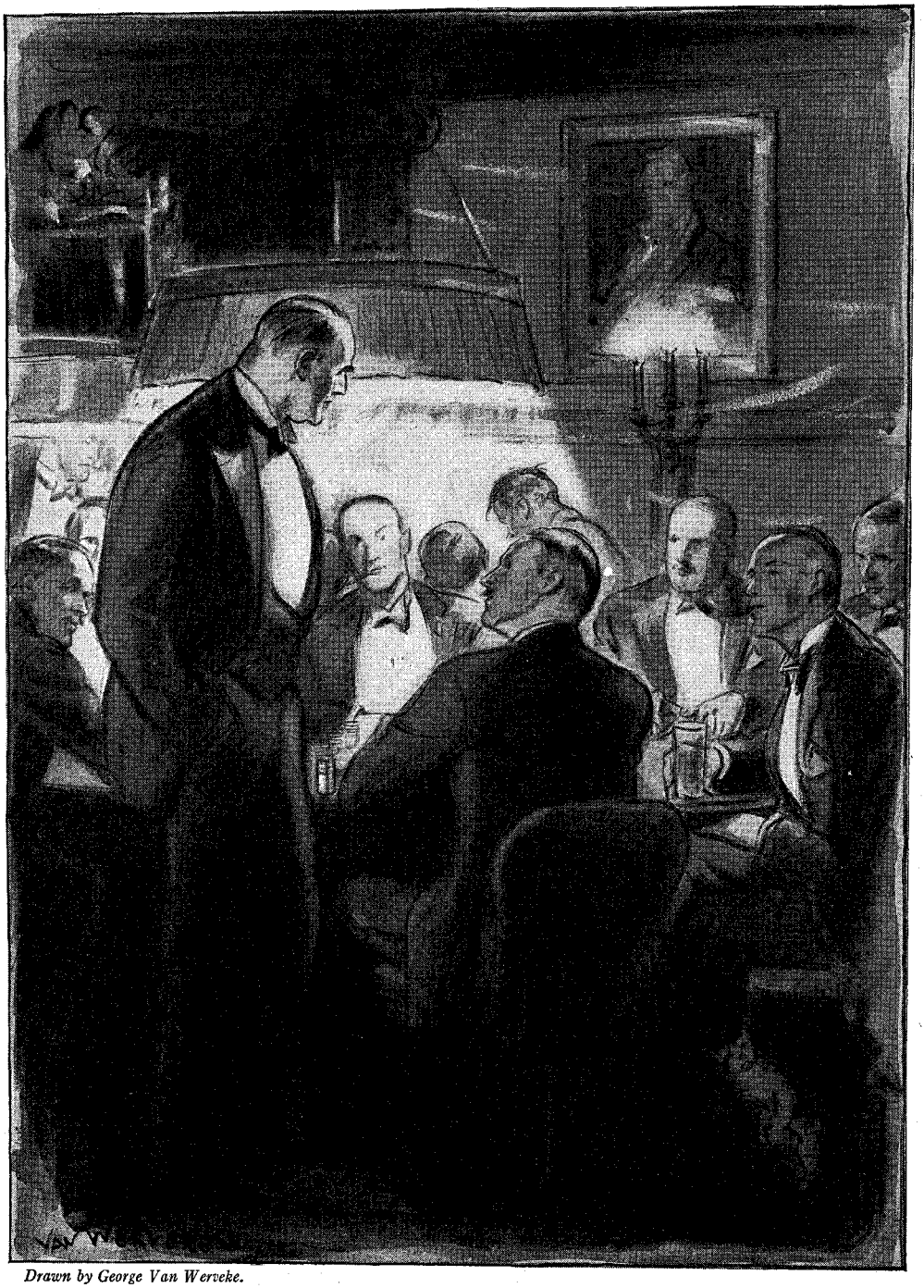

*Drawn by George Van Werveke.*

"The attitude of the gambler is a contempt for money."—Page 302.



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thought. "Fill it for you, oh my God!" He writhed a moment and then leaned back and all his tense muscles relaxed. Hard to keep eyes open, sleepy, so sleepy, up! Wake with a jerk! Was that the bell, no, no, sleepy, dreaming, five aces. Up! No, no, can't be five, so sleepy. . . .

On the left of the dealer Jimmy Sprague passed and Chuck Giles next him threw out a chip. Hartshorne laid the nine, ten, jack, and queen of clubs along with a two of hearts face down and picked up his glass.

"Damn that boy," he said. "Thanks for the drink, Chuck. Twice two much fizz." But Chuck was raising the limit and only the click of his chips answered. Through all the play little words came out thus; no one answered, no one heard. Barton Darrow next the window said, "It's getting cold," and Bill Winslow next him said, "Funny how it runs to-night," and Harvey Jones said, "Three. That's queer, it's empty," and shook his flask, and then every one heard Jimmy Sprague say, "Dealer takes two cards." Cards fell, round the table, two chips raised, one called, Sprague threw down three fives and then every one looked up and saw Judge Milliken.

"Good evening, Judge. Sit in awhile?"

The judge was a large man with straight, heavy black eyebrows and thin, straight lips. He spoke seldom and men listened to him. He had a trick of clearing his throat and then every one listened. It was a resounding noise his throat made when he cleared it; not a long rasp; a kind of monosyllabic throat-clearing like a gong or a gavel on a large empty desk.

But now he stood silent with his hands in his pockets.

"I believe you were opposed to this new rule, Judge."

"Not in the least. I take no part in club legislation."

Several men at the next table looked over at the sudden sound of the judge's voice. Sprague stopped shuffling the cards and looked up, a little embarrassed. The others moved their glasses about and one of them was disordering his chips into piles of mixed colors. Sprague put down his cards and took a long drink. It was his seventh so he put the glass down carefully.

"Judge Milliken, what *is* your feeling?"

Darrow thought, 'What a fool!' and Chuck Giles, who was the youngest, thought, 'He's had too much to drink,' and felt a little proud as he thought it.

"My feeling about what?" said the judge, biting out the words. The men at the next table, being at the end of a hand, turned a little in his direction, and the table by the fire went on playing.

"About—well—er—gambling," said Sprague.

The judge cleared his throat.

"It's a form of profanity," he said. There was a short silence. The boy slid by with a tray. A gust of wind came sharp at the window and one loose pane vibrated like a siren. One of the men at the table by the fire said, "It's getting late," and there was a moving back of chairs and a buzz of talk, then silence again while they counted chips.

"Profanity?" said Sprague.

The gavel boomed again.

"Irreverence. Money is the exchange of life. We must, eventually, translate everything into terms of it. The attitude of the gambler is a contempt for money. He treats it with disrespect. Money must command respect and must be treated with reverence as a symbol and as a fact. You men, passing it back and forth in these games, are thumbing your noses, to use a vulgar expression, at a term of life, a symbol of life, and an inseparable fact of life."

"But after all," said Sprague, "it's all relative. I mean it's not wrong if you can afford it."

"The fact of money is absolute," said the judge—his voice mounting to its court-room resonance, "right and wrong are relative in most cases and we can judge only by the law. The facts are thus and the law is thus and our judgment in court is based on the relation of the facts to the law. But the law does not consider what I am speaking of here. I am speaking of an attitude. Real right and wrong which transcend the law are matters of attitude. Contempt for money; should I say, perhaps, irreverence for money is an attitude of blasphemy. It is, in a manner of speaking, a sin against the Holy Ghost. Good evening, gentlemen."

The men looked at the table and, when the judge was gone, smiled at each other.

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"Have you lost something?"—Page 304.

Sprague cut the cards, slamming half the pack down and the baize muffled the sound.

"The Holy Ghost," said Darrow. "Hum."

"Fine chap, the judge," said Chuck Giles.

Sprague thought, 'That'll be a good thing to tell my boy when he grows up. I'll be through with all this, then.'

Harvey Jones thought, 'The old fool. Men when they get rich think money is God.'

Bill Winslow was running his eyes up and down the piles of his chips trying to count them without appearing to count them. He had been doing this while the judge had talked, taking advantage of the others' diversion. 'Four hundred,' he thought, 'and a hundred to start with and there's at least two hundred in the whites; it's a clean-up, that's what it is, a clean-up, if I just go easy for the rest of the evening now. . . .'

The men next the fire left early and



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gradually the other tables were deserted; the fire died down, and the play at the window table went on dimly in the haze of smoke. The spots on the cards danced before the players' eyes. The boy came in and handed about checks to sign. The whiskey gave out and the boy was sent to the telephone and after a time an old man came in with packages and looked eagerly at the piles of chips and shuffled out again smoothing crumpled bills in his rough hands.

Darrow said, "Let's move over by the fire," but no one heard him and after a time he said it again and no one heard him, so he poured out a stiff drink and drank it neat. The smoke was so heavy over the table they could hardly see across it, and every little while a narrow thrust of wind moved the curtains and bored a little tunnel through the smoke. When the checks came back for the second signing, Sprague looked at his watch and whistled.

"Let's make it five hands more," he said, and Chuck Giles cupped his single pile of chips in his hand and grunted and looked round the table to see if any one had noticed his gesture.

At the door they exclaimed at the sharp blows of the wind and one of them ran up the street shouting "taxi" after a big limousine. Bill Winslow came out last, having stopped to wake up the boy and buy a cigar, and drifted slowly down the pavement with his hands in the pockets of his fur coat. The tingle of the whiskey was in his feet. 'It isn't so cold,' he thought. 'Seven hundred and fifty; good evening. Funny, I was going to stay out of those last hands regardless. Funny thing, never pays to be cautious. Oh well, easy come, easy go. What was it the judge said? Thumb your nose. Thumb it at the world. Money be damned.'

At the corner a man was bent over the curb, poking in the gutter with his stick. Winslow moved by him and turned to look back. The man had no overcoat on, and one hand was in his trousers-pocket and the other with the stick was shaking in a regular rhythm. Winslow stopped at the curb and watched him. After a moment the man looked up and saw Winslow.

"Got good eyes, brother?" he said.

"Have you lost something?"

"Not much," said the man. "Just a dime. 'Tain't worth botherin', I guess. I can't see very good. It was right here it must have fell. I had it in the wrong pocket and I heard it clink. Must have been about here somewheres. I stopped as soon as I heard it clink."

Winslow unbuttoned his coat and pulled out a bill from his trousers pocket.

"Here, don't bother," he said.

The man straightened up as far as the chronic curve of his spine would permit and looked sharply into Winslow's eyes. His face was an odd mass of unsymmetrical little bones with curved lines in his skin circling about them. His chin was very round and red and bristled with hairs of uneven length and color. It was a face that had intended to be fat and genial and had undergone a series of failures in this intention. It was an ugly face and, at the moment, more than necessarily distorted.

Bill Winslow shoved back the bill abruptly and shifted his eyes from the old man's steady anger.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"I may look poor," said the man and stopped. Winslow looked slowly up him from the split toe of his right shoe to the missing button at his stomach where frayed black worsted stuck through.

"That's why I—I beg your pardon."

"I may look poor," said the man, "but I ain't no beggar. I earned that dime. And I earned this one too." He fumbled a long time at all his pockets, and Winslow waited uncomfortably because he could not make his feet move away. After much fumbling the man brought out a hand with a coin shining in it. He had meant to show it on his open palm but the fingers would not open. Now they closed further for the hand was shaking, dangerously. "I earned this one," he said, "and I'll earn the next one."

And he turned sharply and walked, too briskly for his age, down a side street and his stick clicked for a long time on the pavement while Winslow stood with the whiskey mounting into his head. "Disagreeable bird," he said aloud. "Was only trying to—" He stumbled toward the curb and, as he passed, a sharp glint in the gutter stopped him. He stooped slowly and picked up a bright dime and looked about him, but the long streets ran

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empty between the festoons of the arc-lights.

He looked a moment at the coin in his hand as he moved on up the avenue. He slid the dime in his overcoat pocket, then, after a block or so of walking, he stopped.

"It'll bring me bad luck," he said. He pulled out a handful of change. "Which one was it?" He stood poking over the coins with a cold finger. One of them dropped and then with a sweeping gesture he threw the handful broadcast. "It's gone now." He laughed and his laugh rang loud and lonely in the vacant street. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket among the crisp hard bills. "Just as soon throw it all away. What was it the judge said? Irreverence. No, I'll keep it. Might as well get some fun out of it. I'll keep it and play it. Keep it and play it. Keep it and play it."

The words kept time to his step for a while and then the wind came sudden and hard in his face and frightened him a little.

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# What Is "English"?

BY GORDON HALL GEROULD

Professor of English at Princeton University; Author of "Youth in Harley," etc.

IT happens that by the operation of choice and circumstance I bear the title "Professor of English." So do a great number of other men—and a considerable number of women. We are perhaps not a large body in comparison with lawyers and bricklayers and realtors, but in the academic world we are relatively numerous. There are more of us, for example, than there are professors of Greek, or professors of art, or professors of electrical engineering, and quite as many, probably, as in any of the so-called departments into which our American love of system has divided the field of knowledge. Academically speaking, we are important.

Yet we are as recently invented as are the professors of natural science. English is a comparatively new "subject," to use the technical parlance of the schools. First there appeared in our colleges professors of rhetoric and oratory—retired clergymen, most of them; on their heels came professors of the English language and literature; and presently the great company of professors of English—English neat, one might have said in other days—was established in the land.

I am not proposing to attack or defend in any way this eminently useful and, on the whole, rather distinguished body of citizens. Association with them and with their work for some thirty years convinces me that they are perhaps quite as sensible and efficient in their way as any other set of men that could be cited for examination. Although they are given more gratuitous advice by outsiders than any other group I can think of, they seem to me very capable of managing their own affairs. Only—and here is the question I wish to put—what, precisely, is their business? What are they supposed to do for and with the hordes of students to whom they minister? They are called professors of English. But what, exactly, do they teach?

To begin with, they are expected to train their pupils to write. For some reason a little difficult to get at, since the use of the mother tongue ought, one would think, to be a matter of concern to all professors alike, the department of English is held responsible not only for instruction in writing but for any correction of his faults as a writer that the student ever receives. In some institutions, to be sure, the teachers of rhetoric and composition form a separate staff; but such professors certainly regard themselves—and with good right—as professors of English. Only in rare cases, more-



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over, does a man devote all his time throughout his years of activity to teaching composition. It is ordinarily not considered well for him to engage in this function exclusively, nor does he wish to do so.

But not content with the labor of inducing the average student to write passably well, professors of English nowadays often undertake to teach more ambitious pupils how to compose this literary form, or that, in a semi-professional manner. They give courses in play-making and verse-making, and short-story writing, and—for anything I know—in the composition of epics. This expansion of their efforts has been born of enthusiasm; and it can be defended logically, whether or not the practical results, by way of diminishing illiteracy among authors and of increasing the national supply of playwrights and poets, have been large or small.

It can be defended, that is, because upon professors of English there has devolved the chief responsibility for training students to understand and appreciate æsthetic values. Somehow or other they have become the chief exponents of taste in our colleges, responding—whether adequately or not is beside the question—to a real need. Where art becomes archæology and the classics are used solely as exercises in grammar and composition, where philosophy is so concerned with truth that no time is left for beauty, it is necessary for some one to point out that creative imagination exists in the world, and that forms and symbols may have loveliness. I do not know why this duty should fall on teachers of English more heavily than on other teachers of the liberal arts—on professors of modern languages, for example—but in our day it appears to do so. You will find them more occupied with æsthetic theory and practice than their colleagues, conducting courses, not infrequently, with no other object in view.

Their field, you will begin to see, is a wide one; yet we have mentioned as yet only a few of its conspicuous features. The professor of English, in the next place, has the not inconsiderable task of teaching the history of a literature that began with some very remarkable poetry towards the end of the seventh century and has continued, for better or worse, ever since. A single lifetime is by no means long enough to read through the interesting books written in the English tongue; but even the youthful instructor is expected, as a part of his equipment, to have an impartable knowledge of this vast library. So he gives courses in "periods" and "movements" and "types," or—heaven help him!—in the whole of it at once. Moreover, he has to deal with the literature of the United States as well as of the United Kingdom.

Nor is he content even with this. Being apparently omnivorous, as well as indefatigable, he does not limit himself to instruction in his native literature. Wherever courses are offered in what is known, in clumsy imitation of a clumsy French phrase, as "comparative literature," professors of English are intrusted, more often than not, with the conduct of them. They trace the relationship of English to foreign literatures through all the centuries, they tackle unabashed such problems as the migration of stories and the diffusion of lyric forms. The history of thought, as well as the history of literary methods, has somehow come to be included in their field. Courses in the literatures of Greece and Rome, and courses in masterpieces of world literature, albeit read in translation, fall naturally to their lot. Not infrequently, furthermore, they have what salesmen call side-lines in literatures for which no special departmental provision is made: they give courses, for example, in Celtic and Old Norse. Their intellectual curiosity, you see, is boundless.

But I have not yet mentioned the instruction they have to provide in the mother tongue—not in the use of it as a medium of expression, this time, but as a human phenomenon. They must study and teach the history of the language, as well as the art of using it effectively. Courses in Old English have to be given, and courses in Middle English, and courses in which words and grammatical forms are traced from the earliest days down to the present. Linguistics, no less than literature, must be acquired by the professor of English, who at any time is as likely to be called upon to teach the principles of phonetics as the craft of fiction.

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Thus far we have considered "English" merely as a subject for collegiate instruction. He who professes it—let me resume—is supposed to be expert, even for the undergraduate's sake, as an historian and critic of literature, as a guide in the art of composition, as a student of language, and as a moralist and philosopher, too, since the content no less than the form of books must be interpreted to his pupils. But he has other outlets for his activity. He is a teacher of graduate students as well as of undergraduates, or he may be; and he ought certainly to be a scholar—consider the world of erudition that he has to circumnavigate!

As a scholar, however, he is probably a rigid specialist, which introduces a new set of complications. He must know something, let us say, about all the things mentioned above; but with reference to only two or three of them, very likely, does he regard himself as really competent. Yet the matters that he may study in his capacity as a professor of English are extremely different in kind. A catalogue of them would be wearisome; but a few examples will indicate their variety and show in another way how wide is the field of "English."

The professor may be a balladist, devoting himself to the dramatic tales in lyrical verse, of which our language has so rich a store. In this case he is probably a close student of primitive custom and belief, and interested in every manifestation of popular art. The folk-lorist and the anthropologist are his blood brothers. Or he may be a balladist of another sort, erudite in so-called black-letter ballads, which embody an amazing amount of English history and lead the investigator through a hundred byways of the past. His researches will then aid the professed historian and make the balladist himself an authority on social manners and political events from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth. Yet he will still be a professor of English.

Or he may be primarily a biographer. Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Pope, or Fielding, or Boswell, or Wordsworth may be the central object of his studies. Not only does he become learned in the text of his chosen author and know more about first editions than any book-auctioneer, but he charts the sea of comment and conjecture that flows about any great writer, and delves into public records and private with an unfailing eagerness that even his colleagues do not always understand. The age in which the great man lived, the lives of his contemporaries, their ways of thinking and acting—all these things fascinate him. He may write a ponderous biography in two volumes, or he may collect letters and publish them, or he may content himself with essays and articles without end. In any event, he comes to look out upon the world from much the same point of view as that of his idol. He may not become thereby a worse teacher of things in general, but he will have very different interests from his friend who studies ballads.

On the other hand, the professor of English may be essentially a critic, interesting himself not simply in the history of literary estimates but in making new estimates of the worth of this and that author, this and that method. The principles of æsthetics, the nice balance of form and substance, the rhythms of verse and prose will be the matters with which his heart is engaged and in which his days are spent. He is a taster and tester, with his eyes fixed forever on an elusive standard of perfection.

Quite unlike him, again, is the equally patient student of language who, for the sake of understanding his mother tongue and the processes of speech, devotes himself to words and linguistic forms. He, too, is called a professor of English, and properly enough. He is not content with knowing the ways our speech has taken since our ancestors first crossed the North Sea, though he is probably an earnest critic of Old English texts and an investigator of Middle English dialects; but he learns Icelandic and Gothic, and as many other Germanic tongues as he has time to master.

Still another variety of the species is the historian of literary movements and literary types. To him the currents of thought and taste and impulse that gave Shakespeare his chance to write plays and an audience to hear them, that account for everything except the essential spark of genius in Milton and Shelley, are the proper subjects for study—the subjects that really interest him. He may equally well be an investigator of the novel or the

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Queen Anne wits, of mediæval romance or the romantic revival. His objects differ widely, though his method of approaching them is always the same. No more than the linguistic student can he confine himself to England, but he leaps the Channel and busies himself with alien literatures that he may understand his own. Sources and influences are blessed words to him, whether he deals with epics or saints' legends or the dominance of Ibsen over the generation of dramatists that is just passing. Perhaps he is more frequently encountered, just now, than any other variety of English professor, though he works at so many different things that he is not always easily recognizable. Of himself, indeed, he would illustrate very well the complexity that English studies have developed.

But it is impossible to name all the activities that could be listed as belonging to the field of "English." I pass over the editor, who brings to light forgotten treasures of the past or who prints accurate texts of masterpieces with appropriate annotation, though he, too, is collectively numerous. I omit mention of the anthologist, the rhetorician, and all the others. My point is simply to indicate the amazing range of subjects that have come to be regarded as the concern of the professor of English.

What, then—I come back to the question—is his province as scholar and teacher? It is not so easy, after all, to make a satisfactory definition of "English," even though we meet the term in the catalogue of every school and university in the country. One is tempted to say that "English" means everything not specifically labelled as belonging to some other department. The professor of it becomes perforce a professor of things in general, for at any moment he may be called upon to show at least a moderate acquaintance with matters so various that only an Admirable Crichton who had survived to middle age ought to be expected to master them. Even though he may not offer courses in a very wide range of studies, he is expected by his pupils, by his colleagues, and by the non-academic world to know accurately the definition and etymology of every word in the Oxford Dictionary, the future fame of the last new poet, and the value of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." Half unconsciously he plays up to this too, too flattering conception of his attainments, and sometimes, I am afraid, actively encourages it.

This seems to me one of the most unfortunate aspects of the whole matter, though not the most dangerous. The professor gets a little bewildered now and then, and he may yield to the temptation of thinking that casual acquaintance with a book or a period constitutes a firm friendship. This is very bad for him, of course, and bad for his pupils—aside from making him slightly ridiculous, as the charlatan always is. The best corrective of this tendency is certainly his work as a scholar in the narrower sense. Out of the multitude of things at which he may work he attempts serious investigation along only a few lines, and by his specialization he acquires standards and habits of mind that may well save him from disaster. The people who scoff at doctoral dissertations and long years spent in the investigation of some single phenomenon in literature do not understand how fructifying the habit of exact research is likely to be. For the professor of English it is, I am sure, an indispensable safeguard.

On the whole, it is the student rather than the teacher who stands in greatest danger from the lack of definition in the present study of English, and it is on his account that I sometimes despair. The courses he is invited to elect are of themselves almost a curriculum in their variety; yet in most institutions no one guards him from a random and haphazard choice. Unconcernedly he juxtaposes a course in what amounts to a study of eighteenth-century social history with a course in short-story writing, and fondly believes that he is pursuing the same subject. The college catalogue gives him warrant for so thinking, since it lists both courses as "English" and provides no further directions. Not that he cares very much. Having been encouraged to regard all courses as totally separate entities, he never reflects that the connection between the two is vague, to say the least of it. Since both are in "English," and he is perchance "majoring in English," he does not ask for a closer connection, knowing that if you add so and so

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many courses together you get a degree, and supposing that you also get an education. It does not occur to him, and it appears to occur very seldom to his elders, that there ought to be a certain amount of cohesion in his studies. At least, everybody is satisfied if he elects a given number of courses in one department—even though the department be English, with its extraordinary ramifications. The results of this *laissez-faire* policy are not, I fear, always and altogether happy.

The plight of the student would be far worse, however, as would also be that of the professor who is set over him, were it not for a phenomenon still to be mentioned. English studies have gained, as they have bewilderingly expanded—and whether because of the expansion or in spite of it, I cannot for my own part be quite sure—a power of awakening intellectual curiosity and the apprehension, at least, of values in life and art, which ought to gain them forgiveness for minor sins. They have attracted as investigators and teachers a body of men and women for whom my respect increases year by year; and they provide for the student a rich, even though a very ill-assorted, diet. Happily the digestion of youth can deal with strange victuals without permanent injury.

We ought to recognize, all the same, that the situation is muddled, and that it presents difficult problems. Nobody is to blame for a condition that has arisen, after all, out of sheer enthusiasm for things of the mind. "English" is what it has become because it is alive, and in its vigorous adolescence has grown exceedingly fast. Only—what is it? Nobody is to blame for the chaos; but those who are responsible for English studies have one clear duty to perform. They may not be able to mark the boundaries of their realm, but they can see to it that the young minds who come under their direction are provided with a coherent, well-considered body of studies. The pity is that up to this hour few institutions and few individuals have given the matter any serious thought.

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# An Ex-Hobo Looks at America

BY JIM TULLY
Author of "Beggars of Life," etc.

IT has been fifteen years since I left the road and entered the prize-ring in an attempt to make the long bulge upward. I became a "road kid" at fourteen years of age. I remained on the road, or near it, until I was beyond twenty-one.

A road kid is, perhaps, the most vicious product of underworld America. Springing as he does from a wretched environment, where force and cunning are the only laws, he becomes suspicious of everything and learns to look for motives even behind kindness itself. The road kid begins as a disgruntled adventurer. He usually has qualities which, if rightly directed, would make of him a valuable middle-class American citizen. Ingenuity, force, initiative, and a swaggering bravado he must combine in plenty if he expects to survive. He generally ends in the penitentiary—a dominating yegg, rebellious to the last. Once in a while he becomes a pugilist, like Norman Selby, Jack Dempsey, and Stanley Ketchell. On several occasions he has become a writer—Josiah Flynt, Jack London, and myself.

A man is what the winds and tides have made him. If he spends a year on the road as a youth, he is stamped forever. The ungifted and cunning Flynt was a hobo to the end. After he had published "The Powers That Prey" which was directed against the New York police, and in which he invented the word "graft" as used in common speech today, he had learned enough resourcefulness as a road kid to enable him to avoid

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every net which the minions of the law spread for him in the heart of the metropolis.

Flynt was a nephew of Frances E. Willard. He dropped the latter name after he became a young hobo. A weazen little cigarette fiend, the hardships of the road and the jail had early sapped his vitality. He died at thirty-eight.

Jack London, at midnight, walking the roads of his vast estate and meditating suicide, went to the eternal railroad division point at forty, a disillusioned vagabond. His psychology remained that of the road kid, grown wealthy.

The quality which I now possess as a writer is the same as that of my early comrades of the road who became yeggs and burglars—ruthlessness tinged with irony and contempt.

A reading of Gorky's "Lower Depths" will reveal the same quality.

Vagabonds early become shrewd observers. Observation, once the wanderlust is under control, is perhaps, the vagabond writer's finest attribute. Gorky is unerring in his observation; London the same. They also learn never to look steadily at an object or person. Their gaze is always furtive. The hunted of society, they continually look about them for an angry dog or policeman. To this day if I meet a policeman unexpectedly my first impulse is one of escape. For an instant I wonder what forgotten sin the officer has heard about. The war between society and the hobo never ceases. The tattered stragglers of a world into which they do not fit, they resent laws and lawgivers, and blue-coated upholders of the law.

My greatest mental and spiritual battle was not in learning to write, though it required nearly eight years to complete my first novel. Rather was it one of developing a sanity toward life—to purge my heart of bitterness—and to fit myself into a social scheme in which softer and more cautious thinking was the order of the day. For be it remembered, I was forced to develop a ragged Nietzschean quality that I might survive. I had early read a line of his—"What does not kill me, strengthens me." It helped greatly in the formative years.

By some craving of the mind, and with no guidance whatever, I early read the great masters of all literatures. As my world was one in which their names were unknown, I meditated upon their books a great deal, but did not discuss them. I also read Carlyle's "French Revolution." As I was always angry at the world in my youth, I was long in getting away from the dyspeptic Scotsman's declamatory style.

My love of reading saved me from most of the time-killing vices of my environment. It made hunger, degradation, and the jail less poignant. It saved me at last from the prize-ring when I was beginning to acquire a national reputation as a bruiser. I left the ring, not after I became wealthy, but when the golden meadows stretched ahead of me.

It was only a year ago that a man my own age stepped up to me after a lecture in a Middle Western city. He held out his knuckle-cracked hand and said:

"You don't know me, do you, Jimmy?"

I replied without evasion:

"No—I don't."

"Well," he smiled, "I'm —— ——. You remember me now."

I embraced him at once. It had been a dozen years since we had fought two vicious battles in the ring. In the intervening years his features had been battered beyond all recognition. Oblivious of all around us, we heard the swishing of blood and water-soaked gloves again, and the roar of the crowd in our ears.

Upon retiring from the ring I looked more closely about me and realized keenly how impossible it was for a young fellow of the middle or lower class to obtain a cultural background worthy of the name. Everywhere he was given the same advice in family, school, or college. Syndicated platitudes were as common as fog in London. I could see youthful minds reeling under the staggering burden. They were seldom strong enough to survive its monotonous weight. It made of them types and not individuals. Banker, merchant, tailor—the view-point of America was the same.

It has not changed. I have since reached the point where people utter platitudes about my success. I accept them with a dreary smile. My servant is obsequious. Even my long ago comrades have changed. They have become too humble. I alone remain the same.

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Having fought my way out of one world, I am unable to fit myself into another one. My nature, never plastic, cannot be remoulded. Having been forced to become more or less antisocial through a combination of circumstances, I am thus given time to reflect more on the unchanging jumble of civilization that is about me.

In groping for light, I tried many isms. I have since discarded them all. Out of the weird chaos there is slowly evolving a philosophy which I hope will make more serene the second span of my life. I have learned that real Christianity cannot flourish in a money-mad nation. One may as well try to organize a Building and Loan Society among the gypsies.

Before my desk is a large bronze statue of Buddha. His feet are twisted about his knees in a strange manner, giving evidence that the sculptor knew little of anatomy. There is a picture close by of which I am not certain of the title. Christ, in the garb of a carpenter, stands before a High Priest. There is in His face the essence of strength and compassion. About me are also pictures of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Whitman, Gorky, Hardy, Shakespeare, and Mark Twain.

I have gained much from such men when my lamp of bravery burned low. And now, when Rotarians and Kiwanians invite me to appear before them—I do not accept. I am a confirmed agnostic in everything—believing that in doubt lies growth. My religion does not include service for profit. I expect nothing from the middle class of humanity. They are but so many sheep nibbling at the withered grass of life. I lean on its higher spirits—the men whose souls were of oak —who were often misunderstood and rejected. I have never seen the picture of Jesus in the office of the most pious banker.

I have long thought that Women's Clubs are the greatest streams of unused power in the nation. They are the middle-class reflexes of American life. They strain at gnats and swallow hordes of camels.

I recall that Edgar Lee Masters once gave a reading before a prominent Women's Club. He read of bankers and such before the childlike women, many of whom lived on the profits of banks, and had no sense of humor. But, of course, neither had the brilliant and mighty-hearted Masters. It was a case of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. The ladies were haughty—as becomes smugness. After the lecture—they snubbed him. Masters, a sensitive soul, was deeply hurt by their conduct.

I was much younger then mentally, and I resented such middle-class treatment of one of America's greatest men. I spent three hours with Masters the next day, and saw deep lines of sorrow on the face of this man, who, born nearly two thousand years after Christ, had still arrived many years too early.

Shortly after, a Hollywood Women's Club invited me to talk to them about children. Having been brought up in an orphanage under the terrible care of inhibited women, I was still foolish enough to feel that I might succeed in arousing in the ladies more than a superficial interest in other people's children. I told them of how many hundreds of thousands were working in America—under fourteen years of age. The ladies sat quite still until I had finished. When the painful business was over, they arose, and hurried out of the auditorium. One woman came up on the platform to talk to me. She had the price of the lecture in an envelope.

It was the noon hour. I recall vividly the odor of beef stew. I did not remain, but walked quickly from the building, vowing never to talk again on a sociological subject before club-women. But the aftermath was not yet.

My lecture manager, in the course of my tour, had booked me for three lectures in Chicago. One of them was later cancelled. A leading club-woman there had received a letter from a lady friend in Hollywood which told her that I talked about "children, tramps, and things."

But, to be fair, I later appeared before fifty of the wealthiest women in Chicago. They listened with attention and apparent interest, treated me cordially, and seemed to feel beneath my groping utterance—at least, sincerity.

This was a new experience. I have since come to the conclusion that the most intellectually restless people in America are the aristocrats at the top and the radicals at the bottom.

The lawyer and the doctor and other professional men have often a touch of

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civilization. The banker and the merchant seldom. The latter types are the models of the great middle class—who think only in terms of money.

The middle layer of the cake, which comprises, in my opinion, more than two-thirds of the populace, is composed of bigoted, conceited, and literally glossed-over barbarians.

I recently travelled across the nation with a capitalist high in the councils of the nation. A slight shift in the cards of fate kept him from becoming President of the United States on the Republican ticket in 1924. Judging from the way the political winds are blowing at present he may still attain that high honor. I spent many hours with him. He was, save in a superficial sense, as devoid of culture as a New York pawnbroker. He had all the qualities of the road kid, combined with a knowledge of compound interest and economics. One of the leaders of the great middle class, he is blood of their blood and faith of their faith. The magnitude of Whitman's dream of democracy was beyond him. He talked in syndicated platitudes. I have since wondered what Woodrow Wilson's secret opinion of such a man would be.

There will be those who will claim that I have prejudice. My reply is that I have fought for years to overcome an underworld psychology in my judgment of humanity. I do not expect the sheltered lady to arrive at my conclusions. But I do expect her to be tolerant of a genius like Masters.

Masters, like every sincere artist, is a lonely figure in America. I am not thinking of the Greenwich Village brand—but of the genuine creator who seeks to model the thundering discords of life into thrumming beauty and passion. His critics, for the most part, are marooned economic failures. This in itself would be wonderful, had failure given them compassion and understanding. But failure, in spite of copy-books, is not noble. It more often pollutes than clarifies the judgment. They hack at a writer's English and forget his soul. Trained in middle-class obscenity, they find it in a man like James Joyce; and quarrel with the lion because he is not a rabbit like themselves.

Christ and Buddha looked downward. The middle class never. Their standardized magazine fiction has no laborer for a hero. He is generally the son of a wealthy banker or merchant who has taken up civil engineering to show his father that he is a man among men.

I have said before—I am not one who believes in any ism as a panacea for humanity. Judge Gary is as necessary as Karl Marx. One an exploiter of the races, the other a broken idealist, each in turn are but bubbles in the evolutionary ocean of mankind. Posterity will say which man played the more sublime rôle.

During my wandering boyhood I learned that most of our criminal population was made up of those who had committed crimes against property. This condition has not changed. Our criminals are merely the stragglers in the great American forward march, the leaders of which are those who believe

> "That they shall get who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can."

It was Samuel Untermeyer, I think, who said that the Republican party was for the rich, and the Democratic party for the great middle class.

Upon being asked concerning the poor he replied:

"Oh well, all you can do with the poor is give them work."

Brutal as this may seem, it is direct American psychology.

But my quarrel with the middle class, led by the banker or the captain of industry or the merchant, is not one of ethics. Rather I might call it one of literacy. They are narrow-minded and egotistic. The magazines they read glorifies them. The short stories are always "business fiction," so-called. In it the materially successful man is always the hero.

Such a type is often called a "man of vision" by journalistic hack writers. Being, as a rule, a man with little imagination or introspection, he believes it. As a consequence, he is an opinionated, dull, and swaggering bore. If he were really a man of vision he would be able to look about him and realize that the very number of his type makes him common.

Nearly every successful man in America believes in half-truths. He inoculates his family with the same ideas, and they, being more or less reflexes of their illustrious founder, carry on the same notions.

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Thinking is a laborious business. The great mob unconsciously know this, and allow Doctor Frank Crane to dilute Emerson for them, or Arthur Brisbane to give them weak doses of Schopenhauer and Buckle, diluted to their capacity with ingredients from Theodore Roosevelt and Harold Bell Wright. The great thinker is unknown to the generality of business men. Indeed it is more than true:

"How few think justly, of the thinking few,
How many never think who think they do. . . ."

America, controlled by the banker, the lawyer, the merchant, and the thief, is the most reactionary nation on earth. I write, not as Socialist or radical, for I am in accord with Anatole France that no idea is worth a term in jail. Rather do I write as one who has observed during a long wandering. The very air of America is charged with smugness and self-satisfaction.

All conversation turns sooner or later to money. Seldom is one of my books mentioned unless the question is asked, "Did it sell well?"

The fact that I am widely advertised as a "hobo writer" is evidence of a national psychology. No Russian ever speaks of Gorky as having been a tramp. I am besieged by Ladies' Clubs to appear before them, not for what I may have written—for the vast majority of women read Hergesheimer and other romantic gentlemen. They are curious to see an ex-hobo who has become articulate.

America is quick to punish all who deviate from the established order. Vividly do I remember a trial I attended several years ago. Fourteen Industrial Workers of the World were tried in a Los Angeles court for criminal syndicalism. This law has long been considered unconstitutional by many humane and wise men.

The jury was selected from the great middle class—small property-owners and others. The chief witness for the state was a man who had been a burglar and who had served time in the San Quentin Penitentiary. Having joined the organization as a spy he was employed by the state to testify against his fellows, over whom a blanket indictment had been made, which charged them with belonging to the I. W. W. and likewise criminal syndicalism.

The prisoners were full of the fanaticism of reform.

The trial was about to begin as I entered the court-room accompanied by a young lady—a graduate of an Eastern college. We were both at that pathetic period in our lives when we thought that all the injustice in the world was committed by one class of society.

A soiled American flag was behind the judge's desk.

A few friends of the prisoners were in the court-room. They were roughly dressed working people; weary with the labor of the world. A half-dozen newspapermen sat in the press row.

The judge entered and looked down at the nondescript gathering before him with half-closed eyes. He was senile. His every attitude on the bench was one of prejudice. In justice to him it must be said that his task was not easy. As prejudice was rampant, the men were not represented in court. They became their own attorneys.

Some of the accused were out on bail and mingled with relatives and friends.

A young assistant prosecuting attorney had told me of the enormity of the crimes committed by I. W. W. The crimes had not been committed by precisely the men in the court-room, but a blanket indictment was the only means of punishing those who were said to be guilty.

Here were all the battlements of society arrayed against fourteen fanatical men who needed but understanding and kindness.

During recess, the "wabblies" out on bail gathered about me. I had never been one of them, and had ridiculed many of their notions. In spite of all this, they knew I was their friend.

When my newspaper friends saw that I was friendly with the agitators they withdrew from me. Prejudice dies hard in America. Neither would the young lawyer have more to say to one who consorted with potential murderers.

The trial attracted no attention. Though of deep sociological significance, the court-room was never crowded. Leading parlor radicals, anxious to be in the public print, gave it a wide berth. The adjoining court-room was crowded. People stood in the doorway. A popular murder trial was in progress.

The trial of the I. W. W. dragged

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through many days, and the fourteen laboring "lawyers" tried the patience of the judge and jury, the prosecuting attorneys, the bailiffs, and ex-burglar.

Under cross-examination, each "lawyer" was allowed to ask questions.

The fourteen men took particular delight in questioning the ex-burglar. One by one they rose, and saluted "His Honor" with glaring contempt. As the State had set the punishment for their offense, if found guilty, at from one to fourteen years, the judge was powerless to punish them more.

He winced each time a "lawyer" saluted him. The agitators asked the ex-burglar informer many questions. Anxious to get his answers correctly, they would, each in turn, become very conciliatory and ask, time after time:

"Was this before or after you served a sentence in San Quentin, Mr. Dimond?"

The witness would explain.

Thomas Lee Woolwine, the brilliant district attorney, busily engaged in the court-room adjoining, stopped during recess to talk to a "wabbly" who stood near me.

"Well, how is the trial going?" he asked.

"You know how it's going, Mr. Woolwine. We've got one-way tickets for San Quentin for fourteen years, and you know it."

Woolwine, not an unkind man, and a thoroughly civilized one, replied:

"Well, well, it's too bad. Isn't life strange? Here I am in charge of prosecuting men all of whom I have never seen. I may break their lives."

He turned to me, whom he knew, with "What a muddle America is!" and passed on with head down.

There was a giant among the agitators who reminded me of Danton. He rose once for a point of order. He was told to remain quiet. His great fist pounded the table before him as he said something like . . . "I will not be quiet . . . you can railroad me to jail . . . you are all unfair. . . ."

The man was silenced.

A World War veteran on trial read excerpts from a newspaper published by his radical organization. It gave the migratory laborers' side of the case.

The veteran had been gassed. His face was drawn until it resembled that of a scared bird. As he read of the unsanitary beds in which they often slept, a masculine woman, glasses on the end of her nose, leaned forward in her jury-chair and interrupted the prisoner loudly with:

"How dare you complain of unsanitary conditions . . . you—to whom the good God has given clean water."

He who had fought for democracy stammered in confusion. The court-room was silent. The judge sat with half-closed eyes. No word was said. After a few moments the veteran resumed reading.

There was one man by the name of Bailey. His hearing had been impaired by a blast in a mine. His eyesight was nearly gone. He was past the prime of life.

"Oh, well," I said to him by way of consolation, "you'll only be in San Quentin a year or so. It will be a good rest."

He became indignant.

"Is that so?" he asked loudly. "I'll stay the whole fourteen years and be sure of my coffee and beans every day. I may be in the pen, but I'll not have to listen to my master's voice (the alarm clock) every morning." He raved on and on against what he termed "the employing class."

When the judge passed sentence on the men he allowed Bailey to go free, as he might become a charge to the State.

As the travelling salesman joins the Elks or Masons, or any lodge by which he betters himself, so does the average migratory laborer join the Industrial Workers of the World.

One of the young men on trial had but recently joined the movement. He was in Los Angeles for a few days and called at a friend's room. The friend was also an I. W. W. The police raided the room and both men were placed under arrest.

No card was found on the young man.

"Are you an I. W. W.?" the police asked.

"I haven't an identification card and you could never prove it on me—but I'll not lie—I *am*."

This young laborer was sentenced to the penitentiary along with the rest.

This incident and others have made me doubt that America has a sense of justice.

But each man must break his heart differently. I am by nature an Irish spinner of fairy-tales and a poet whom a hard life twisted into a hobo, a pugilist, and a realistic writer.

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# The Double Traitor

BY A. CARTER GOODLOE
Author of "Talisman," "Palmore," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. W. SCHLAIKJER

KENYON BONSAL sauntered over to the fireplace and looked quizzically around at the handsome, middle-aged gentleman whom he had abandoned at the card-table.

"My dear Bram, you talk like a French uncle!" he murmured.

"I am not French—thank God!—but I *am* your uncle, and I do not enjoy having you speak to me like that!" rapped out the older man.

"Very well, sir. Suppose I say, then, that your ideas are those of a mediæval, avuncular relation—a reactionary, mediæval avuncular——"

"Stop it!" thundered Mr. Bramhall Morrison. "I don't like the tone you take with me, sir. You're a little too much up in the air——"

"Got the habit in France," murmured the ex-aviator from the hearth-rug.

Mr. Morrison frowned. "We were speaking of serious things. This is no time for feeble jests."

"No, by Jove, it isn't!" retorted the young gentleman, his handsome face darkening suddenly. "You're dead right—this is no time for jokes. I must be crazy to try to joke with a man who is asking a fellow to do a perfectly preposterous thing—make a tremendous, unnecessary sacrifice——"

"You call it 'preposterous,' 'unnecessary,' to ask you to marry and settle down?—to marry the most attractive, the most delightful, the best-looking girl I've ever set eyes on?" interrupted Mr. Bramhall Morrison heatedly.

"But how do I know that she's the most attractive, the most delightful, the best-looking girl *I* have ever set eyes on?" demanded young Bonsal in his turn.

"By Jove, sir, can't you take my word for it?" barked Mr. Morrison.

"By Jove, sir, I can't!"

Suddenly the young man put his head down upon the mantel and gave way to uncontrollable mirth.

"'Take your word for it'—oh, Bram!"

"I fail to get the humor of that, sir! I can prove to you that she's a beauty—I've got her photograph. Just wait a minute and I'll get it——"

Bonsal held up a protesting hand. "No, thank you, Bram. I don't want to see this paragon."

"You're an ungrateful young—young—scoundrel!" Mr. Morrison seemed to have difficulty in finding a sufficiently damaging epithet for his nephew. "I showed her your photograph, and she seemed to be distinctly interested, impressed—now, why the devil did I tell you that?" he broke off disgustedly. "Now you'll be conceited besides being ungrateful, dictatorial——"

"Oh, never conceited!—it was just the aviator togs. They cover a multitude of uglinesses."

"But I didn't show her your aviator photograph. I showed her one taken in civilian clothes."

The young man raised his head angrily. "See here, Bram, you're ridiculous and you've made me ridiculous. Confound it! You certainly are like an absurd, melodramatic French uncle! What do you mean by trying to 'arrange' a marriage for me? Do you seriously think that because you met a charming American girl—you say she's charming—in Paris, this spring, and took a fancy to her, that *I* have got to marry her? It's a perfectly crazy idea!"

"You'd be damned lucky to get her—that's all I've got to say," retorted Mr. Morrison, and he fixed the young man with an angry and disappointed eye.



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Suddenly he got up, and limping to the fireplace laid a conciliatory hand on his nephew's shoulder.

"See here, Ken, let's talk this thing over sensibly. The fact is, my boy, I want to see you married. I'm—I'm getting old, Ken. It's all very well to pretend that I'm a young fellow like yourself, but the family Bible and I know better. I want to see your wife here——"

"But, confound it all, Bram, I don't want to get married! I've never seen the girl I'd want for a wife. These modern girls are a bit too swift—they all need the curb and all——"

"The—the—'curb'! Upon my word!"

"—I've got to say is that the girls I've met scare the life out of me. They all come in two classes, marked either 'Fragile—Handle with Care,' or 'High Explosive—Danger!' The first kind bores me, the other frightens me."

"Well, upon my word—!" Mr. Morrison's vocabulary seemed to shrink as his indignation expanded. "I'm ashamed of you, sir—thoroughly ashamed of you!"

"Oh, slush!" Bonsal grinned sardonically, "you certainly are mediæval, Bram. Honest Injun, the old harem idea wasn't such a bad one, you know. Women need a man to keep 'em in order. They're like the trick ponies at the circus—the ringmaster's got to keep cracking his whip to make 'em perform prettily."

"Your sentiments are a disgrace to you, sir!" Mr. Morrison was now by way of being coldly furious. "Where, may I ask, do you get such—such ideas?"

"Oh, from human experience and from literature—remember, for example, that trenchant poetic couplet:

'A woman, a dog and a hickory tree,
The more you beat 'em, the better they be'?"

Mr. Morrison made no comment on this because he was inarticulate, but the expression on his face was eloquent. Bonsal, unchecked, ran on easily.

"See here, Bram, what I want in a wife is a comrade, a—a companion. But so few girls are good fellows! Now, if I could find a girl who'd meet me half-way—who'd take a beating and profit by it—of course I'm speaking figuratively," he explained hastily, moved, in spite of himself, by the pained consternation on his uncle's face, "if I could find a girl who'd be improved by discipline, Bram, who'd drive nicely on the snaffle, who'd get a man's point of view without dislocating her brain—why, I might be tempted."

"Indeed! It's a lucky thing Sidney Curtis can't hear you."

"Sidney Curtis—that her name? Well, Bram, I'm sorry to disappoint you, old man, but it requires almost superhuman sagacity to pick out the right girl when all's in the open, but 'a pig in a poke'—! Nothing doing, *cher oncle!*"

"But I'm not asking you to marry her until you've seen her! Besides there's always the chance that she won't have you, sir! She gets in on the *Atlantic* tomorrow, and goes right up to the Curtis summer place, Curtwood. They've invited me up. I'll get you an invitation, and after we've had our visit we can go on our usual fishing-trip——"

"You mean after I'm safely hooked for life! Thank you. I've had a good many narrow escapes in the air service. What would be the good of mussing everything up now? See here, Bram, I'm not going to Curtwood—not on your life! I'm going up to my little farm, dig myself in, and stay there, safe and sound, with my books and my dogs, until you're ready to go fishing."

"You need make no arrangements to go fishing with me this summer, sir. I prefer other company."

For an instant Bonsal stared blankly at his uncle as that gentleman moved majestically toward the door.

"In that case perhaps you'd like me to be off at once, sir," he said finally.

"As you please," replied Mr. Morrison, and closed the door emphatically behind him.

The young man continued to stare blankly in the direction of the shut door. He felt a queer, unhappy sensation inside him—the same sort of sensation he always had after eating a Welsh rarebit. It was the first time he and "old Bram" had ever had a falling out since he, a small orphan, had come to live with his uncle. There wasn't much of anything he wouldn't do for old Bram, he assured himself moodily, except this particular thing. Hang it all! a fellow couldn't *marry* just to please a fond relation. He'd see himself in Hades

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before he'd commit himself to any such damned nonsense as Bram was suggesting! He'd go up to the "Hermitage" and lie low until he had forgotten the crazy idea that was now running amuck in his usually clever brain. Like most men, Bonsal had heard the call of the earth, and the autumn before had bought himself a delightful old Connecticut farm a few miles from the aristocratic summer colony of Ridgewold. His investment had appealed to him at the time as a pleasing luxury. It now appeared in the light of a heaven-sent refuge. He'd be hanged if he wouldn't go up to the "Hermitage" the very next day!

And he did. The faithful Simmons, scenting trouble, packed his bags with a heavy heart but with his usual meticulous care, and Ken left without having again seen "old Bram."

## II

Mr. Kenyon Bonsal, standing well within the open door of his farmhouse and gazing at the downpour, told himself that he couldn't remember ever having seen anything more complete and thorough in the way of a summer storm. He would have quite enjoyed it had he not been anxious about his trees. He was especially concerned for the safety of the great hickory-tree that stood on the other side of the road, directly opposite his place, although the hickory wasn't, strictly speaking, his own. But he had grown to love its wonderful leafy top soaring high into the air, and its magnificent branches that were now lashing about dangerously, twisting and swaying as gust after gust shook them.

Bonsal shut the door and went into the living-room. It was a big parallelogram of a room, strewn carelessly and comfortably with easy chairs and magazine-covered tables. The walls were lined with low, open book-shelves and, in convenient corners, guns and fishing-tackle reposed. Fireplaces faced each other at the ends of the room, and in one of them a small fire burned, for the storm had made the old house damp and chilly. The room breathed peace and comfort of the masculine gender.

The young man picked up a book, seated himself before the fire, and for ten minutes valiantly essayed to read. But the violence of the wind, the spectacular thunder and lightning, and especially his fears for the safety of his trees were all against so peaceful an occupation. He really would have to keep an eye on that hickory while the storm raged, he decided, and, throwing down his book, he strolled across the room to station himself at one of the windows that commanded a view of the road.

As he looked out he saw, to his unbounded astonishment, that beneath the wildly waving branches of his beloved tree were now standing a young boy—no, a girl—a girl in riding things, and a dog, both drenched to the *n*th power. How they had arrived there Bonsal hadn't the least idea. He hadn't seen any one coming along the road. But then, he remembered, he hadn't been watching the road, only the bending trees. His next thought was that no girl, much less a dog, should be out in such a storm. This girl was jeopardizing the life of a perfectly good dog, he reflected bitterly. Almost any dog would have known enough to stay in the house in such weather. Then, as a streak of lightning flamed across the riven heavens above the hickory-tree, it occurred forcibly to him that being beneath a tall tree was just about the worst place a dog—and a girl—could be during a thunder-storm. In an instant he was out of the room, had snatched a cap and raincoat from the rack, and was running down the long flagged path to the roadway.

Bonsal was a gentleman, and when he started on his rescue mission he doubtless intended to use the manners of a gentleman in his dealings with the misguided young woman under the hickory-tree. But something had a sudden, unhappy effect on his usually sweet temper. When he spoke it was in a curt tone, and after a fashion that the girl instantly, and properly, resented.

"I suppose you know it's a fool thing to stand under a tree in a thunder-storm?" he began belligerently.

The girl regarded Bonsal with a pair of astonished, mutinous blue eyes.

"Did you come out in the rain just to tell me that?" she asked coldly.

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"No. I came out to tell you to go into that house at once!"

"I shall do no such thing! Pray, who are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am—except that I am the owner of that house. The important thing is to get you and your dog from beneath this tree before you are struck by lightning."

"Do you direct the lightning?" inquired the young lady with searching interest.

"Don't be silly—that is, any sillier than you already are," retorted Bonsal hotly. "You and your dog go right into that house!" He pointed the way with a commanding gesture that left nothing to the imagination. The girl's cheeks flushed a glowing crimson.

"How dare you give me orders like that!"

"I slapped a Salvation Army girl's face once for disobeying my orders and going too near a burning Boche airplane," said Bonsal with deadly calm.

"Slapped! sl— sl—! I'd like to see you try to slap mine!" The girl's eyes blazed with rage.

"Would you?" inquired Bonsal, who was now absolutely callous as to what he said or did if only he could get this outrageous piece of feminine stubbornness out of the storm. He smiled grimly. "I'd be justified. You know the old saying:

'A woman, a dog and a hickory tree,
The more you beat 'em, the better they be.'

Well, here you are—all three."

"Oh!" breathed the girl, "you wouldn't beat me and Max!—you wouldn't *really*—would you?"

"God knows what I wouldn't do with you acting this way!" said Bonsal gloomily. He grasped her firmly by her slender arm. "You walk right into that house!"

Max gave a low growl and moved uneasily.

"Be quiet, Max!" said the girl, and turned wrathful eyes on Bonsal. "He heard you and he understood! Max understands everything. He knows you are a b-brute!"

"All right," said Bonsal, "I'm a brute."

"And a—a bully."

"And a bully," agreed Bonsal. "Men have to be with girls like you. And now will you call your dog and walk quietly into the house?—or shall I have to lead you there?"

The girl threw up her head defiantly. "Take your horrid hand off me," she commanded, "and I'll walk there. I think you ought to apologize to me when I get into the house!"

"I'll apologize till the cows come home—when you get into the house," said Bonsal triumphantly. A sudden gust of wind and rain struck them and tore the girl's soft riding-hat from her head and flung it afar down the muddy road.

"*Now*, will you come or are you still going to act silly——"

Some super-jazz lightning, followed by a terrific clap of thunder cut short Bonsal's question, his flagrantly impolite question.

"If you don't go into that house, I'll *carry* you in! How many times do I have to tell you that it's *dangerous* to stand under this tree?"

"You're absurd as well as impolite," retorted the girl, but urged by the firm pressure of Bonsal's muscular fingers, she moved forward reluctantly, trailed slowly and suspiciously by Max.

Across the roadway and up the long flagged walk to the house they went. Bonsal threw open the door and she stepped, wet, frightened, and indignant into the warm living-room. Max made a bee-line for the hearth, and the girl followed him. She looked around the big room with interest, stretching her chilled hands to the blaze. As she did so a jagged streak of lightning tore past the windows and the next second there was a terrific noise, the sound of splintering wood, and the house shook upon its foundations.

Bonsal and the girl sprang to the window in time to see half the great hickory crash to earth. The lightning had split the trunk evenly in two, and the far side of the tree lay, prone and blackened, upon the ground.

"Oh!" cried the girl, and she staggered backward, hiding her white face in her shaking hands. Bonsal's face went white too.

"You see!" he said severely.

"Ah, now you can really triumph!"

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The girl spoke bitterly. She took her hands from before her face and walked unsteadily to the big fireplace. Then she caught hold of the skirt of her riding-coat and wrung the water from it to the tiled hearth.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to ask your wife, or your sister, to lend me some dry things?"

"I'm sorry I can't offer you anything—I haven't any wife or sister."

The girl gazed blankly at Bonsal. "Do you mean to say there aren't any women in the house?"

"Good heavens! I rescue you from death, and you ask me where the chaperon is!" He raised his eyes and mutely called upon the riven heavens to bear witness to this girl's absurdity.

"At any rate you have an automobile in the garage I saw from the road?" inquired the girl in suppressed tones after an instant's pause.

"I have, and believe me it's going to stay there."

"Do you mean that you refuse to drive me over to Ridgewold?"

Bonsal bowed ceremoniously. "You have guessed my meaning exactly. In my opinion this is far from being suitable weather for a motor-ride. Moreover, it will be pitch dark in half an hour, and the going would be almost impossible."

The girl gave him a disdainful look.

"Coward!" she breathed.

Bonsal smiled. "I'm something of a collector," he said, and waved a hand toward the numerous sport trophies adorning the walls. "I'll begin collecting the epithets you shower me with. A moment ago it was 'brute' and 'bully.' Now it is 'coward.' A capital beginning, Miss—Miss—excuse me, but I haven't the honor of knowing whom I am entertaining."

The girl hesitated an instant and bit her lip. "Miss Smith—Miss Mary Smith," she said at last, pleasantly.

"That's a curious coincidence," said Bonsal. "My name is Smith, too—John Smith."

They looked at each other and smiled. The girl held her head high, but the color surged into her white face. She turned slightly away and gazed meditatively into the fire.

"At least you will telephone to the Ridgewold Inn and tell them to send a car for me—Mr. Smith?" she said at length.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it—the telephone went dead early in the storm, and it's a mile and a half to my nearest neighbors."

"Shall I—shall I have to stay here all night?" The girl turned startled eyes on Bonsal. He shrugged his broad shoulders.

"You chose to go out in impossible weather, Miss Smith. Really you shouldn't blame me if you find yourself in an unpleasant situation."

"Barbarian!" and she flung him a furious look.

"'Barbarian!' Really, Miss Smith, you have an astonishingly large and expressive vocabulary!"

For a moment Mary Smith stood silent, and then, to Bonsal's horror, she gave a little sob.

"I wish I had some d-dry clothes instead of a v-vocabulary. I'm so awfully wet and cold!"

Bonsal realized that the girl was trembling violently. He stirred the logs into a good blaze and then looked about him in desperation. Suddenly an idea struck him and he made a dash for the next room.

"I'll get something dry and warm for you, Miss Mary Smith," he called out, and disappeared.

In a moment he was back, a rose silk dressing-gown billowing over his encircling arms. It was a fantastically gorgeous affair which Aunt Philippa had given him the Christmas before. Bonsal could conceive of some movie idol swathing his symmetrical proportions in it, but nothing in heaven or earth could have persuaded him to put it on. Here was an unexpected, humane, and hygienic use for the gaudy thing.

"You put this on," said Bonsal, thrusting the silken robe at the shivering girl, "and get those wet togs off. I'll put them near the kitchen stove when you've changed. Here are some slippers that go with that silk thing. They're about ten sizes too small for me, so you may be able to keep them on with some effort. When you're ready ring that bell."

Mary Smith looked about her. "I

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simply can't undress here," she said decidedly.

Bonsal walked over to her. "See here, you haven't got a bit of common sense," he said, glowering down upon her. "First you go out in the worst storm of the season and then, just because you aren't properly chaperoned, you insist on staying wet and miserable. By George, if you were my—sister, I'd *spank* you!"

"I believe you really would like to beat me! You have beaten me—figuratively. I've never had any one to speak to me or treat me as you have to-day—tyrant!"

"Good! 'Brute,' 'bully,' 'coward,' 'barbarian,' and now 'tyrant.' At any rate, whatever I am, I'm going to try to keep you from dying from exposure. Change those wet riding things and don't let me hear any more nonsense about it!" he admonished her, and with a last backward glance of intimidation, he left the room.

In ten minutes he heard the rather faint ring of the bell and started for the living-room. At the door he was suddenly conscious of a queer feeling, but with grim determination he opened it and entered.

Mary Smith was seated in a big chair in front of the fire, enveloped in the clinging folds of the extravagant dressing-gown. Her tawny brown hair hung down and was drying in silky tendrils about her face, no longer pale but flushed from the firelight and the reflection from the fantastic rose negligée. One foot was tucked under her, the other swung, stockingless, in its satin slipper. She looked bewildering, charming. For the first time Bonsal noticed that Mary Smith was astonishingly lovely. He was so occupied with this discovery that he almost stumbled over the pile of clothing that lay upon the floor near her chair.

"I'll be back in a minute," he said, and picking up the bundle, darted from the room. He was back so quickly that Mary Smith had the comforting assurance that some one else must have taken charge of the wet garments.

Bonsal took up a position near the chimneypiece, from where he could look down at the charming figure in the big chair. He was able to look uninterruptedly because Mary Smith was staring into the fire.

Suddenly she slipped off the seat, dug her toes into the soles of the absurd satin slippers, and shuffled across the floor toward Bonsal. She held out her hand.

"Mr. Smith," she said wistfully and earnestly, "I want to apologize."

"Apologize?" Bonsal gazed at her in astonishment.

"Yes. I want to apologize for all the trouble I've given you, and for being so stubborn, so utterly unreasonable and foolhardy as to stand under that tree in the storm. You've saved my life and taught me a wonderful lesson," said Mary Smith. She put her hand in Ken's and gave it a good, businesslike grip. It floated across Bonsal's bewildered mind that her hand was exceedingly pleasant to hold. It was smooth but not soft. He had an ineradicable aversion to soft hands. This girl's hand was slim and satiny of texture but muscularly firm.

Bonsal held it in his and looked at Mary Smith. Was it possible that he had found a girl who would confess to having been in fault and learned a lesson without "dislocating her brain"? It seemed he had. What Mary Smith was saying sounded like it.

"I can't tell you how ashamed I am for having been so—so horrid to you. I certainly was an idiot to be out in such a storm," she said contritely.

"Oh, well, of course you know you have the right to be out in any sort of weather you want to be out in," conceded Bonsal graciously, "and if you had gone on past my place, I really would have had no—no jurisdiction over you, so to speak. But I couldn't let you be killed before my eyes without making an effort to save you—now could I? But I'm afraid I was rather rude and dictatorial——"

Mary Smith withdrew her hand from Bonsal's and held it up in protest. "Not at all!" she said warmly. "It was good for me. I'm spoiled. Even if I had been willing to risk my own life, I oughtn't to have taken Max out in it—good old Max!"

"Oh, you like dogs?" asked Bonsal eagerly.

"I'd die for Max," said Mary Smith, and sighed. "We've hunted quail together for years. Father's got a place down near Thomasville, where we go for

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the winter, and there aren't many days that Max and I aren't out gunning for birds. By the way, if you are ever near Thomasville in January or February, do look us up. Max and I would love to show you some sport on our place, wouldn't we, Max?"

"I'd like nothing better," said Bonsal with conviction. He sat down on the settle before the fire and looked at Mary Smith. Here was a peach of a girl, he told himself, a *rara avis*, a girl who understood dogs. Most girls knew a dog when they saw one, and that was about all. But this girl——

"I think I like fishing even better than hunting, though. Father and I go up to our camp in the Canadian woods every summer. It's wonderful up there!" She turned shining eyes on Bonsal.

"Do you mean you *really* like the woods?" demanded Bonsal.

"Oh, most awfully! Don't you?"

"Well, I should say! Some day I'm going to have a camp up there myself."

"I wish you could see ours. This big room, with the fire and the rain outside, makes me think of it. It's cosey, like this. I think," went on the girl reflectively, "that the least I could do for a man who has saved my life, is to give him a pleasant two weeks in the woods. Don't you, Max? Will you come, Mr. Smith?"

"Will I come? Try me!" said Bonsal.

"Father and I will be going up in a couple of weeks, now. Mamma goes to Southampton—she can't stand the woods!" Mary Smith laughed and slipped off the chair again. "I want to see your guns," she said, and started toward the rack. Bonsal followed her in a daze. To think that she should be interested in guns! Half-way across the room the billowing silk dressing-gown wrapped itself securely about Mary Smith's ankles, and she toppled over into Bonsal's arms stretched quickly out to save her. As he put her back into the big chair the girl laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you are wet, too! It will be my fault if you are ill!"

"Nonsense! Don't let that worry you!" He looked at Mary Smith dizzily and a strange, hitherto unknown feeling surged over him in waves. "My God! is there such a thing as love at first sight?" he asked himself in a panic. He felt as though he were drowning in a sea of happiness. But before he went down for the last time he told himself that there was one thing he must do.

"Of course I was just being disagreeable when I told you that I wouldn't drive you over to Ridgewold. Your things are probably dry enough by now to put on. I'll have the car around by the time you are ready."

But once more Mary Smith put up a slender, protesting hand.

"Do you think I would let you go out in this storm?—I'm not so utterly selfish as that. That's another lesson you've taught me—how selfish I am!"

"Say—don't talk like that!" pleaded Bonsal. "I'll get the car while you dress. It will take me ten or fifteen minutes. I've got to put in both oil and gas."

"No, I couldn't think of letting you drive me to Ridgewold. You've done enough. Besides—" But while she was still speaking Bonsal disappeared, returned with her dried clothing, flung a raincoat about him, and disappeared in in the direction of the garage.

Mary Smith, smiling a little to herself the while, put on her riding things and, just as she was slipping into her coat, she heard the screech of an automobile horn and the chug-chug of a motor slushing its way through mud and water. It came to a stop before the house, and the next instant some one was knocking at the front door. The girl hastily opened it, and Mr. Bramhall Morrison stepped into the room. He lifted a familiar hand and turned on an electric light near the door.

"Well!" said he, "so you are here!"

"Certainly—this is where you expected me to be, isn't it?"

"I didn't think you'd really do it," sighed Mr. Morrison.

"Oh, didn't you?" cried the girl mockingly, and she laughed as her eyes met his.

"Well," said Mr. Morrison bitterly, "you've had us scared to death. How dared you go out on such a day? Your poor mother is pacing up and down her room at the Inn, wringing her hands. If she had known about this mad scheme——"

"'Mad scheme'—why, it 'was the only



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way'! What's a poor girl to do when the man she's fallen in love with refuses to so much as look her over? She can't let him get away with that, can she? And you two had quarrelled about me—wasn't I bound to make it all right between you two? And oh, it *is* all right! He's worth going miles in the rain for! You didn't half do him justice. He's perfect—ever so much ruder and more cave-man than I had dared hope for—Uncle Bram!"

"'Uncle Bram'! Good heavens! Say, you're a fast worker, Sidney!"

"Well," said Miss Curtis modestly, "I never waste time. Besides, I knew you'd get nervous and be coming after me. I had to be quick."

"Ken's been quick, too, apparently. By the way, where *is* Ken?" There was the sound of an approaching motor.

"There he is!" whispered the girl, and she clutched Mr. Morrison's arm. "Promise me that you'll never tell him about our scheme—*never!*"

"Humph!" said Bram, "you're the one to promise. It's the woman who always lets the cat out of the bag."

The girl made a little grimace. "Trust me—I don't like cats!"

The door opened and Bonsal came in. He looked in amazement at his uncle.

"Oh," he said, "when did you blow in?" And then he looked at the girl. "I see that you already know Miss Mary Smith."

"Mary Smith! Fiddlesticks! This is Miss Sidney Curtis, Ken. My nephew, Kenyon Bonsal, Sidney."

"Oh!" said Miss Curtis in a shocked voice, "he told me his name was Smith—John Smith." She looked at Bonsal severely. "You need not bother to drive me to Ridgewold in your car—I can go with Mr. Morrison."

"You can, but you won't," said Ken firmly. "You've called me a coward for not being willing to drive you back. I must prove to you that I'm not one. Bram can go back with his old chauffeur, the way he came." He took a big coat off the rack and wrapped it about the girl.

"By the way, you haven't explained why you told me *your* name was Smith," he suggested.

The girl hesitated, then gave him a candid, disarming smile.

"Well," she said, "I'll tell you frankly. You see, your uncle had talked a lot about you to me. I knew you hated girls in general, and me especially. Wait!—don't interrupt, please. You know it's true! He told me you didn't want to meet me, and all that sort of thing. And when I accidentally found myself near your place—and—and recognized you from the photograph he had shown me, why I—I got frightened—I thought you might imagine all sorts of preposterous things—that I had come here on purpose to get acquainted with you—to make you like me in spite of yourself—" she put out a pathetic, groping hand to Mr. Bramhall Morrison.

Bonsal looked at her reproachfully. "How could you ever imagine such absurd things? You must know that I could never think anything so silly, so unfair of you!"

"Ah," said the girl sadly, "one can never tell what men think."

"I'll tell you what one man thinks," whispered Bonsal as he put her into his car. "He thinks you are so wonderful that you are going to make up for all the disappointing girls he's ever known. He'll tell you later some more things he thinks—if you'll let him."

He tucked her in carefully and closed the door. Then he went around to the other side of the car and started to get in.

"Excuse me a minute," he said, "I want to speak to Bram." He went over to the other motor.

"I can't thank you enough, old man," he said in a low voice, "for sending me that warning this morning. I mightn't have gone near her—I certainly wouldn't have had the nerve to talk to her as I did—if I hadn't known from your note whom to expect. I wasn't going to take your advice—I tried to frighten her off at first—gave her cave-man stuff enough to scare any girl. But thank the Lord she didn't scare a bit. You don't understand that girl at all, Bram—she's no 'spoiled society girl.' She's a wonder! Why, it was the sportiest thing I ever knew of a girl doing—to come right after me and show me how mistaken I'd been. You've made me awfully happy, old man!"

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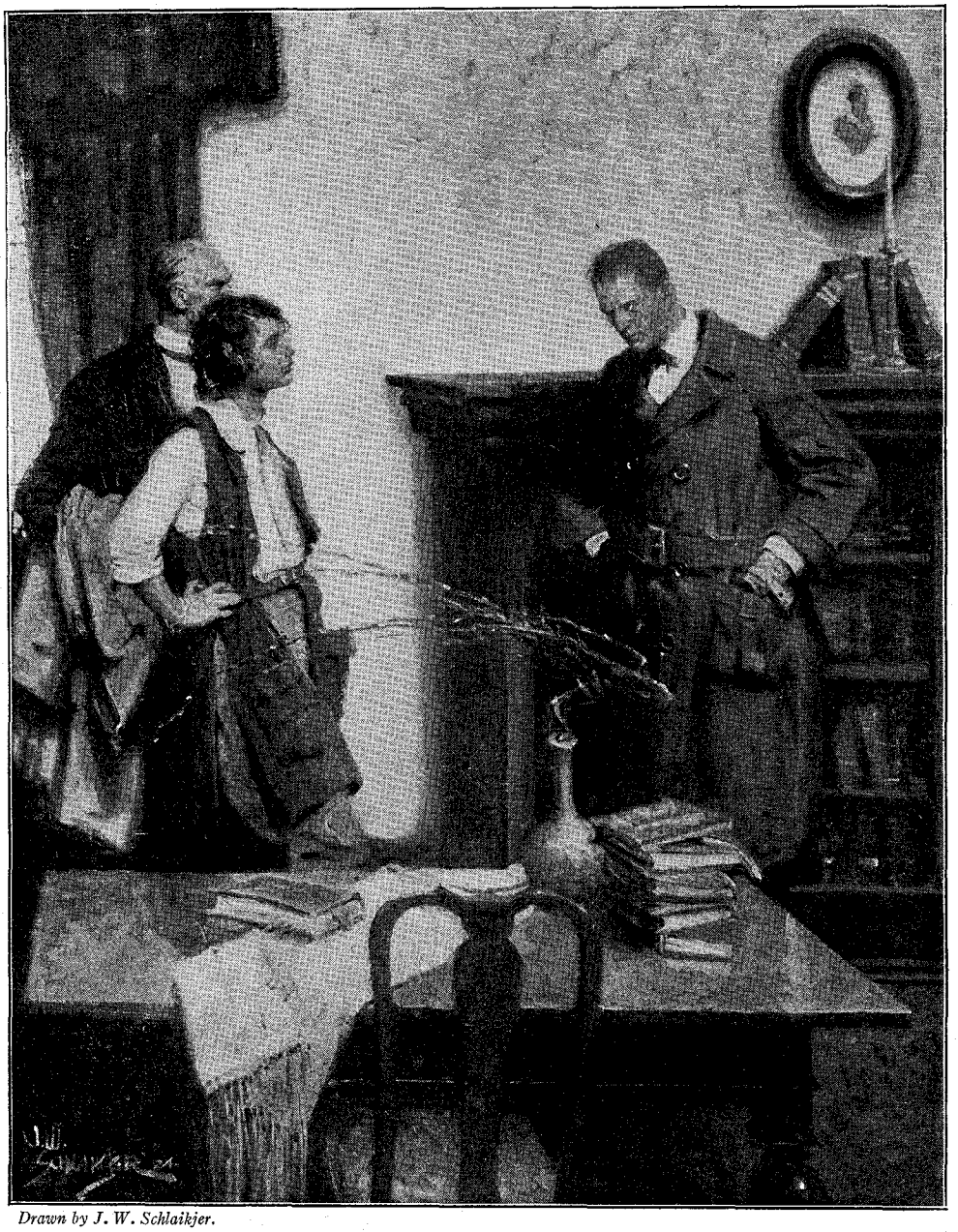

*Drawn by J. W. Schlaikjer.*

"You need not bother to drive me to Ridgewold in your car—I can go with Mr. Morrison."—Page 322.



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"Confound it all, nobody's made *me* happy!" said Mr. Morrison bitterly. "I'm frightened to death between the two of you. I feel like a conspirator sitting on a keg of T. N. T. Don't ever tell her *I* put you on to her little scheme! And give me back that incriminating note I sent you this morning."

Bonsal took an envelope from an inner pocket and handed it to his uncle.

"Don't worry! I'll promise fast enough. Where'd *I* be if she ever found out?"

"That's so," said Mr. Morrison, and heaved a sigh of relief. Bonsal started to close the door of the car.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Morrison, "I've got something to tell you, my boy. It's just that I lied to you about one thing. She—she *likes* cave-man stuff, hankers for it, says the man she marries has got to know how to manage her, good and proper. Don't ever let her know I put you on. Tell the chauffeur to start."

For a full minute Bonsal stared at his uncle in bewilderment Then he grinned understandingly.

"Oh, you double traitor!" he said, and slammed-to the door of the limousine on a faint chuckle of laughter from Mr. Bramhall Morrison. Then he ran back to his own car in the pelting rain.

Mr. Morrison turned the note over in his hand two or three times as though it contained nitroglycerine. Then he touched an electric button and by the light reread it:

"DEAR KEN: You don't deserve that I should warn you about Sidney Curtis's mad scheme of going out to your place and making your acquaintance in spite of you, but I do it for your own good. I can't head her off. Trust a spoiled society girl to raise the devil! All I can do is to warn you that she's going out this afternoon. Be on the lookout for her and, for God's sake, don't be a ruffian and try any of that cave-man stuff on her! A high-spirited girl like Sidney won't stand for being treated rough. For the honor of the family try to act like a gentleman, and *whatever happens, don't give me away.*

BRAM.

"P. S. Considering the way you've disappointed me about the girl, I think it rather handsome of me to warn you.

B."

Mr. Morrison, smiling contentedly, read this over twice. Then he tore the paper into little pieces and cautiously opening the door of the car, strewed the Ridgewold road with tiny, fluttering scraps of the "incriminating note."

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# A Song of Distances

BY WILSON MACDONALD

"Is the horizon far, my friend;
And who shall reach its goal?"
"'Tis far but not so far as lie
The frontiers of my soul."

"How deep then is the deepest sea?"
"Far down beyond belief,
But shallow if you measure it
Beside a mortal's grief."

"How high is heaven at a clear noon?"
"Ah, very high it seems;
But loftier than its dome arise
The summits of my dreams."

"How broad is space from edge to end—
Out, out, below, above?"
"It is a cold and narrow room
That cramps the heart of love."

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# As for Clambakes

BY DOROTHY PRATT

WILL ROSE was wrong about one thing in his article in this magazine on small-town gastronomy, and that was his inference that the clambake is rapidly disappearing into the limbo of forgotten things. "We hear very little of clambakes these days," he said.

On the contrary, I personally can vouch for close to fifty thousand persons spread from coast to coast, from Canada to Mexico, who not only have heard of them in the last three years but who from actual experience know all about how one feels after he has eaten one and therefore will never forget it. Add to these the population of the whole State of Rhode Island (the home of the finest clambakes in the world, natives claim, and where they all but feed their babies on clams), which is more than six hundred thousand, and you have an argument strong enough to confute the erroneous assertion of this bumptious Middle Westerner.

I was a Middle Westerner myself once, but I have been an adopted Rhode Islander so long that I supposed every one heard quite frequently of clambakes. Particularly so, as the Providence Chamber of Commerce (Providence considers itself the whole of Rhode Island, just as Rhode Island sometimes thinks of itself as the whole of the United States) has done its best to spread the clam doctrine nation-wide, and beyond doubt has accomplished its ambition.

For, during the past three years, we have entertained one hundred and twenty-eight national organizations at their annual conventions, each one of which brought thousands of delegates to the city. The Dramatic Order of the Knights of Khorassan introduced burly and vociferous "Dokkies" from Texas. The delegates to the National Association of Wholesale Jewellers were accompanied by their ladies, who were made to eat clams too when they weren't being given gold-mesh purses. And even your postman was here when the National Association of Letter Carriers met and devoured clams à la Roger Williams. And what with the National Vegetable Growers' Association, the Sons of Italy, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and what not, the estimate of fifty thousand initiates to the Rhode Island clambake is that of a conservative statistician rather than of a chamber-of-commerce enthusiast, who might glowingly raise the count into the hundreds of thousands, taking into consideration the wives who came and the folks at home who heard all about it or had one improvised when the delegates got home.

And the fraternal brothers all had clambakes some time during the conventions. They couldn't very well escape.

"Monday, 7.30 P. M.—Opening banquet; 8.30 business meeting. Tuesday—Sail down Narragansett Bay to Newport, 'America's fashionable summer playground.' Wednesday—A real old-fashioned Rhode Island clambake at Rocky Point"—the inevitable conclusion to every convention programme.

Will Rose must have been too busy booming his own little chamber of commerce to realize that another was getting the better of him by plastering a local culinary favorite indelibly on the gastronomical memory of conventioners from every corner of the United States. And I leave it to the "Dokkie's" wife from California, whom I gleefully attended through her first Rhode Island clambake, if it is not an indelible memory.

So fresh was the recollection of my own first bivalvular adventure, even though it had occurred several years previously, that I was mean enough to enjoy leading her into it laughing up my sleeve. Everywhere about us there stretched long rows of bare deal tables, little more than boards on "horses"; for you get down to the



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primitive. Packed in as close as they could be packed were hungry, tired conventioners and eager—for, give them credit, they are true adventurers willing to try anything once, and the advance advertising had been glowing.

"You start with clam chowder," I explained as the be-aproned waiter in his shirt-sleeves, which were rolled up for business to his hairy elbows, "plunked" a huge granite-wear tureen in front of us.

"Here, I'll serve it for you," I offered, generously ladling it out. "Oh, yes, there'll be plenty," I relieved her consternation. "You see, there's one tureen for each battalion as it were," I motioned to the granite-wear monuments which rose at intervals down the table.

Hesitantly my lady Dokkie friend glanced at the others.

"Oh, that's all right. Nobody waits for any one else," I reassured her again, though just how encouraged she was at the display of manners, or, rather, lack of them, about her was doubtful. But as every one seemed to be wading right in, she tentatively took up her spoon.

"Yes, break your crackers right in!" I guided, and they were big crackers too, much like the big, hard, old-fashioned ones my grandfather used to take fishing with him and keep on the bench beside him to nibble when luck was poor.

"My, this is delicious!" she exclaimed.

So far, so good. And I must root a little for Rhode Island clam chowder. Rhode Islanders are very proud of it and champion it above that made elsewhere, particularly in Massachusetts, because theirs is made without milk.

"Here, have some more!" I offered, and utterly without conscience, for only I of the two of us knew how much more was on the menu. I filled her plate again before she could protest, and indeed she did so but feebly and then only through a final attempt to cling to conventional restraint in matters of eating. But many people, I have found, have a delightful time when they forget to be too proper.

Usually at the clambakes to which I have been, the long drive to the temporarily most popular clambake grounds and the sea air, which one gets there in Rhode Island, are good appetite sauces. There are always long lines waiting to get in, and when at such an extraordinarily large assemblage as a national convention one's ticket is number 565 at the third table, he doesn't have any squeamish sense of restraint. And that first steaming-hot spoonful of savory clam chowder as it trickles down your gullet makes you forget manners and lack of table-cloths and the paper napkins that soon disintegrate under clammy, buttery fingers. And so, delightfully beguiled, you dive confidently into your second plateful of chowder.

"Cucumber, onions, brown bread." I fill in the gap while the tureen and bowls are being removed and the waiters once more thread their way in and out of protruding elbows working back and forth, and miraculously produce from their aprons, the ends of which they have held gathered confidingly up about their waistlines, basins filled to overflowing with piping-hot baked clams.

"There!" I exclaim, with the manner of presenting the rarest jewel in all England to the visiting maharajah of India (that is the way it was done to me). "There are the clams!"

"Oh," responded the somewhat bewildered Californian, rather flatly I thought. I had managed to simulate more enthusiasm than that when I surveyed my first clam. "But where is the bake?"

"We'll see that outside afterward. But you don't eat them with your fork; use your fingers," I interrupted myself. "See—like this—" I was determined not to let her escape from any detail of the sacred ceremony.

"You open the shell like this. Then you take him by the tail—it's really the neck—like this between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and then you pull the pants off—pardon me—" I checked myself from further enthusiastic indiscretions in descriptive instruction. "That is, you—er—ah—try to remove the tough outer skin, dabble the clam in butter, and pop it in your mouth—so!"

Then, thinking that I had done my duty by the lady from California, and feeling that she would rather be left alone to negotiate her first clam unobserved, I dabbled my own denuded clams in butter and disposed of them. I forgot that it

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had taken three years of intermittent clambakes to enable me to eat a whole dish full, with the result that I was surprised when, with eyes glowing with pseudo Rhode Island clam fervor, I turned again to find my Californian friend picking half-heartedly and with a somewhat seasick expression at her fifth clam. Unfortunately, one can tell how many clams, as the number of olives, one's neighbor has eaten.

I was saved from any comment upon the lady's lack of enthusiasm, however, by a blowsy, greasy lady with a hostess badge upon her capacious bosom, who sat across the table from us. She had two pint basins of empty shells before her and was leaning forward, motioning for the waiter to bring her a third.

"Won't that man ever come! I want some clams!" she complained. "Here, waiter, more clams! Yes, two basins, one right here and then that lady across the table wants another basin of hot ones. What! No more? Oh, come now, you don't want to stop so soon. Why, you've only eaten a few! What is the matter, don't you like Rhode Island clambakes? Why, this is the first real meal I have had in four days. I have been so busy looking out for you people that I had time to snatch only a sandwich and a cup of coffee. But when I get set down to a real Rhode Island clam dinner, nothing, no, not even a national convention, can stop me until I have had enough clams."

And here further conversation on her part was cut off when she went to guzzling again.

"That," I said to my new friend, and I felt a strange sudden bond of sympathy with her where before there had been only a wicked joy in watching her tread for the first time the clammy paths over which I had gone, "that," I explained under cover of the clatter of removing granite-wear and more clam-shells, "is what it is to be a real Rhode Islander. It took me three years to learn to get away with one pint of them."

"Oh, aren't you a real Rhode Islander then?" exclaimed my neighbor in relief.

"Oh, no, I am from Michigan. And I shall have to live here at least two generations before I cease to be a newcomer," I informed her.

"Well, then, you won't mind my telling you that I don't like clams, at least not so many of them, and I would like to use a fork."

And then with returning condescension I told her that one never did like them the first time and that it was an acquired taste.

"Be of good cheer," I encouraged, "the rest won't be so bad."

"Rest?" she echoed weakly.

"Yes, fish," I explained, as the waiter placed an oily paper package before her.

"But——"

"Clams aren't fish; they're just clams in Rhode Island vernacular," I supplied. "This is bluefish," and I opened my package.

"It's scup!" Our Rhode Island neighbor flatly put me to shame.

"Well, anyway, it's fish." I retreated on indisputable ground and smiled urbane encouragement to my hesitant protegée.

"Don't drop out now," I mumbled between bones. "There is more yet to come, you know. You are only half through."

"Merciful heavens, what more can there be!"

"Oh, sweet corn and lobster and watermelon and Indian pudding," I enumerated.

However, I would not have had the heart to urge her any further under the oppression of this further amphibian announcement, and she probably would have fallen by the wayside had not a conventioner on her other hand have put in the irresistible:

"Oh, come now, be a good sport! One does everything at a convention that comes only once a year. And I have a bottle of castor-oil back at the hotel. I always carry a veritable medicine-case with me now that John is worshipful grand shebang and we have to go to a convention every year in different parts of the country, each one of which insists that you shall eat one of its famous dishes. Cheer up, my dear, fish is like chop-suey, it looks like a lot but it doesn't stay by you long." And when, half an hour later, I saw my neighbor wanly removing watermelon seeds, I thought it wouldn't either.

No Rhode Islander will admit that his clambake menu is exactly like that

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served at any of the resorts along the Atlantic coast. For, in addition to the kind of clam chowder peculiar to Rhode Island, Rhode Island is proud of the way it bakes its clams. They are not steamed in this diminutive principality. Even the resorts chartered by chambers of commerce for their thousands of conventioners make a feature of the bake. Early in the morning rocks are heated to a high degree of temperature in an open fire. Then over them are tossed masses of seaweed. The heat from the stones goes through and through the weed, in which then are buried the clams and the packages of fish wrapped in oil paper. The aromatic steam from the seaweed permeates the clams and the fish and gives them, I must admit, a peculiarly delicious flavor. Expert clam-bakers can tell the exact length of time it will take and so there are always the eleven-o'clock bake, the two-o'clock bake, and so on. And one may find men in different localities who are skilled at making clambakes and who are proud to engineer one for private affairs.

It was at the open-air clambake that I developed any enthusiasm for it. With the coming of fall, begins a long series of old-home days. It fell to my lot one autumn to go to a succession of them, and there I got the real flavor of the Rhode Island clambake which has made me one of its stanchest advocates, removed as it was from even the semicivilized atmosphere of a scenic-railway, merry-go-round, and shoot-the-clay-pigeon resort.

Usually there is a long drive to some one of the isolated picturesque country hamlets from which spring, apparently, Rhode Island's greatest; for on old-home days its most prominent senators, governors—ex and otherwise—congressmen, and school superintendents come back. The affairs are often held under the auspices of the ladies' aid society in the grove behind the church.

Long, bare-board tables set beneath the trees draw the folk most prominent both politically and socially in the State. It is considered fashionable to motor out to the mid-day bake and park one's Packard in the stable where Dobbin and Jerry once yanked at their halters. There, with the license allowed by indisputable social prestige, young society matrons, who would scorn having less than five courses and forks at dinners in their own homes, eat clams with their fingers and put their elbows on the table as they grasp either end of an ear of sweet corn in both hands. Perhaps they are secretly delighted at the respite from conventional formalities.

Coming also as they do just before fall campaigns, these old-home-day clambakes are the gathering-places for all the political cliques. Sleek candidates for Congress from the third district vie with their opponents on the Democratic ticket as to the number of clams they can eat. And each knows that many a vote is won or lost on his ability to maintain his enthusiasm for fish, and more fish, to the fishy end. Keystone political friendships with influential backwoodsmen whom only politics brings on a temporarily equal social footing are refurbished for the fall fray. Men of influence, and therefore of potential ability to swing votes, in country districts in Rhode Island are of more importance than the city boss in a State where the senator from West Greenwich, a town of three hundred odd inhabitants, has as much to say in the upper house as the senator from Providence. Political prognosticators who would know how the straws are pointing gather at old-home-day clambakes.

And so, Mr. Will Rose, there is no danger of the clambake dying out, either in Rhode Island or in the memories of the hordes of visitors who have come to Rhode Island and been treated to its famous delicacy. In the words of the Chamber of Commerce: "Come to Rhode Island and I shall treat you to one."

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# Amy Lowell of New England

BY ELIZABETH WARD PERKINS
Author of "Mrs. Gardner and Her Masterpiece"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AT EIGHTEEN

EARLY in the final decade of the nineteenth century two girls, one fat and one thin, drove through a country lane. They sat in a high-swung buggy. The short, stout girl managed with authority an old horse capable of speed whenever the driver wished to pass another vehicle. She took no one's dust and gave liberally of her own to any close following cart or carriage. In the clearings were apple-blossoms and lilac-bushes in full bloom.

Spring was in New England, and a volume of John Keats's love letters lay on the seat between the two girls.

Amy Lowell's friend from New York had brought the book to open a new world of romance and furnish the material for hours of fruitful discussion. Both knew the poems, many of them by heart, but here was a more direct heart interest than the memorizing of poems. Did Fanny Brawne treat the poet according to their code? Was he a superexacting lover? The theme rose into argument before the horse took the accustomed turn between stone posts and the square, three-storied house was seen through a park of trees.

To the visiting girl, fresh from two years abroad, the drama of life in Sevenels, the Lowell house in Brookline, was literally as good as a play. All the children, a dozen years older than her friend Amy, married and unmarried, were at home; the men, authorities already in government and astronomy, the women, keen for civic betterment and public affairs, with young children in their nurseries. As they gathered for the over-abundant meals of the era, it seemed to the stranger quite possible that the art of listening might be dispensed with, having become superfluous. Any two members of this family could talk and listen simultaneously, effecting a great economy in time and patience, for conflicting opinions might be stated, registered, and answered at the same moment. New England reserve did not prevail at the large table. No Latins or Slavs could have discussed more fervently, or with more expressive gesture, the local happenings or larger questions of the day.

When this distinguished middle generation had gone about its engrossing interests, and the house was left to the parents and the two girls, reserve descended like a fog carried by the local east wind. The mother's invalidism, the father's stern conventions as to time and order, even in the conventional nineties, left non-conformist youth without sun or sun-warmed air to breathe. Unaccustomed terror fell upon the visitor, a spoiled only daughter, when a portfolio left on a forbidden table, or arrival breathless and apologetic five minutes late for breakfast, shadowed the hospitable spirit of the house and lowered the temperature.

The girls read and wrote verses together, criticising each the other. Even at that imitative age Amy varied experiments with characteristic speed and decision. Differences of inheritance and temperament brought many a quarrel. The visitor was a Roman Catholic with New England ancestors and a Southern mother, and the Puritan inheritance of the Bostonian was leavened by an element that, in childhood, had permitted only playmates also in the Protestant Episcopal Communion of a Sunday. Virile and uncompromising in thought, yet with a woman's concrete dependence on affection, Amy's direct, vital quality was a challenge from the beginning. She flung out at her "Papist" friend one day: "You



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are talking the jargon of a sect!" The other, outraged, was silent, but for years after questioned in her sayings a possible parochialism.

In the pre-motor days of the buggy and victoria the indoor type prevailed among Americans. We lived, both mentally and physically, inside of the house, and went out of doors for air and exercise. Except in factory towns the English have always lived, as a point of departure, on the outside of their comfortable houses, which they enter to eat, sleep, and read. Amy Lowell, in all the years of her life was equally at home within and outside of walls, and world-wide in her adaptability to environments, excepting only those in which a conventional atmosphere stifled experiment.

At eighteen it was exhilarating to watch Amy outdoors with horses and dogs, in gardens with flowers and flowering shrubs, moon-gazing from the roof of Sevenels, or in the woods near by; to watch her indoors with books, and still more books—walls, tables, and chairs laden with books—with well-tempered pencils and docile pens.

It was exhilarating to see her in a many-flounced dress, a little knob of hair atop of her head, pyramidal at parties on the spring floor of Papanti's, the local dancing-master's ballroom, carrying her weight in the waltz with airy lightness and perfect rhythm; Amy, so generous in sympathy with other girls' young men, such a good comrade with her own.

To have her to stay in New York savoring cosmopolitan conditions, yet abounding in her individual sense and nonsense, was to gain a new point of view on local matters. It was best of all by day and by night to enjoy the changing tides, the continuous fresh salt waves of her talk, sometimes so overwhelming that one struggled for breath as in a rough surf—vital talk that continued between the two for thirty-odd years.

The sharp images of nature gathered by the poet in these active out-of-door days of her childhood and youth served her well when ill health and unremitting labor chained her to the house. Even then, if she went into her garden but thrice in a spring, she saw with a more ardent attention, felt with more keenly directed emotion than the rest of us in the springs of a lifetime.

Her penetrating eye was not satisfied with seeing, but the society into which she was born was well satisfied. There existed among her neighbors, still in their middle years at the end of the century, several Bostonians who prided themselves, in spite of complete freedom as to time and money, that they had never been outside the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This self-complacent atmosphere was not one in which a thirst for the unattainable is fostered. Such hunger and thirst, suffered with one's feet on ancestral ground, would have been considered in *fin de siècle* Boston equivalent to an unhealthy appetite for the moon. Both poems and persons are now alive to bear witness that from these early days the unattainable thing that is forever distant, yet possessed in the search, was Amy Lowell's desire.

### AT THIRTY-EIGHT

At last a stir at the door of a newly built house in Brookline, not far from Sevenels. The girl from New York, now a Boston woman by marriage, stands with her husband and children to welcome her famous neighbor, who is an hour late for dinner. Imperious, generous, vigorous Amy Lowell comes up the stair with recognition for every child in the group. "Elinor, how goes the violin? Nancy, are you reading straight through Dickens? How about a *Mikado* sing-song to-night, Francis?" Who would not wait material food two hours for the whole-hearted laughter, the whole-minded attention brought to every person and chosen subject?

Dinner over, a certain ritual is in order. The cushions come out of an armchair by the fire, a large pitcher of water is placed at hand; the basket holding eye-glasses for various conditions of fatigue is brought, and the case of mild cigars. The poet chooses one, cuts the end and smokes with such tranquil gusto that the children have never questioned the performance as unusual. They sit spellbound as the talking rises, so practical in its images that even grown-up topics become intelligible. The flow of words quickens and the dramatic

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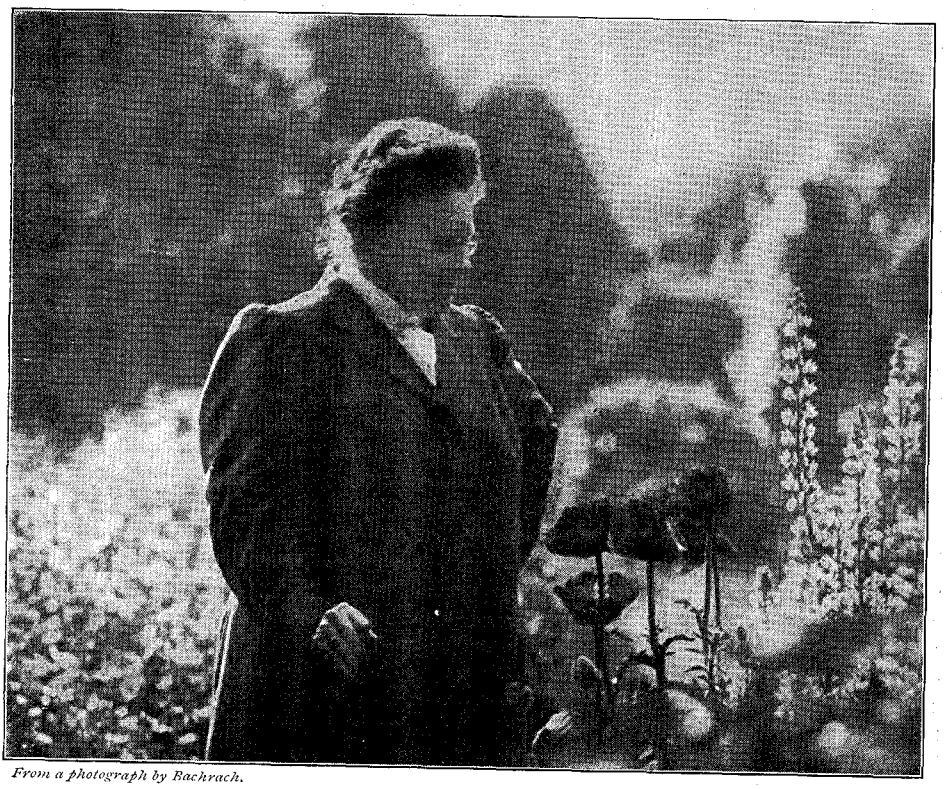
voice gains in tone as the topic in question gathers volume. Each sentence is like an exploding Roman candle, full of color, every word pointed with sound and glow. As a climax—we crouch as under bombardment—a "set" piece of mingled prejudice, wit, and wisdom explodes, shedding sudden light on the whole subject; the arena of the sky is illumined, and we discover unknown planets.

Neither scope of subject nor weight of body holds our visitor in one place for an entire evening, and her evenings were given to her friends until work claimed her at midnight. Soon she stands by the piano, singing Gilbert and Sullivan's immortal melodies. She explores each familiar opus for the special incident, her accurate memory retaining all the verses of any song. She and the children about the piano are equally unconscious of anything in the world but the music. Fatigue and changes of eye-glasses are forgotten as the evening grows old in comedy and song, with talk always at the end.

When we dine at Sevenels we are always on time. One is never sure of not being surprised by some unexpected rare attack of punctuality on our hostess's part. The ground floor of the house has been done over; the big library is as noble and livable a room as any on "Hedge Island." It is lined with the books of Old England, the very editions that saw the light there; the walls are papered with the rich past, the crystallization of human experience. From that high place, within the same room, the royal line continues and stretches across a new continent, conquered for life and letters by New England pioneers. History repeats the same vision here, the mental and physical capacity for adventure, the daring to open new ways.

In this house we feel at home, rooted with the lilacs in the soil of New England, but we live in the universe and weave the incredible future.



*From a photograph by Bachrach.*

Amy Lowell.

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Dinner is announced. We must go in. It is understood that Miss Lowell will be a little late. She is always timely, never merely on time. In the hall are heads of buffalo and bear, carved of wood and placed as trophies of the chase would be in the older countries. These are symbols of sentiment, preserved because the child Amy had liked them.

As we eat, the lady of the house follows her voice down two long flights from the wide attic bedroom. The seven sheep-dogs are let in, to fall into accustomed groupings near the door. Two of them, chosen for character and good manners, will come to the fire in the library later. But before the evening begins matters must be seen to. The temperature of the place does not suit her, even with the front door on its chain and the cold evening air pouring into the square hall. The houseman has gone home, but no dismay is expressed, for the head of the house knows her cellar as she does her livable attic, her great furnace as other women their sewing-baskets.

The poet explains that she is late because the kitchen-maid has an infected foot. Her mistress is as experienced in illness as any Southern woman on a large plantation, and dresses the girl's foot daily. We hear how the healing progresses, with as many technical details as would be given by a member of the profession. No great wonder that the household adores her, and stays by for ten, twenty, forty years, achieving the miracle nightly of a dinner cooked for half after seven, and still delicious when served at eleven o'clock.

Once, in the poet's summer-house in New Hampshire, we stole from our bedroom next to Amy Lowell's to breakfast in a distant corner where no rattle of trays would disturb the sleeping poet after a night of work. The window framed Monadnock in morning magnificence, and nature also seemed asleep. A curious scraping sound broke the early stillness, and into our ken, over the shingles of the sloping piazza roof painfully crawled the white-haired housemaid, with something white held between her teeth. A napkin had been forgotten. She would not risk disturbing Miss Lowell by the opening of a door.

But we are in Brookline to-night in the great library. We look at Amy Lowell in the light of the fire where four-foot logs, split from end to end, reflect their perfect flame in the twinkling chandeliers. We reflect that this benevolent, arrogant household tyrant has the human touch—a rare combination of authority and insight that will survive as long as the tradition of Doctor Johnson's humanity, and for many of the same reasons.

A new poem is being read aloud by one of the few poets in any age whose dramatic instinct and impersonal feeling for workmanship make the reading, as well as the writing, a work of art. A few of us had recognized the universal quality of Amy Lowell's talent in her first printed poems. No familiarity of intercourse dimmed the sense of culminating power and achievement as book was added to book year after fruitful year.

Early in the new century the telephone would ring late at night. The eager, excited voice, clear even over the long distance, would be heard: "Listen to this," and a stanza of the poem would follow. "How does this word strike you?" When roused from a first sleep it was sometimes difficult to give the criticism demanded within telephone limitations; but if calls on time and strength were often exhausting, increased values in sheer interest left her friends always in the poet's debt.

Maturity had brought a focussed purpose to the poet, increased capacity for work, opposition at home and abroad, the peculiar solitude of the leader. Her many friends were occupied with their own affairs; she had no friend at home for round-the-year companionship. What to others would have been helpless invalidism was carried as lightly and gallantly as the weary body. By 1912 the burden of life and achievement had become too heavy for one—but two can lift the world.

In that winter there came to the house in Brookline—neighbor to Sevenels—an artist, world-travelled, world-read, whose profession—the stage—was perhaps Amy Lowell's greatest pleasure and interest after her own work was done. Ada Russell and Amy Lowell met. In that meeting the poet found a friend and creative listener to act as proxy to the race.

The harvest of the remaining years was

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fostered by the sustaining affection of that dedicated friendship—a co-operation of heart and head that gave the poet a foothold for all her enterprises.

The lecture trips, the world-wide correspondence and recognition, the later poems, the life of John Keats itself were made possible because in the old house where the creative spirit is fed in whatever form it appears at the front door. The fire in the library at Sevenels has become a crucible to which ores of all kinds are brought to be tried out in a kindly, yet searching, flame. Rich metals are discovered that will endure the ardor of professional sincerity and unrelenting labor.

*From a photograph copyright by Bachrach.*

In the great library.

continually glowed that which keeps each living day alight and warm.

### AT FIFTY

In 1925 the transition between a custom-made world and a world of experiment had been completed. The Great War was over, but not ended for any one but the generation that escaped its memories. Many young poets are dead, and who can say that it was before their appointed time? Many of those alive are still being presented with the stones that, in more brutal ages, were hurled for the destruction of experimentalists.

There is one house in Massachusetts

No eight-hour day rules within these walls. Work continues for twenty-four hours round the clock as the two collaborators spell each other from five in the morning, when Amy Lowell stops to bid her friend good day on her way to the great bed with its twenty-four pillows, which she made up with her own hands at midnight.

There have been many volumes of poems in the years, but none of late. The work on the life of Keats exacts every ounce of strength in the exhausted physique, driven by a spirit which, after many operations, was even now preparing to leave New England for old England again.

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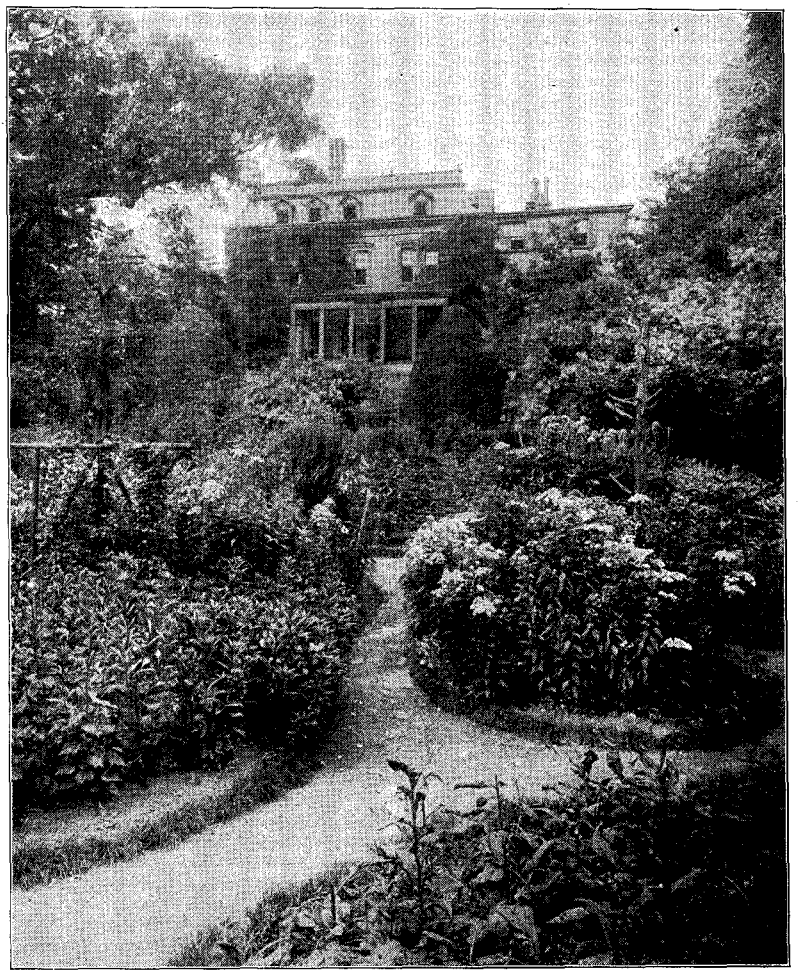
It seemed impossible to the onlookers that the conditions of health could serve such a plan, but while there was life, a better virtue than hope carried the poet on from

Poets, young and old, come and go at all hours of the night. Pilgrims come from every State in the Union. They are admitted singly, for it is the individual



Sevenels.

hour to hour—the tonic of creative activity.

Only so many hours are in the day, and the year round is short in which to achieve the impossible, but there is always time for the welcoming of friends, and the children of friends; time for a brief, great friendship with a woman also dedicated to mortality and immortality, Eleanora Duse; time always for the younger writing generation, whose questions the poet had answered, and whose struggle was hers.

who counts and needs help, and individual help is given that could be found in no other place.

What every man looks for in human intercourse is found in that house, a flavor of perpetual interest behind the incident of the moment, unity as a background to chance and change. Each word and action of a unified personality carries the sum of their experience. How this essence is conveyed matters little. We like the climate and discount the weather even

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when high winds and thunder-showers drive us to shelter. Such a character has the look of an explorer, with eyes on horizons beyond self-consciousness, or of a child intent on a game. This look intensified during Amy Lowell's last winter at special moments, and remained in the thoughts of those about her as their anxieties increased with the coming of the spring.

The emotional memory alone retains final impressions after each of the senses has contributed its quota of images. In the thirty years since the two girls had read Keats's love-letters, and walked in the gardens of Sevenels under the plumed lilacs, a sequence of pictures remained in the mind of the one who had followed the poet's growing fame and power with the satisfaction and wonder that a minor but necessary character in the play looks at the actor who imposes his world, not only on the multitude, but on his fellows. The last meeting of the two in the old house gave poignant material for such a memory.

Death by accident came to a near relation of the poet's a few months before her own sudden death. Of the Puritan virtues and conventions common to New Englanders, Amy Lowell outgrew only such as threatened to corrupt the world. Intense loyalty to family remained. The family was never forgotten or neglected; clan connections and interests were close.

At the tragic news we made haste to Sevenels and up the two flights to the room where fire and electric-fans kept the air fresh as on a mountain-top. The poet was moving about between the tables laden with books—restless under the shock of the tidings, brought to her only a few hours earlier in the day. Her look was free from self-consciousness or self-pity as she spoke of the family life long past. Selfish tears disfigure, but the tears of self-forgetful grief illuminate the countenance. Sorrow was in the upper room, and that other presence that gives dignity and worth to human relations. Her friend's sympathy was directly and gratefully accepted, and childhood incidents recalled with a touching force and eloquence in the last talk of the long series. A vision of noble simplicity in the expression of personal emotion left the living a new standard of acceptance to balance the enduring sense of loss when companionship with a great and generous nature was withdrawn.

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# For an Old Poet

BY LAWRENCE LEE

If you should go, and beauty still be hidden
Beyond the woods and the last meadow wall,
We shall keep up the lonely chase unbidden
Except by a far horn which we heard call.
Who catches beauty as a hound must run,
Nose in the wind, and trembling for the race;
And we whose hunt is scarcely well begun
Feel with the thrill the terror of the chase.
Yet, should our eager muzzles never find
The fields where beauty in her speed goes by,
Or we, grown old, come limping up the wind,
There shall be younger hounds to hear the cry
And leap to overtake her like a hind;
And down the world the hunt shall never die.

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# A Gentleman from the Argentine

BY ALDEN HATCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETHEL PLUMMER

WHEN my cousin Amelia Nixon found that because of swelling prices and shrinking income and the income tax (which she never admitted was constitutional) she could no longer live in America in the way she always had, she decided to move to France, where she could, if anything, live a little better. It seemed the sensible thing to do, as all her friends agreed; though some of them added that it made the prospect of a good marriage for Elinor even more uncertain. Still, the partisans of her mother argued, Elinor had had two Newport seasons since she came out, and the best use she had made of them was to take such evident pleasure in the society of Larry Bellinger, who was obviously unable to support her at all, that she frightened off a number of possibilities, who were more capable if less enthusiastic. This gave the last screw to Mrs. Nixon's determination to pull up stakes.

She sold the Newport house and the apartment in New York, and having thus folded her tents, she departed in the night; to be precise, on the *Olympic* at midnight of a Friday.

I, as her nearest relative, felt it my duty to see her off, and so was mixed up in the mob of more congenial friends who crowded into her Louis XV suite. There I spent most of my time talking to Elinor, though she had little enough to say. She had been very silent ever since the Newport place had gone; I believe she had squandered that love on it which her own people seemed unwilling to accept.

When the first warning whistle blew, I pushed my way through the crowd to say good-by to Amelia. She gave me the peck due to a close but uncongenial relative; but at the door Elinor caught me and, to my surprise, pressed warm lips against my cheek. "Come and see us when you get to France," she said. "I think I will be lonely there."

I promised, and slipped away feeling uncomfortably emotional. I had one last glimpse of her to add to my discomfort as I hurried down the dock. She was standing beside her exuberant mother at the rail, looking by contrast even smaller than usual, and very pale in the naked glare of an arc-light, which vividly nimbused the gold of her hair, and left her eyes in shadow.

## II

IT was two years and more before I got to France again. Newporters who crossed in the interval brought back accounts of the Nixons living in considerable splendor, and entertaining largely and indiscriminately. Elinor, they said, seemed to care little for the gaieties, of which she was inevitably a sort of secondary centre, but Mrs. Nixon seemed to fit perfectly into the patchwork pattern of a society that the Paris *Herald* quaintly calls "Le Monde."

It was late May then, of the third year of the Nixons' hegira, that I found myself driving up the Champs Elysées to see that the horse-chestnut trees still marched gaily up the hill to the great arch that stands so splendidly against the sunset, waiting for that other army that never came. Having completed this little ceremony, by which I reassure myself that, though automobiles may glare through the plate-glass windows of the converted mansions, the spirit of the street is intact, I proceeded to my hotel, where I found, among other letters, two in the graceful handwriting which was practically the only point of resemblance between my cousin Amelia and her daughter. Both letters displayed a note of urgency, a



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hint of more than polite, or even cordial, anxiety to see me. In Elinor's letter this did not surprise me; in Amelia's it did. Because I remembered the former's last

"I think I will be lonely there."—Page 336.

words to me and my last glimpse of her, I wrote agreeing to go to them almost at once.

Mrs. Nixon had taken a place called Belle Fontaine, nearly thirty miles to the north of Paris on the Chantilly road. My car turned through high graceful gates, and I saw at the end of a long straight avenue one of the melancholy châteaux of France; melancholy they all are, for

while American country houses seem expectant of the future and English ones seem permanent as the countryside itself, those of France look backward toward a happier past. As we sped toward it, we passed a *rond point* from which turfed *allées* cut through the theatric woods to intersect others in the dim green distance. Up one of them I caught a glimpse of two horsemen dashing through a dappled patch of sunlight, and as my car swerved before a heavy renaissance portico, they broke cover and cantered across the turf toward the house. One of them was Eli-



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nor, and the other, to my intense surprise, was Larry Bellinger.

Flushed and excited by the ride, Elinor looked far happier than I had hoped to find her. She slid off her horse and ran over to greet me with a warming enthusiasm. Then telling me that mamma was having tea on the terrace and that she would be down in a minute, she disappeared into the great hall of the château.

I gave my bags in charge of a footman, and followed the butler through the house to the west terrace. It was a bit of close-clipped turf shaded from the westering sun by an angle of the building. From it one looked across the moat to the formal gardens, and between the distant trees to a sheet of water that reflected the unblemished sky.

Filling a wicker chair, set close to a rough gray bastion, was Mrs. Nixon. A splendid tea-service stood before her, and in a chair by her side lounged a man of about her own age, whose seamed brown face, dark-blue eyes, and blue-black hair gave him the appearance of wearing a mask. She waved cordially to me as I approached, and the man beside her stood up.

"It is nice of you to come, Arthur," she said. "I want you to know Mr. Niles. Peter, this is my cousin, Arthur Codman, of whom you have heard us speak so often."

Mr. Niles expressed his pleasure in an accent that was English, but a voice that was not.

At the insistence of Cousin Amelia and my own inclination, I accepted a chair, some tea, and a few very large strawberries with the hulls on, to be dipped in thick cream and nibbled after the English fashion. Conversation was desultory and chiefly about polo. Mr. Niles, whom I had been unable to localize, developed as a member of the Argentine team who were playing around Paris prior to an invasion of England. This accounted for those attributes of his which had puzzled me; for most of the great ranching families of his country are of a mixed Spanish and English descent.

After a little, Elinor came out followed by Bellinger. She was wearing a light-blue chiffon dress whose lines somehow contrived to harmonize with the eighteenth-century air of the garden, as its color chimed with that of her eyes. These were grave now; and there was something of constraint in her manner as she joined us. Bellinger, as usual, was irrepressible.

"Did you have a nice ride?" asked our hostess without interest.

"Perfect," he answered. "What could be pleasanter than galloping over French turf on a good beast with Elinor, looking her loveliest, for company?"

His glance, as he said it, impudently challenged Mrs. Nixon, who gave him back a look of cold fury. "I can imagine many things more agreeable," she answered in a voice that almost trembled.

Elinor, looking distressed but also amused, created a diversion. "It seemed to me that Picot was inclined to favor his off fore leg again," she said. "I think that after tea we should go down and talk to Hinton about him. Perhaps you will advise us, Mr. Niles."

To my surprise Niles's mask registered an emotion—pleasure. "If you think I can help," he said, almost eagerly.

In a few moments they sauntered off; but though Elinor asked me to go along, I stayed in obedience to a desire I saw in Amelia's look.

As she sat silent after they had gone, I strolled to the edge of the terrace and looked off through the slanting amber sunshine, over the gardens and forest, to farms and fields and orchards on the opposite side of the pleasant valley.

"You are very lucky, Amelia," I said, "to have found such a beautiful place to live."

"I would give it all," she answered with an intensity that seemed like hate, "for the ugliest house on Bellevue Avenue."

"But, Amelia," I protested, "I thought ——"

"I know you did," she interrupted, "every one thinks I love it. And so they shall until I am able to go back—if ever I am."

"I hate this country," she went on. "Its sadness depresses me; and its gaieties are even worse. Oh, this thing they call society here, where no one knows who any one is, or else they know too well. They called me Bohemian in Newport, and so I thought myself; but I long for their ordered way of living and the people who don't have to be explained."

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"But why not then go back?"

"Because I haven't the money. I said I would exchange this for the ugliest house on Bellevue Avenue, and so I would; but I would not go back to live meanly, and to accept hospitality that every one knew I could never repay. Besides, I can't economize. I don't know how. Why, even here where everything is so cheap, I am in debt."

For all her selfishness I felt a little sorry for Amelia. She had been born to a great position and apparently secure in the means to maintain it, and to this extent life had cheated her. But her next words turned my sympathy in another direction.

"If that silly girl of mine"—she fairly hissed the words—"would marry as I want her to——"

"How do you want her to?" I asked coldly.

"Why, Niles, of course. He's mad about her, and the best chance she ever had."

"Isn't he a bit old?"

"Only forty-three," she snapped, "and he has more money than you would believe was in the world. He asked my permission to address Elinor a week ago, and told me something of his affairs. It seems he has enormous estates in the Argentine, and owns the largest ice company there as well. I asked him how much land he held, and he said he thought it was about seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of grazing-land, pampas, I believe they're called. I don't suppose a pampa is worth much, but still . . ."

She paused, and then continued: "And Elinor seems to hate the sight of him. She avoids him obviously, positively rudely, and disappears all day with that impudent Bellinger boy."

"But why do you let him stay here?" I asked.

"I can't help it," said Amelia, in a fury of impotence. "His aunt is my dearest friend in Newport and one of my few remaining links with the place, and she adores him. Elinor asked him down for a week, and though I told her what I thought of her, I can't turn him out. He sees the situation and delights in it."

"Do you think Elinor is really in love with him?"

"I am sure of it. She has been inseparable from him all her life, and never seems to tire of his company."

"Well, then, my dear Amelia, why not accept what you can't prevent?"

"I won't accept him. He has no money, no prospects, and no ability to make any. If Elinor marries him, my last chance is gone."

Once again she seemed pitiable in her desperation, though her selfishness knew no pity. I raised my hand in a gesture that asked what will you?

"Will you talk to Elinor?" asked her mother. "She likes and trusts you, and you may at least find out how things stand."

"That I will do," I agreed, "but I will not try to influence her to marry Niles, for I think it would mean her eternal unhappiness."

It was not long before I got my chance to talk to Elinor, for she sought it herself. It was that night after dinner; a dinner that began badly from a sense of strain and was at first just saved by Larry's bland ebullience. But presently an anecdote of his about Zuloaga started Niles on a discussion of Spanish art and letters, a subject in which I had taken no little interest, but in which he soon proved himself my master. As we discussed the rise, decline, and more particularly the unexpected recent renaissance of artistic life in a country that was politically and educationally at its lowest ebb, Larry beyond his depth fell silent; but Elinor, always keen for fresh fields of knowledge, forgot her detestation of Niles to hurl question after eager question at him, which he answered with an erudition that was dissembled by his colloquial phrases and his manner of constantly turning to me for confirmation. We sat long at table, for Mrs. Nixon, herself interested, was doubly unwilling to make an interruption which would send Elinor back into her shell of reserve. At last, however, we left the tapestried dining-room, and I found myself guided by a gentle pressure of Elinor's arm through the wide door of the château. She was silent now and troubled, as we strolled around the toy moat in which the traditional carp moved darkly sinister beneath the silver surface of moonlit water, like the dark

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thoughts that shadowed the clear surface of her eyes.

"Why so silent?" I asked at last.

"You know," she said, and I gave a little pressure to the slender arm in mine to show that I did, and sympathized.

"It's hateful," she said, "and so vulgar."

"But done by the best people," I reminded her.

"I don't care," she answered, her voice trembling. "It's dishonorable; or would be if it were not so obvious. Niles must know mamma just wants me to marry him because he's so rich; and yet he keeps on, though he must see I hate him."

"Do you truly hate him?" I asked.

"Don't I show that I do?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," I answered, "except that for just a little while to-night——"

"To-night I was interested—and forgot," she answered. "He did talk well. But how can a decent man persist in trying to marry a girl against her will? Why should he want me? It can't be because he loves me."

"It might be the obstinacy of love," I said, "but more likely it's because he isn't a decent man."

"And yet," answered Elinor oddly, "I rather think he is."

We let him rest at that, and stood silent for a moment looking across the valley that was clouded silver in the moonlight. Then I asked the question that bothered Amelia most.

"Do you love Larry Bellinger?"

"I have always been fond of Larry," she answered, "and I always shall be."

## III

Peter Niles, as I have inferred, was of mixed Spanish and English descent, but in the spending of his money he was pure South American; that is to say, quite horribly ostentatious, without the faintest idea that he was exhibiting bad taste. During the next few days I found that while he stayed with Mrs. Nixon his Rolls—it could have been no other make—came down from Paris every morning with some fresh offering for his hostess. Now it was a big hamper of the rarest and, therefore, the most expensive fruit; now a great salmon, shipped direct in ice from Norway; or an enormous basket of strange orchids that looked like painted girls among simpler flowers from the gardens of Belle Fontaine. Everything, as in Chesterton's account of Mr. Noah's ostrich farm, was on the largest scale.

"I do wish," Elinor whispered to me one morning after the arrival of the huge car with another extravagant gift, "that he wouldn't act so like a millionaire. It's oppressive."

She never would take any of the things he pressed upon her, though in the selection of at least one offering he showed unexpected taste. It was a priceless Sèvres shepherdess that in a quaint but unmistakable fashion resembled Elinor.

I thought she seemed ungracious when she refused it, but Niles's face failed to betray his disappointment. "Then I shall keep it myself," he said, "to remind me of you."

"Wasn't that unnecessary?" I asked her, as he left us.

"It was hateful of me," she answered, "but I can't encourage him the least bit or he would drown me in his golden shower."

Two or three days after I arrived we went to see the Argentines play polo on a field near Paris. Niles went ahead alone in his limousine, with his valet on the box with the chauffeur, and great bundles of polo mallets protruding from every window. Elinor, Amelia, Larry, and myself followed in my car.

Larry, in spite of his hostess's obvious annoyance, had some little fun to make of the Duke of Las Pampas, as he called the Argentine; and after we reached the field he and Elinor got a regular fit of the giggles over the Duke's polo establishment. It was a little overpowering.

At the far end of the field were three huge motor pony vans painted in the purple and gold that were the Argentines' colors, and with the monogram P. N. in gold on their sides. As he mounted the entire team, each of the twenty-four perfect ponies had a blanket that carried out this motif, and each had a purple martingale after the Indian fashion. Among the crowd of grooms were several Indian syces, and their gold turbans and low salaams were certainly a bit on the

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theatrical side. Another thing; Niles followed a practice common in England, but little seen in America, of stopping at the end of each period just where play ended, and sitting down on the grass in mid-field he would wait for a groom to run out leading a fresh pony, instead of riding in as did the others.

But the man could play polo; even the scornful Larry admitted that. Once mounted, he who had been so languid became the incarnation of fierce, fearless energy. For five long chukkers he played a desperate defensive game against a strong American team (also on their way to England) with little help from his teammates, who seemed unable to find their stride. It was the first real game they had played in Europe and they were all anxious, perhaps too anxious, to win. They missed easy shots and got tangled up with each other, while the American team,

"Then I shall keep it myself," he said, "to remind me of you."—Page 340.

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functioning as smoothly as an airplane engine, sent the ball in long diagonals from one to another across the rich green turf.

So, in spite of Niles's long defensive backhanders and reckless riding off, the score at the end of those five chukkers was five to one against his hopes.

At the beginning of the sixth, last period but one, there came a change. Suddenly, as a team sometimes will, the Argentines found their form, and, though the American machine still worked perfectly, it made no headway, while a goal was recorded for the purple and gold.

The last period began with a quick lucky goal for the Argentines, and after four minutes of desperate play another, well earned. As the teams met again in the centre of the field it was evident that the eight players were in that state of splendid frenzy when life itself seems a small sacrifice for victory, and men play better than they know how.

The ponies, too, seemed inspired as they raced and wheeled, and braced themselves for the shock of riding off. Up and down the long field, bright in the golden sunlight of late afternoon, flew the ball in high arcs or long low drives. Across it, mingling with the pounding of hoofs and the clear crack of mallet on ball, came the staccato crackle of Spanish, like machine-guns, and the big-calibre roar of the American captain. His team was fighting now mostly under their own goals, and at last in one desperate skirmish the ball seemed between the posts. An American reached it too late to hit, but in time to deflect it for a safety.

With only a few seconds to play, a ball was dropped on the sixty-yard line and Niles rode back to make his try for goal. There seemed not a sound in all the little world that was encompassed by the tall trees which shut in the big rectangle of turf and its gaudy human border, as Niles wheeled his pony and cantered slowly toward the ball, whirling his mallet for the stroke. Came a crack and the ball rose whirring like a partridge over the heads of both teams, straight for the goal, only to curve suddenly to the right and pass outside the posts. Even the most ardent Americans joined in the involuntary groan that went up—even Elinor.

The American back knocked off, but the ball was hardly in play before the bell rang and the game was over.

"Though I don't like him," said Larry, "I am sorry Niles missed that goal."

"So am I," said Elinor, and then to me she added: "Let's go over and speak to him before we go."

We left Larry with Mrs. Nixon and walked slowly across the torn turf to the little group of tired men and horses at the Argentines' tent. We found Niles in rugs and polo coats, while two servants ministered to him and a third came running up with a long green bottle and a glass on a tray.

As soon as he saw us Niles jumped up and came toward us. Before he quite reached us Elinor began to speak. "It was a great game," she said to him, "and you were splendid."

"Not quite splendid enough," said he with a rueful smile.

"I am sorry you had such bad luck with that try for goal."

"I sliced it," said Niles. "It was not bad luck, but a bad shot." And that was the English of him.

## IV

YES, his ostentation was the new world side of Niles, and his sportsmanship the English; and his Latin blood showed itself in his attitude toward Elinor. He seemed to want her whether she would or no. At first, so she told me, he tried the romantic method, and did it on the whole very well. He was old enough to have learned to differentiate the sublime from the ridiculous in love-making, if not in his manner of living. When that clearly had failed, when Elinor made him see that it was hopeless, he approached her on materialistic lines. She told me of that curious interview a few moments after it happened; and she was between laughter and tears of indignation.

"He tried to buy me, out and out," she said. "He told me of all the beautiful things he had and the wonderful horses he would give me, that he thought was a nice bait. I tried to stop him, but it was no use. He said he knew I did not love him; but that he did not expect it, hardly even hoped for it. 'In my country,' he

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said, 'there is love before marriage only in fairy stories.' I told him that if I did not love him before marriage, I never, never would afterward, but he only shrugged and said: 'That is a chance I am willing to take. Even if you never loved me, you would always be loyal. You are a loyal person, Elinor.'

"I told him that I was too loyal to myself to let myself in for such a thing; and to that he answered: 'It would not be as bad as you think; and I shall not stop trying. I think I shall have you in the end.'

"I left him then.

"Oh," she said, "I can't understand him wanting me like that if he loves me. Can you?"

She was very near to tears, and I agreed that I could not understand.

The next day Mrs. Nixon asked her if Niles had spoken; somehow she seemed to know. And when Elinor told her of the interview, she flew into one of her rages and there was a fearful row. And this was followed in the next few days by a whole series of rows.

Elinor would come to me after one of these, white and shaken, and tell me in a quiet, dreary way of the terrible things her mother had said to her; and, apologetically, how they hurt her. She didn't tell any one else, not even Larry; but of course Amelia's policy drove her to be with him more and more, and increased her aversion to Niles.

But the man could play polo.—Page 341.

I told my cousin this and added a few comments on her intelligence and disposition which she was too angry to appreciate, so we had a bit of a dust-up and I prepared to return to Paris. But before I got off, the inevitable happened. Larry and Elinor bolted.

The first I heard of it Amelia came bursting into my bedroom at about ten o'clock one morning just as I was thinking about getting up. She was in the worst temper I ever hope to see, and in pretty negligent negligée. It took some time for me to arrive at what had happened. It seemed that Larry and Elinor had gone off in her Citroën with a lot of bags.

"What do you suppose they are going to do?" demanded Amelia.

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"It's obvious," I replied.

"Have you had a hand in this?"

"No, but I should have been delighted to help them if they had asked me."

She went out of the room on that, and the door crashed to.

I dressed immediately and went downstairs, leaving orders with my man to pack up. A rather scared butler gave me a bite of breakfast in the dining-room; and then I walked out on to the terrace for a last calming look at the view. Niles was there and came toward me as I moved to withdraw.

"Good morning," he said. "I want to talk to you. I have been waiting."

I was in a frame of mind to be rude to any one, and especially to him, so I answered: "I don't."

"I don't blame you," he said, "but as an especial favor I ask it." And as I hesitated, he added: "I am not quite such a fool as I look, for I know that a man in my position must always look a fool."

I sat down on the parapet. "Why did you get yourself into this position?" I asked.

"Because I love the little Elinor," he answered simply.

"Do you love her or merely want her?"

"Oh," he said, as though he had been hit, though his brown mask and keen eyes showed no emotion. "You have a right to ask that." He paused. "At first I think I only wanted her and then I began to love her, and now—I do love her."

I was at a loss. "Well . . ."

"That is useless," he said, "but I am afraid I have driven her to this thing. Do you think she loves Bellinger?"

"I think so," I answered. "For I do not believe that Elinor would marry any one she did not love."

"That is a puzzle," he agreed, "for I do not think she loves him. I talked to her one night frankly——"

"She told me something of that talk."

"The part about Bellinger?"

"No."

"I asked her then if she loved Bellinger, and she said no. She always tells the truth when she is cornered, when so many lesser people begin to lie, and so I am afraid she is going to marry him because she hates me."

Though I had always disliked and usually distrusted this man, he seemed to be sincere, and perhaps right. I was troubled.

"What can we do?" I asked.

"We can follow them, and if we reach them in time, I will explain that I am going away and will not bother her again, and you can reason with her. She trusts you and, if she does not love Bellinger, she will do as you say. That is why I have waited these interminable hours for you."

"You will look more of a fool than ever," I warned him.

"I am used to that," he answered. "My car is waiting in front."

Five minutes later we were taking a short cut through the forest, the great Rolls driven at such speed up the narrow road that we seemed to move through a green haze. Once on the Paris road the speedometer went to one hundred and three kilometres and stayed there.

"Our best chance is the American consulate," I said as we raced along.

"I agree," he answered, and that was all he said until we came to the field at Le Bourget. Suddenly then he picked up the speaking-tube and shouted an order in Spanish.

The car rocked and skidded and just made the turn into the field.

"I thought I would see," began Niles. "Oh!" In front of the departure shed of the English planes was a Citroën that looked much like Elinor's.

We jumped out and made inquiries. Yes, a young American lady and gentleman had booked seats at the last moment on the English plane. Yes, their passports were in order and they said some one would come for the car. Yes, the plane had been gone about half an hour.

"Have you an English visa?" demanded Niles.

"Yes," I answered.

"So, praise the saints, have I," he said, and ran to the booking office. I got there in time to hear him say: "Then I want a private plane."

"But, monsieur."

"I want it at once. I will pay anything for it." He produced a bundle of ten-thousand-franc notes in his best millionaire manner, and for once I was thankful for it. I was getting more worried about Elinor.

"The fastest you have," said Niles.

Twenty minutes later we were in the

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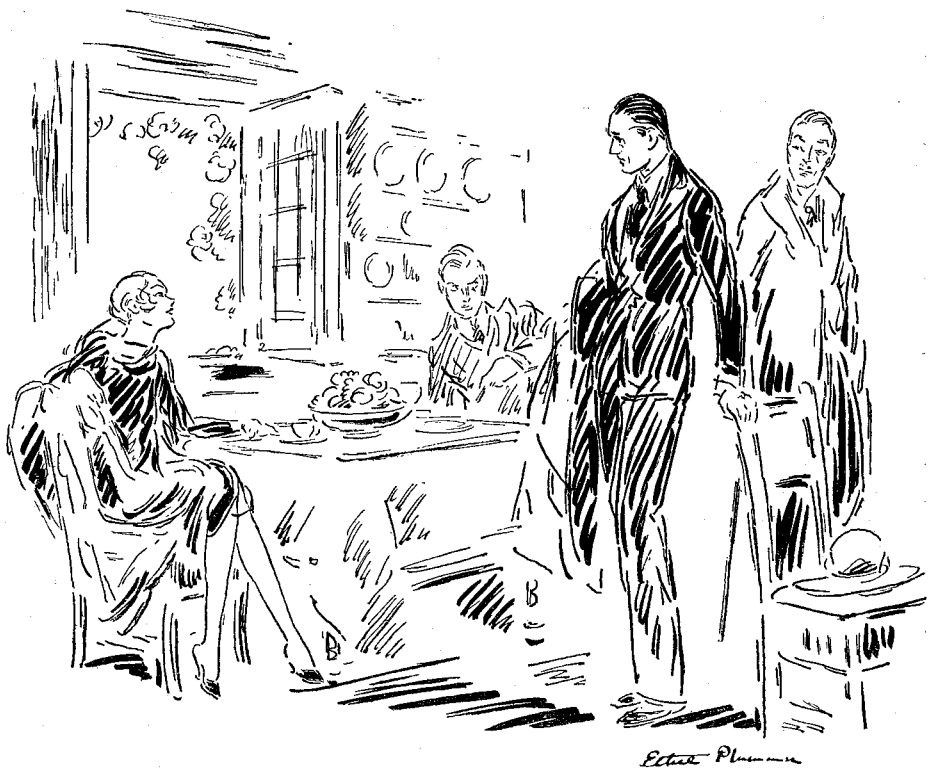
air in an airplane so fast that even at six thousand feet, where most machines seem to be standing still, you could feel the speed. The fields and woods of France moved steadily beneath us; the scars of the trenches at Amiens that were never used, and off to the right, distantly, the

"I could get you a taxi," suggested an official.

"Too slow. How about that?" Niles pointed to a smart two-seater drawn up near a shed.

"That is not for hire, sir, it belongs to me."



"The guilty elopers are surprised by the arrival of the stern pseudo-parent and the hated rival."—Page 346.

devastation of those that were. Then the channel like the bonny blue ribbon that kept Johnny so long at the fair; white cliffs that looked no more than three feet high; the tiny fields of England; and incredibly we were already diving to Croydon. I looked at my watch; an hour and forty-five minutes.

When we jumped out of our plane, the bus for London was leaving with the Paris passengers. A quick look told us that Elinor and Larry were not in it. Inquiries showed that they had been met by a Daimler and had been gone at least ten minutes.

"We must have a car!" said Niles.

"I'll buy it."

"Sorry, sir, it's not for sale."

"I'll give you a thousand pounds for it."

"That's far more than it's worth," said the official apologetically.

"I know it," answered Niles. "Will you take it?"

"I can't refuse, sir."

"You'll have to take a check," said Niles, writing one out.

"That will be all right, but how about your driving license?"

"That's my risk. Come, Codman."

We got into our new car and started briskly for the gates. As we passed the

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gateman, Niles called: "Did that Daimler take the road to London?"

"No, sir," bawled the man, and we stopped hastily.

"Where did it head for?"

"Well, sir, the gentleman asked me where they could get something to eat, and I directed them to the Blue Dragon. A lovely old tavern, sir, about a mile toward the south and then half a mile down a lane to the left. Sign's at the beginning of the lane."

"Thank you," said Niles, and I was flung against the back of the seat.

We did the mile up the main road in little or nothing flat, and at the sign of the Blue Dragon turned down a country lane. Here we must go slower, and for all my excitement I had time to feel the welcome of the friendly English countryside; that welcome made of climbing-roses and the dear uneconomic thatched roofs, and a clear and tiny river that spiralled through the little fields.

We drove straight into the small courtyard of the inn, our car nearly filling it. Mine host came to the door to welcome us, as sometimes in that changeless country mine host still does. But Niles had spotted the Daimler at the stables, and brushing him aside strode into the shadowy oak-beamed tap-room. There was no one there but a couple of yokels, and we hurried across to a door that, opening, showed us a sunny sitting-room with latticed windows overhung with roses. A table spread for luncheon was close to one of these, and at it sat Elinor and Larry.

They did not move as we came in, but sat quite still, Larry surprised and angry, Elinor at first frightened, and then, as she saw me, with a spark of mischievous laughter in each of her deep-blue eyes. She was the first to speak.

"The guilty elopers," she said, "are surprised by the arrival of the stern pseudo-parent and the hated rival."

I laughed and so did Larry, but Niles was in too impetuous a temper to stop for a joke.

"I am no one's rival," he said, "and I have come to tell you that, Elinor."

"If you had mentioned it yesterday—" she said.

"Then, it is as I feared, you do not love Larry. You are running away to marry him because you hate me."

Elinor looked suddenly from him to Larry with eyes that were now wistful.

"You are right," she said, "I do not love Larry as I should like to; and I have just been telling him how sorry I am. But I did not run away to marry him. I am running away to America, and he is going to put me on the train for Liverpool to-night. There is a boat from there to-morrow."

"It is bad enough," said Niles. "I may not have driven you into a silly marriage"—I thought Larry was going to hit him—"but I have driven you from your home. I am sorry. If you will go back, I promise never to come there again."

"But why did you persist so long?" asked Elinor, as twice she had asked me.

"Because I saw that, though you did not love me, you were unhappy; that your mother would try to marry you to every rich man who came along, and so if it was not I, it would be another. I wanted at least to protect you, and with the fatuity of one who loves—and I do truly love you, Elinor—I hoped for the impossible."

He paused. No one spoke, but I silently grasped the inside handle of the door lest any one interrupt us.

Seeing that none of us had anything to say, Niles went on. "I might have known it was impossible," he said. "It was the old story of Beauty and the Beast, only no amount of kissing would ever turn me into a fairy prince. I had only my money to offer you, and I should have known it was not enough."

"It was too much," said Elinor.

"Oh, don't you see it's your damned old money that makes the thing so impossible?" said Elinor with tears of vexation in her eyes. "You're not so ugly, and if you don't look like a fairy prince, you ride like one. But suppose I had let myself go and had loved you. Can't you see mamma gloating? Can't you see every one gloating and sniggering, and saying how sensible it was?" She was openly crying now, and Niles took a step toward her.

"You do love me," he said.

She looked straight at him, her eyes brilliant. "I might have," she answered.

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That stopped him. He stood looking at her, and still his brown mask of a face showed no emotion, though his eyes were as brilliant as hers. "It is traditionally difficult," he said, "for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

"But, Elinor," he said, "I loved you enough to be willing to appear a fool in every one's eyes, including my own; can't you love me enough to risk seeming sensible?"

There was no smile on his face as he said it, but Elinor laughed, and her laughter had a very tender sound. "Dear Peter," she said, "I've tried not to be sensible, but I can't seem to help it."

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# The Building of Cultures

BY ROLAND B. DIXON
Author of "The Origin and Growth of Human Culture," etc.

WE have in the last generation grown accustomed to think of the United States as a melting-pot, in which there is going on before our eyes the greatest experiment in the fusion and amalgamation of racial types in the world's history. We are conscious, also, of the many practical problems raised by the contrasts in racial and national ideals and behavior among the multitude of immigrants who have come to our shores. We are beginning to realize the complexity and wide significance of the purely cultural phenomena involved. For just as on the purely physical or racial side the fusion and modification occurring are on a scale surpassing any that has taken place before, leading perhaps to the development of a new racial type, so on an unprecedented scale a vast experiment in the blending and building of culture is under way.

But the significance to the student of civilization of the process going on in the United States is not confined to the racial aspect, with all its conflict of ideals, important though it be. For the remarkable, the essentially unique, character of the phenomenon before us lies, I believe, in the fact that not one but all the primary factors on which the growth of civilization depends are here active with an intensity and on a scale of which we have no previous record. In the following pages I shall endeavor to outline briefly the reasons for this belief, and to discuss certain associated and significant features of the development of modern Eur-American culture in general, which present at first sight some menacing aspects.

Civilization, or culture—to use the term employed by anthropologists, in its origin and growth rests on three main factors: environment, diffusion, and that complex of ability, temperament, and habit of mind which gives to every tribal, national, or racial group its characteristic individuality. Environment, the first of these factors, plays in the origin and growth of culture a dual rôle. On the one hand it imposes restrictions tending to prevent the development of certain traits or elements of culture, and on the other offers definite opportunities which a people may utilize if they are able. A desert habitat, for example, obviously prohibits the use of boats or canoes, and tends by the scarcity of food-supplies, and the consequent necessary scattering of a barbarous population in small units, to prevent the growth of strongly centralized government. On the other hand an area of fertile soil and favorable climate, or one possessing readily accessible supplies of iron or other ores, provides an opportunity for the development of agriculture or metallurgy. The opportunities offered by environment are taken advantage of in the first instance by discovery or invention, giving rise to a series of cultural traits which are more or less clearly correlated

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with the environment. An extreme illustration of this would be the invention of the snow-house by the Eskimo, a trait which obviously is intimately related to an arctic habitat. Environment also serves often very powerfully to mould and modify the culture of an immigrant people, coming with a civilization ready-made elsewhere. For the new environment tends to foster some and repress others of the traits which make up the culture of the immigrants, and thus exerts a selective action.

While environment thus tends to originate, develop, and subtly mould the traits of which any culture is composed, and may be said to form the basis or warp of the cultural fabric, diffusion or the borrowing and adoption of cultural traits, forms as it were the weft. It brings to a given people exotic elements of culture, arising in and originally correlated with some other environment. Thus the use of the horse as a domestic animal has been diffused widely over the world, from the apparent centre of origin of the trait in central Asia. One may trace the diffusion of a vast number of such traits, some like the use of the horse, the plough, or printing being elements of what the anthropologists call "material" culture, while others are primarily social or religious in character, such as the spread of secret-society organizations, or of Buddhism, Islam, or Christianity. Environment forms, as has been said, the warp of the fabric of culture whereas diffusion supplies the weft; the warp gives to the product its strength and in large measure its permanence, the weft gives it its richness. The warp, moreover, is static and fixed more or less firmly to the environment, whereas the weft is dynamic and mobile.

In the growth of culture diffusion is a process of enormous significance. By its means the discoveries and inventions made by one people come, in time, to be shared by many, and cultural traits originating in a single area may thus be disseminated far and wide over the world. It is mainly through diffusion also that the continuity of culture is preserved, for by intrusting a new discovery or invention to many hands, its survival is assured, so that only rarely is any vital trait ever lost.

In the process of diffusion, however, cultural traits are subject on the one hand to the moulding influences of environment, and on the other to the action of the national or racial psychology of the borrowing people. The importance of this racial factor is undeniably great. It comprises, as has been said above, those varying characteristics of ability, temperament, and behavior peculiar to every tribal, national, or racial group. That there are real differences between peoples in ability, just as there are between individuals, may be said to be amply demonstrated. These differences are, in the main, however, in degree only and not in kind, and amount practically to the presence of a higher percentage of genius in one group as compared with another. Now these differences serve, with the contrasts in temperament and habit of mind, to determine very largely both the extent to which advantage is taken of the opportunities offered by environment, and the freedom with which diffused traits are adopted.

To this factor is also due another very important aspect of culture growth, the so-called culture-pattern. By this is meant that pattern of thought and behavior which is the outcome of the group's ability, temperament, and psychology, and which adapts and moulds to its form the various diffused traits which the people may adopt, thus adding its influence to that exerted by environment. We may see an example of the action of this factor in the contrast between the cultures of Korea and Japan, for, although both peoples were quite closely allied, lived in proximity, and were each influenced profoundly by Chinese culture, they adopted the latter in varying proportion and degree, and moulded it in different fashion to suit their individual needs and culture patterns. If environment, as has been suggested, provides the warp of culture and diffusion the weft, it is this third factor which determines the character of its design.

Now that we have briefly outlined the function of the three factors of environment, diffusion, and group psychology upon which the origin and growth of civilization depend, we may return to our primary topic, that of the phenomenon

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presented by our own American culture, and see in what an unusual fashion these factors are there concerned.

The majority of the colonists who were responsible for the settlement of the United States, and the great bulk of the immigrants who came hither down to the early portion of the nineteenth century, were of British origin. They brought with them that form of western European culture which had grown up in Britain, and which was the product of the interaction of that environment with the peculiar abilities, temperament, and habit of mind of its people, but also comprised a mass of cultural traits derived by diffusion from other peoples of Europe and the Mediterranean world. This civilization, the product of long centuries of complex growth in a limited area, was thus abruptly transplanted into a wholly new environment, or rather series of environments. For the vast territory over which the colonists spread provided not one but many widely varying types of habitat. The rugged hills and forests of New England differed from the subtropical regions along the Gulf, the fertile prairies were contrasted with the subarid Southwest, while on the Pacific coast California and the humid region about Puget Sound presented differences no less marked. Never before in history, I believe, do we find a culture so suddenly subjected to such an amazingly varied series of new conditions. The Anglo-Saxon type of culture which the settlers brought with them, came thus under the influence of these varied habitats, and the process of modification, adjustment, and new growth began. The common factors which were present throughout, the national unity which was achieved, and the increasing freedom of communication, have preserved a certain uniformity in the whole product, so that we recognize clearly a distinct American type of culture as having evolved. Yet no less certainly are regional forms of that culture taking shape before our eyes, types growing out of the special restrictions and opportunities offered by the different sections of the country. A vast experiment in the influence of environment is therefore going on, of the significance of which we as yet are only dimly conscious, an experiment in which, from a single parent culture, not one but a whole series of new cultures are being born. The process is nothing new, for it has been active throughout the history of the human race and has been responsible in large measure for the myriad cultures found throughout the world; it is only occurring here on a scale probably never before approached. Although, however, the influence of environment in developing new forms of culture is, as a factor, as old as the race, its potency in the present instance is in many ways less than in the past. For one of the striking features of modern civilization is the extent to which it is able to override environment and become independent of it.

The new environments into which the culture of our ancestors was transplanted have, however, not only modified it but have stimulated the inventive faculties, so that a wealth of new inventions and discoveries has come into being. These have enormously strengthened and complicated the culture, and in part at least have been correlated with the environment, as is so often the case in the simpler inventions of savage folk. Thus much of our elaborate harvesting and agricultural machinery has been invented for and adapted to the great size and special character of our Western farms, and would be ill-fitted for use in New England or in Britain.

If environment has thus played and is playing so striking a part in the growth and strengthening of American civilization, diffusion has done and is doing little less for its enrichment. For with the tremendous increase in the facilities for communication which modern civilization affords, has come intercourse with other peoples which is literally world-wide. In part through direct contacts, in part through the medium of the spoken and printed word, and now through the great development of the screen and radio, the products and inventions, the thoughts and cultural experiences, of all peoples throughout all history are at our disposal to utilize if we will. Never before have the opportunities for diffusion been so extraordinary, or the rapidity of dissemination so great, and nowhere probably in the world to-day are all the means of diffusion so intensively at work as here.

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So, as the stimuli due to new environment have led to a vast increase in the basic or warp elements of our culture which give it its strength, the swiftly moving shuttles of diffusion are making an unparalleled profusion of exotic factors available from which to supply the richness of its weft.

To return again to the racial factor with which we started, we note that whereas the early colonists and immigrants had but a single pattern by which to create and form the newly evolving culture, the immigration of the last century has completely changed the situation. For Irish, Scandinavian, and Teuton, French, Italian, and Slav, together with the host of lesser breeds that have poured into the country in an endless stream, each brought with them their own peculiar abilities, temperaments, and culture-patterns to contribute to the common enterprise. Both the numbers of the immigrants and their racial and national variety are without a parallel in history. These differences in ideals and in behavior of the newer elements in our population have recently forced themselves on our attention, and, jealous lest our own ideals and culture-pattern should suffer, we are exerting ourselves to try to mould the newcomers to our traditional forms, in other words to Americanize them. To some extent we shall undoubtedly succeed in this, but below the veneer which Americanization activities may supply, and beneath the outward observance of American customs, the multicolored national and racial characteristics will inevitably remain, to add variety and greater charm to our evolving civilization. There are some who, with an unjustified faith in the supposed absolute superiority of "Nordic" ability, temperament, and culture-pattern, deplore the passing of the old order, and who see, in this inevitable infusion of exotic ideals, a peril which they dread. Yet unbiassed judgment cannot but welcome many of the new features brought by these other national and racial groups, and cannot fail to recognize that they will greatly add to the complex civilization which is growing before our eyes.

From what has been said we may see, I think, how significant and in many ways how unique is the colossal experiment in culture taking place in the United States to-day, an experiment in which the influences of environment, of diffusion, and of racial and national temperament and culture-patterns are involved with an intensity hitherto unparalleled. Yet, striking as the spectacle is, it is only a part of the much greater phenomenon of the transplanting of western European culture almost throughout the world. For this same British type of civilization has been transplanted not only in the United States but in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa as well. And, just as in the first case this original culture has undergone and is undergoing surprising changes, so in each of the other areas far-reaching modifications and new growths are taking place. In each, however, the factors of environment, diffusion, and race are so differently involved that the resulting lines of development are widely variant. Yet in none, I believe, are all so intensely active as in the United States.

These absorbingly interesting experiments in the building of cultures are, however, not the only ones in which the observer may watch the differential development of a single cultural type exposed to widely varying conditions. A parallel case of great interest is afforded by the transplantation of another form of western European culture, the Iberian, in the New World. From Mexico to Cape Horn the culture of Spain and Portugal was introduced by conquerors and colonists in the sixteenth century, and, under very varied conditions as to environment, diffusion, and racial mixture, it has developed a series of divergent cultures that are as significant to the student as those derived from Anglo-Saxon models. In any study of the problems and processes of the growth of civilization, these two examples of cultural transplantation on a colossal scale are of extraordinary interest, and the contrasts and parallels which the Iberian case presents in relation to the Anglo-Saxon offer a fascinating field for investigation. It is only possible here to suggest the significance of such a study, and to note that it brings out in striking fashion the reality and importance of the national and racial factor in culture-growth.

Wide as is the scope of the problems just suggested, and vast as is the area in-

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volved, we are still dealing, after all, with but one aspect of the still wider phenomenon of the general diffusion of Eur-American culture over the entire world, and the still broader questions to which this fact gives rise. For, quite apart from the great colonization experiments which we have been discussing, modern Eur-American culture or its products have in the last century penetrated in some degree among all peoples. One of the broader questions growing out of this world-wide spread of our culture arises from the dual character of the effects of diffusion. As has been already stated, diffusion acts to preserve cultural traits, so that to its operation much of the continuity of culture is due. But if diffusion thus plays the part of Vishnu as the Preserver, it has also the rôle of Siva as the Destroyer, for it destroys by the replacing of one cultural trait, or even whole culture, by another. The process is familiar enough in history, where one great civilization after another has diffused itself, peaceably or by conquest, more or less widely over its neighbors. Only rarely, however, does such diffusion wholly destroy or replace the older culture of the peoples thus absorbed in the newer and generally higher civilization. The material culture may be virtually transformed, the social and religious life be profoundly affected, but there survives always a considerable residuum of the former modes of life and thought, to give the resulting culture a distinctly local hue. In this process again, of course, environment and national or racial habit of mind play their part, subtly moulding and selecting, and ultimately shaping, a culture differing as well from the old as the new. Yet, as a result there is nevertheless a reduction in cultural variety. The former clear-cut differences and contrasts are somewhat levelled, the picture becomes a little blurred, the color values toned down.

The most striking and tremendous example of this process is that of the diffusion of Eur-American culture to which we have just referred. Where colonization has occurred on a large scale the new culture has largely destroyed and supplanted the old; where it has penetrated chiefly along the lines of commerce, or as a result of missionary activities, its effects, though less drastic, have been none the less sure. The manifold cultures of the western hemisphere, slowly evolved through millennia in isolation from those of the Old World, and culminating in the civilizations of Middle America and Peru, have been destroyed or completely transformed. The only exceptions are to be found among a few amazingly conservative groups, such as the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest, or the scattered primitive tribes isolated in the remoter parts of South America. The lowly but strikingly characteristic culture of the Australian natives has been wiped out, and a whole continent integrally incorporated into a new cultural world. It is a commonplace how universally elsewhere our civilization has reached even the remotest peoples in some degree, breaking down little by little their native cultures, modifying their ways of life and thought, and taking from them something that was theirs of individuality. We believe that what has perished, what is changing, is replaced by something better and higher; that what we are witnessing is a phenomenon for which we should be profoundly thankful. The Australian Commonwealth is surely of far greater value to the world than a continent sparsely peopled by primitive savages. This is as unquestionably true as the process is inevitable; yet one cannot but feel a certain regret that so much of the colorful variety in culture, which existed so recently, has passed and is doomed to pass away. One cannot help feeling a slightly wistful longing for the old pageantry and romance which are being ruthlessly eliminated from our increasingly standardized life. It may, indeed, be convenient and an evidence of the world's progress, to be able to buy one's accustomed brand of safety-razor blades in Samarcand or Assouan, in Fiji or Cuzco, as easily as in New York, but the fact takes something of the flavor and bouquet out of life!

There are, however, other significant aspects besides this of the triumphant spread of a culture which threatens, for the first time in the world's history, to become a world-culture, embracing or at least influencing in some degree all peoples in all lands. For what is happening is that on a scale quite unprecedented a

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type of culture developed in the main in one environment (that of western Europe) is spreading into every kind of environment, from the arctic to the tropics, from the stark deserts of the Sahara to the languorous strands and scented valleys of the South Seas. In marvellous fashion this culture, as already pointed out, shows itself able to dominate environment, to build a Kalgoorlie in the heart of a pitiless desert, or carry the luxuries and sanitation of New York into the feverish jungles of Panama. By sheer force of determination, invention, and mechanical skill we may now largely override the barriers which environment has hitherto imposed, and are thus increasingly able to free ourselves from those environmental urges which in the past have served to develop local cultural types, whose strength and permanence have in large measure rested upon that very accord between culture and environment that we are increasingly free to disregard. Further, the very ease and rapidity of communication, the extensive migrations, and the multiplicity of contacts that have enabled our Eur-American culture to diffuse so widely, have likewise served, as previously pointed out, to bring to us a myriad traits from every corner of the world and every culture, enriching our whole civilization with a wealth which is incomparable.

All this is trite enough, but one cannot help but wonder whether perhaps this marvellous domination of environment is not accomplished at a price; whether the unprecedented richness of our civilization may not, after all, contain a menace. For if the strength of culture lies largely in its warp, in those traits arising through reaction to the environment, are we not weakening our civilization perhaps unduly by just so much as we free ourselves from this control? And may we not, by over-enrichment of the weft, sacrifice clarity and beauty of pattern for a mere surface iridescence? There is indeed a certain danger here, and a menace which might be more grave were it not for two facts of importance.

The first is that, phenomenal as has been the spread and enrichment of Eur-American culture during the last centuries, it has been accompanied, as previously noted, by a parallel and equally amazing development of invention. The fabric of culture has thus been strengthened even as it was being extended and enriched, but strengthened, be it observed, in a fashion relatively new. For the countless inventions, great and small, have been in large measure of a type dependent on universal rather than on local factors. The marvels of steam, electricity, and chemistry are not tied to any special environment; we can build and use railroads and steamships, set up telephones and radio, or manufacture dynamite or automobiles almost anywhere, if we wish. We are thus not only counteracting an unprecedented spread into strange environments by a parallel amount of invention, but these inventions, being largely independent of environment, serve not only to strengthen the fabric of our culture wherever it may extend, but also, by virtue of the very universality of the factors involved, tend to make that culture more and more a true world-culture.

The second fact is that, in spite of the extent to which our modern civilization is able to free itself from environmental control, it is far from having escaped completely from its influence. In common with all its humbler predecessors it is being slowly but surely modified by local conditions as well as by national and racial differences, as has already been noted. In other words, it is stretching new warps fixed to the local environments, which constantly add to its strength.

We may look forward thus with confidence to the rise of new and striking variants of our present-day culture, as a result of its world-wide spread. Yet these cultures of the future will differ, in one respect at least, from those of the past, for they can never be as sharply cut, as individual. For good or ill, privacy is becoming more and more impossible for peoples as it is for persons; the rapidity and vast range of modern means of communication have made impossible the degree of individuality which in the past a culture protected by natural or artificial isolation might attain. No future generation may hope to thrill with amazement at the discovery of a new culture as startlingly unique and strange as that of the Inca, or as curious and intriguing as that of Japan.

In one sense the cycle of culture-build-

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ing seems to have come full round. In the beginning of his history man spread widely over the earth, carrying with him the more or less uniform and very simple culture which marked him off as man. Little by little differing environments and other causes led to adaptations and improvements, resulting in countless local cultures, each of which gradually and in varying degree became enriched by the process of diffusion, which brought exotic traits evolved elsewhere. From time to time, now here, now there, great civilizations, stronger and richer than their neighbors, arose, and by conquest and diffusion came to dominate great areas. Mesopotamia, Egypt, Rome, India, and China, in the Old World, the Maya and Inca, in the New, are familiar instances of these great cultural empires of the past. Yet, great as they were, no one of them included even a single continent in its grasp. To-day our civilization is penetrating into every corner of the entire world. We spread, as did our first human ancestors, essentially one basic type of culture, but one incomparably stronger, higher, and more complex. Yet, although thus in a sense the cycle may seem to repeat, there is an all-important factor now present that was absent before. For modern civilization spreads, not as at first over a world empty of human culture, but over one filled with a multitude of varied cultures, some of which it may only influence, though others it may dominate or even supplant.

We live in a three-dimensional world, and human culture is built in accordance with it. It is not linear and one-dimensional as the extreme Diffusionists would have it; it is not a mere two-dimensional surface of contrasted habitats, as the Environmentalists might be said to describe it. It is rather a solid structure, set firmly on a base whose breadth lies in the variety of environment which the world affords, and whose length is the sum of all diffusion throughout the whole of human history. The height to which it rises is varied, and is measured by that elusive something, compounded of intelligence, temperament, and genius, possessed in differing degree by every tribe and nation and race. We of to-day have builded high indeed, but upon a base so extensive that those who come after may well build far higher.

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# Pennsylvania Settlement

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

THERE still are those who go their peaceful ways,
To whom life never speaks in savage tone,
Who meet with joy the early morning rays,
Passing with gladness down the sunny days;
Whose sunny days for cloudy days atone.

There still are some who eat, and work, and sleep,
For whom all questions which the troubled brain
Strives to solve so piteously in vain
Are quieted by patient hands that keep
Busy with weaving garments, reaping grain.

Rare leisure hours unquarrelling pass by,
Consumed by these in neighborly sweet laughter;
Unawakened the contentious cry
For this and that or thus and so. And after
The years have sauntered off, these gently die.



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# College Courses in Play-Writing and Journalism

BY JAMES L. FORD
Author of "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop," "My Memories of the Early Eighties," etc.

THE various systems of collegiate education in this country have been under the fire of criticism for some time past, and although instructors, alumni, and even members of the various undergraduate bodies have all had their say regarding methods of instruction, he who has never enjoyed the benefits of a college education, and must perforce judge by results instead of methods, has yet to be heard from. It is as one of these uneducated ones that I wish to lift my voice, and I shall confine my remarks to the few special courses of study whose results are visible in the callings with which I have been associated during the greater part of my life.

The main fault that I find with the collegiate method of instruction in those now conspicuous branches of learning, play-writing and journalism, is that it tends to inspire students with hopes of fame and money-getting destined never to be realized, and neglects to inform them regarding the many obstacles that lie in the path to success. The student of law, for example, will acquire exhaustive information regarding the tricks and devices of swindlers, fraudulent bankrupts, and other malefactors, from financiers to yeggmen. The student in medicine will be taught to recognize the existence of disease in its manifold forms.

Not so he who has taken one of the courses of which I propose to treat. These courses do not, like medicine, law, and finance, rest upon a solid foundation, but on the taste and prejudices of an illiterate public that does not know its own mind from one day to the next. Never before have the operations of the predatory classes been viewed with such tolerance and indifference by a public engrossed in pleasure or selfish money-making. And never before have propagandists, working through press-agents, exerted such power in sinister mouldings of popular opinion.

It seems to me that a college should give some instruction that will acquaint the undergraduate with present conditions of the demoralized world he is preparing to enter.

Journalism and play-writing, which must appeal to current thought and opinion, have a prominent place in the curriculum of more than one of our great universities, and I have been told that even in the writing of stories and poetry, instruction is furtively imparted by a system of so-called "home-study" that bears a suspicious resemblance to that great atomizer of superficial knowledge, the correspondence school.

Some years ago a newspaper proprietor of great renown and commensurate talent endowed with liberal hand a now famous College of Journalism, and very recently a gift of a million dollars made possible the course in play-writing, to-day a conspicuous feature of the curriculum of one of our greatest universities.

As all roads are said to lead to Rome, so do the courses I have indicated lead to the theatre, and they are presented to ardent youth in such fascinating colors as to share with money-getting the goal on which the eyes of the younger generation are firmly fixed. It was not thus in my early days, when very few of us regarded the playhouse as anything but a source of entertainment, and when the desire to write plays or dramatic criticism was not the wide-spread craze it became when electricity began to light up Broadway with its baneful glow. Play-writing



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was then a serious matter, a craft understood only by a few experts, and schoolboys were not led to believe that it could be mastered by any youth, no matter how inexperienced and ignorant of the world, who could follow the rules laid down for him by a college course. But the nightly display on Broadway and in the streets of the contiguous "roaring forties" has changed all that.

I deplore the growing popularity of the play-writing course, not because I cherish any of the absurd prejudices against an ancient and honorable calling which break out now and then from sensational pulpits, but because the whole theatrical profession is so hopelessly overcrowded that it is hard for a newcomer, whether actor or playwright, to get a look in.

The common belief is that the writing of plays is the most lucrative of all professions, yet I have estimated as carefully as possible the earnings of our dramatists, near dramatists, and far dramatists, and have found the average to be less than ten dollars a year. But despite these depressing conditions, every graduation day sends its hordes of hopeful young dramatic students to swell the numbers, clustered like moths about the bright lights of the theatrical district. In this great mob are persons of every class.

The rush from the college gates to the bright lights of Broadway continues with unabated vigor as the graduates from the literary courses lose themselves in the mob, their eyes fixed on the bright lights above them, their minds absolutely unconscious of what lies beneath.

One thing these embryo dramatists have in common, and that is supreme hope in the future in the full sense of their mastery over their souls. And among them all none is more eager, self-confident, and hopeful than he who has just graduated from a play-writing course and stands on what moralists call the "threshold of life," which in his case means the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street.

This trusting young neophyte is the favorite pupil of his instructor in play-writing; he has come direct from the college gates to the favored spot on which he now stands, the approving pats of his comrades still warm upon his back, and the hearty wishes of those who have speeded him on his way ringing in his ears. He has brought with him the manuscript play on which his hopes are centred, and his mind is already busy with thoughts of the bright, gay life that is about to open up before him as soon as he has disposed of his play, for far stronger than the lure of the bright lights is his long-cherished desire to go behind the scenes of the theatres and become acquainted with the players. In imagination he sees himself recognized in public places by the most famous and attractive actresses. So vivid and compelling is this will-o'-the-wisp of theatrical life that it often takes years of battering against playhouse doors, with unsold manuscript in hand, to dislodge it from the brain.

It makes me heart-sick to meet some victim of this illusion, hurrying blithely up Broadway, and pausing only long enough to tell me that he has written six plays since he came out of college, that Belasco is reading one of them now, that an actor told him recently that his work showed unusual promise, and that a well-known actress, whom he dared not name, had begged him to write a play for her. It is this "jollying," which is raised to the *n*th power of demoralization in no calling save that of the theatre, that keeps this unfortunate young man on the tramp up and down Broadway years after his case is known by every one to be hopeless.

The graduate of the college of journalism who betakes himself to Park Row as the gates of his alma mater close behind him asks nothing better than a job as a reporter, which he believes will bring him into contact with men and women of distinction and also enable him to familiarize himself with every phase of metropolitan life, and thus obtain ample material for the plays and novels which he hopes to write later in life. And if he be an earnest and thoughtful young man, he sees himself in the editorial chair of a powerful journal, swaying the minds of thousands, with brilliant pen.

Little does this earnest youth dream of what his postgraduate course in Park Row is to teach him. All thought of swaying the popular mind will fade when he realizes that the most widely circulated papers in the town are the tabloids, which

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appeal to the thoughtless and uneducated eye, and, as there are more people in New York who acquire information only through the eye than those who are competent to think, the tabloid is a perfectly legitimate feature of journalism, standing in the same relation to those papers that now seem old-fashioned as the moving pictures do to the legitimate stage.

Fortunate enough to obtain employment on one of the few journals that still retain the old-time form, if not the spirit, the young tyro soon discovers that the press-agents who are permitted to fill the columns of our dailies with matter written entirely in the interest of their clients have rendered reporting an almost extinct vocation. Consequently, he will have but few opportunities either to meet distinguished personages or to study metropolitan life "in the raw," as he would put it, but will spend much of his time with his ear to the telephone receiver listening to the press-agents.

A little further experience will shatter his belief that in securing the confidence and good-will of the proprietor of his newspaper his career will be made prosperous and pleasant.

Does any college of journalism prepare its pupils for work on a New York daily newspaper? Does it offer worth-while instruction in modern journalistic methods? Is there in any one of these colleges a professor competent to deal with "office politics," or the modern science termed variously "press-work" and "publicity"?

It is quite likely that those who conduct these journalistic courses cling to the delusion that the press has become hopelessly commercialized, and that the dailies are conducted like so many grocery-stores. But the newspaper owner's most valuable asset is his space, and he cheerfully gives it away to any press-agent who can worm his way into his office and take it.

The office of the press-agent of the eighties was his hat, but his successor of to-day occupies a suite of handsomely furnished chambers in a modern office-building, and numbers among his clients some of the most powerful trusts, corporations, and financial institutions in the land. He employs a staff composed of former newspaper men, who receive from him higher wages than Park Row can offer.

I do not remember having known any bard or story-writer who graduated from a college offering instruction in those forms of literature, but I am quite sure that, although students may be taught how to prepare readable wares, they are not taught how to write salable ones. As a general thing, the maker of prose or verse possesses a native talent superior to anything to be learned in school, but the ability to sell a poem or a short story is one of the gifts of the gods, and is acquired only after years of disappointment and effort. But as the trend of academic training lies in the direction of money-making, it seems to me that salesmanship should take a high rank in any literary course, so that the young student may not only learn how to write poetry but also how to sell it. When this has been accomplished, the poet will no longer live in a garret but in a duplex apartment on Park Avenue, and the Thomas Chatterton tradition will pass into permanent eclipse.

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# Population Pressure and War

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS
Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin

IT is a mistake to suppose that warfare is always outgrowth of a wicked motive in one or both of the belligerents. Among savage tribes the irritant which continually stirs up fighting is population pressure. Intensive hunting cannot permanently enlarge the food-supply as can intensive agriculture; so when a tribe expands in numbers to such a degree that it can no longer live off its own hunting-grounds, it seizes the hunting-grounds of its weakest neighbor. The bloodshed which ensues relieves population pressure for a time.

It is now well understood that the main cause of the endless assaults of Celt and Teuton, Goth and Hun, upon the northern frontiers of the Roman Empire was not simple lust of loot, but the need of more room—due either to their own multiplication or to the pressure upon them of wandering peoples made homeless by the gradual drying up of Central Asia.

### LATER CAUSES OF WAR MASK POPULATION PRESSURE

At one time the lust of chiefs and kings for more subjects or more revenue was a cause of war. This survives still in the form of war-breeding dynastic ambitions and rivalry. At a certain stage religious questions set peoples by the ears. When international trade has become lucrative, the endeavor of the traders of one country to shut out from overseas commerce the traders of another begets warfare. In the era of imperialism wars arise out of the struggle for colonies, for strategic points, and for secure sea routes. Seeing that land-grabbing and forcing of concessions characterize the policy of the rich and prosperous powers rather than of the crowded peoples, the impression spreads that population pressure has little to do with the wars of to-day. However, there are good reasons for believing that, whatever motives for aggression may lie on the surface, the real harrier of the dove of peace is not the eagle of pride nor the vulture of greed, but the stork!

### FOREIGN POLICY ELUDES PEOPLE-RULE

While the suffrage has been greatly extended and while in domestic matters governments are obliged more and more to heed the wishes of the masses, it is childish to pretend that the common people of the great powers have any real control over the matter of war and peace. The reason is that the issue of peace or war depends on the conduct of foreign affairs, and the ignorant, inexperienced, stay-at-home millions can never follow foreign affairs intelligently. Concerning labor, or schools, or drink, or highways they may hold opinions which their government will have to take into account. But since they do not know other peoples and governments, and cannot anticipate the outcome of the foreign policy which their country pursues, their views will depend entirely upon what they have been told. Consequently, war-breeding national attitudes and policies have their true causes, not in the masses, but in those classes which directly influence the external policies of their government.

### MOTIVES OF MODERN WAR-MAKERS

Now these classes do not feel population pressure, and hence it does not mould their politics. It is not land-hunger that makes them favor aggressive policies. What the motive is depends upon the class. Promoters and financiers itch to get their hands on the undeveloped natural resources of backward countries. Investors, disgusted with the slender returns on home investments, and tired of the bonds of defaulting foreign governments, press for the acquisition of regions where they can invest their money in profitable enterprises under the national



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flag. Industrialists want their government to capture for them foreign concessions and markets or create colonies from which they can draw raw materials, peopled by natives to whom they can sell their surplus manufactured products. The nobility see in empire, not only the aggrandizement of their own class, but more posts for their sons in military, diplomatic, or colonial service. Army and navy officers are professionally interested in the seizure of "keys" and the acquirement of "strategic frontiers." Moreover, "forward" policies promise them adventure and excitement, besides exalting their social rôle. Scholars and intellectuals support power policies because it gratifies their pride to be subjects of a mighty nation.

However, under parliamentary institutions these elements taken together provide too slender an electoral support for ambitious designs which may involve the nation in war. Unless peasants and farm laborers, millworkers and petty tradesmen can be brought to imagine benefit for themselves or their children in national aggression, they will jib at being steered into peril. Should their trusted leaders marshal them in political opposition, the game of empire might be brought to a sudden halt.

### POPULATION PRESSURE AS A STAGE PROPERTY FOR IMPERIALISTS

Here is where population pressure enters. By itself, indeed, it may not breed war. Look at the Chinese, the Indians, the Javanese, the Siamese, the Burmese—crowded but not aggressive. From the realization "we are cramped" a people does not infallibly draw the conclusion "therefore let us seize other people's land." They may see nothing near worth seizing and may be ignorant of roomier ill-defended parts of the world. They may lack a fighting caste to glorify war. Their governors may see no profit for themselves in sowing dreams of conquest in their people's minds. Popular traditions may be all in favor of toil rather than aggression.

But population pressure is a gilt-edge asset for imperialists seeking to win the masses for risky foreign policies. This comes out very clearly in the propaganda which went on in Germany before the World War. "More room," "a place in the sun," *Drang nach Osten*, were dinned into popular ears until they became an obsession. It was German prolificacy that gave point to these slogans. It was well known that less and less could Germany's soil feed her sons and that every year more of her people lived from foreign trade. As early as 1901 a prominent author, Arthur Dix, wrote:

"Because the German people nowadays increase at the rate of 800,000 inhabitants a year, they need both room and nourishment for the surplus. . . . As a world-power in the world-market we must assert our place and make it secure in order that the younger hands may find room and opportunity for employment."

In the same year the economist, Albrecht Wirth, declared: "In order to live and to lead a healthy and joyous life we need a vast extent of fresh arable land. This is what imperialism must give us." A decade later Daniel Frymann in a book which went to its twenty-first edition, said: "It is no longer proper to say 'Germany is satisfied.' Our historical development and our economic needs show that we are once more hungry for territory."

In 1912 at a general meeting of the Pan-German League Baron Vietinghoff voiced the opinion:

"That discontent makes itself felt at home must be accounted for by the fact that our frontiers are becoming too narrow. We must develop an appetite for land; we must acquire new territories for settlement if we do not want to become a declining nation, a stunted race. We have to think of our people and of our children in a spirit of genuine love, no matter if we are called war-mongers and brawlers."

The same year General von Wrochem declared before the Defence Association: "Germany with her ever-increasing inexhaustible increase of human beings wants more land for them to settle on"; while Admiral Breusing at a Pan-German celebration said: "The land-hunger of our people must once for all be satisfied."

Might not surplus Germans emigrate and thrive as millions of them did in the nineteenth century? No, the rabid Nationalists would not hear of it.

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General von Bernhardi, chief of the German staff, wrote in 1912:

"We must endeavor to acquire new territories by all means in our power, because we must preserve to Germany the millions of Germans who will be born in the future and we must provide for them food and employment. They ought to be enabled to live under a German sky and lead a German life."

Although the German folk are as honest as any, the jingoes familiarized them with the projects of seizing land from weaker neighbors. Klaus Wagner, in 1906, argued: "The great nation needs new territory. Therefore it must spread out over a foreign soil, and must displace strangers with the power of the sword." In 1911 Frymann voiced the idea: "But if we consider seriously the peculiar position of the German people squeezed into the middle of Europe and running the risk of being suffocated for want of air, it must be agreed that we might be compelled to demand from a vanquished enemy, either in the East or in the West, that he should hand over unpopulated territory."

Only three years before the World War, in his book, "Germany and the Next War," von Bernhardi contended:

"Strong, healthy, and flourishing nations increase in numbers. From a given moment they require a continual expansion of their frontiers. They require new territory for the accommodation of their surplus population. Since almost every part of the globe is inhabited, new territory must, as a rule, be obtained at the cost of its possessors—that is to say, by conquest, which thus becomes a law of necessity."

Germans who gagged at these brigand proposals were called "sickly," "old-womanish," "sentimentalists." Respect for the rights of weaker neighbors was denounced as "cosmopolitanism." Moderation was rated "a miserable Philistinism." Scruples against removing the neighbor's landmark were sneered at as "middle-class morality."

The trick of capitalizing population pressure for war-breeding policies succeeded brilliantly. In 1912 the Social Democrat Haase admitted in the Reichstag: "A considerable number even of our artisans, our small tradesmen, our officials—of our middle class, in short—have been infected with this imperialistic mania." In his book, "Der deutsche Chauvinismus," Nippold said in 1913: "The evidence submitted in this book amounts to an irrefutable proof that a systematic stimulation of the war spirit is going on, based on the one hand on the Pan-German League, and on the other on the agitation of the Defense Association." At the boisterous banquets in 1913 in centennial commemoration of the War of Liberation this military note more and more drowned the notes of peace. "An intoxication appeared to have seized the whole of Germany. . . . This drunkenness was artificially produced by the fiery beverages which an unscrupulous and patriotic press had for many an hour and day poured out to the German nation."

### ITALY'S NEW TONE REFLECTS POPULATION PRESSURE

Italy of the moment is a striking illustration of how population pressure provides the atmosphere in which jingoism and truculence thrive. The Italian masses breed blindly and there are 20,000 families with more than ten children each. In the five years before the war Italian emigration averaged 679,000 a year. Since then the war outlets have been so blocked that scarcely half as many emigrate. Every year now there are about half a million more trying to wrest a living from an Italy unprovided by nature with coal, iron, and other basic raw materials. Inevitably population pressure rises and therewith spreads a bellicose spirit despite the fact that the miseries of war are still alive in the memory of all.

Mark the new menacing note in the utterances of Signor Mussolini in recent months. At Tripoli he said: "We shall eventually break the circle arrayed against us."

To the crowd in Genoa: "We have given weapons to the nation in these four years. Above all, we have given the nation a military spirit, a warrior mind. . . ."

"The struggle between nations becomes sharper every day despite certain hypocritical and weak pacifists. Every nation erects its barrier of selfish pur-

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poses, and leaves no longer any scope to the lies of international brotherhood. We must, therefore, O Genoese! O Italians! set our teeth for this fight which is to-day only economic and moral. We must unite all our will, link up all our effort. We must fight day by day."

Before the Italian Senate he said, referring to the accusation of imperialism: "Every living being who wants to preserve his existence has imperialistic tendencies and therefore the nations that want to live must develop a certain 'Will-to-Power'; otherwise they vegetate and barely exist, and fall a prey to a stronger people who themselves have given a stronger development to their own will-to-power.

"It will be necessary that even this young Italy of ours make itself a little room in the world. I think it would be a proof of intelligence to give it to us when it is time and with good grace, because that is truly the way to preserve peace—to have a just and lasting peace. . . . That peace, just and lasting, must be accompanied by the satisfaction of our most legitimate and most holy interests. You cannot condemn a people to vegetate, especially when it is a people like the Italian people, which has a venerable history and a most noble civilization, which has rights that it vindicates highly."

Here we recognize the same group of sinister inflammatory ideas which the German jingoes employed—"encirclement," worship of force, "will-to-power," need of room, "holy interests," etc.

### JAPAN'S RESTLESSNESS REFLECTS POPULATION PRESSURE

After Italy, Japan is the country which now most alarms the friends of peace; and in Japan the causal connection between rising population pressure and jingoism is plain. Japan is small in area and less than a sixth of it is fit for cultivation. Last February the population passed the sixty million mark and the yearly excess of births above deaths is near three-quarters of a million. Her cramped, landless people are conscious that they need more room. Armies and navies are the best way for her to get it or to make it impossible for others to keep her from getting it. In the prolificacy of the people and the closing of the doors to Japan's overflow by neighboring countries you have the secret of the popularity of the Japanese jingoists.

### POPULATION PRESSURE A CHERISHED ASSET OF THE WAR-MAKERS

Militarists not only make capital of population pressure, but they cherish it as an asset. At Tripoli Signor Mussolini said: "Italy has always been a prolific nation and she intends to remain such." Before the war the French militarists said to the French: "Multiply or the Germans will get us." The German militarists cried to their people: "Multiply or the Russians will get us." French women and German women were incited to vie in producing as rapidly as possible sons whose final destination was to destroy one another upon the battle-field. There was, in fact, *an international competition in populations as well as in armaments.*

When, on January 27, 1926, an official statement was given out that the Italian census showed a gain in population of three millions in four years, Mussolini's paper does not draw the conclusion that an attempt should be made to slow down the pace of this increase; it suggests that sooner or later a territorial resettlement is inevitable. The *Tevere* urges penal measures against the advocates of family limitation. The *Tribuna* stigmatizes family limitation as "merely hedonistic," and remarks: "The copious blossoming of Italian hearths is the most potent instrument of Italy's inevitable world-wide expansion." The *Impero* chuckles: "Just think what prodigious and invincible armies these children will form in ten years!"

So population pressure is a trump-card for the war-makers. Hypocritically they deplore the population growth which obliges their nation to show its teeth, but the moment this growth slackens they stimulate cradle competition with the appeal: "We must breed more soldiers in order to be ready for the next war." If this be the last word in human wisdom, humanity is in for an endless succession of wars whose function it will be to blot out the human surpluses that the peoples insist on launching into the world.

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VOX CLAMANTIS IN DESERTO

In June, 1919, the Malthusian League at its annual general meeting in London resolved:

"The Malthusian League desires to point out that the proposed scheme for the League of Nations has neglected to take account of the important questions of the *pressure of population*, which *causes the great international economic competition and rivalry*, and of the *increase of population*, which is put forward as a justification for *claiming increase of territory*. It, therefore, wishes to put on record its belief that the League of Nations will only be able to fulfil its aim *when it adds a clause* to the following effect:

" 'That each nation desiring to enter into the League of Nations shall pledge itself so to *restrict its birth-rate* that its people shall be able to live in comfort *in their own dominions without need* for territorial expansion, and that it shall recognize that *increase of population shall not justify* a demand either for increase of territory or for the compulsion of other nations to admit its emigrants; so that, when all nations in the League have shown their ability to live on their own resources without international rivalry, they will be in a position to fuse into an international federation, and territorial boundaries will then have little significance.' "

Of course, the Peace Conference ignored proposals so eccentric to the reigning order of ideas.

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# A Modern Mountebank

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND
Author of "Magic in the Making"

MOST people think of a "mountebank" as a mediæval performer, clad in doublet and hose, roaming from fair to fair over the swarming European roads of the Middle Ages. They would be surprised to learn that there are as many mountebanks today as ever. Doublet and hose has been superseded by a stiff shirt and dinner-coat —or by an evening gown—but the race of mountebanks is still flourishing. And the conditions under which the modern ones perform are essentially similar to those with which their mediæval predecessors were familiar.

A mountebank was an entertainer who performed by mounting a "bank," or bench; that is, he performed on a small impromptu stage, and was usually surrounded on all sides by his audience. His original haunt was the mediæval village square, or the inn-yard, or a busy corner in the city. Often he was a quack doctor, a tooth-puller, or a seller of some miraculous cure-all, and his entertainment was for the purpose of gathering the curious and the gullible. If he was a good entertainer he sometimes found it more profitable to pass the hat, and neglect the operation for which his entertainment was originally intended to be the prologue. Thus he became merely an entertainer, a sort of actor. And the term, mountebank, became applied to an entertainer who carried his act on his person, and who did not need any of the paraphernalia of the theatre. He may have been a singer of ballads, for which he accompanied himself on the lute or harp; he may have been a juggler, or a tumbler; or his act may have consisted of "grotesque dances and the swallowing of divers liquors of fire without hurt"—which performance has a most modern sound, although it is described in a rare and curious old book of 1654 called "Hocus-Pocus Junior." Whatever his act, he had to be prepared to perform under all sorts of circumstances and in all sorts of places, and he had to learn to depend upon himself alone. And it is in this re-

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spect that the modern mountebank most closely resembles his ancestor.

The lord's castle has become the home of the money baron. The wayside inn has become a hotel of two thousand rooms. The village fair has become the social of the Epworth League. But the mountebank is still in constant demand. And now, as in the past, the magician is one of the most prominent members of the clan.

For many years I have been a modern mountebank in the guise of an itinerant magician. I have performed on a stage and off a stage, indoors and out, in club-rooms, banquet-halls, and parlors, at dinners and at dances. If there is a profession extant that furnishes more entertainment for the entertainer, I cannot imagine what it can be. Queer experiences abound in my profession. And I think I have had my share of them. I cannot even remember all the unusual places at which I have given a "show." But there are some that I shall never forget.

Once I was sent by a charitably inclined person to give an entertainment at a home for women ex-convicts. The warden's words of advice were a real help, and were greatly appreciated. "Be sure," he said, "to use nothing of value in your performance. Do no tricks with money or jewellery. These women are all adepts at that work themselves!"

In an insane asylum I was told to give the performance as if the audience were normal. The inmates were a most appreciative audience and I gave no further thought to their being other than rational. At the conclusion the head attendant came and congratulated me on the bravery I had shown during the performance. This was my first thought of alarm, and in a panicky voice I asked: "What do you mean—bravery? I was told to act as if before a normal group."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied the doctor, "but we didn't know then that you would do the trick where those heavy steel hoops were passed around for examination. We didn't realize you were going to hand them something they could brain you with."

For a performance at an institute for the deaf it was necessary to learn their sign-language in order to explain the tricks. It was difficult to do tricks while talking with my hands, for every time anything was said my hands had actually to be empty. The audience was amused at my unwittingly making the same sign for both *d* and *f*. It was *diddicult* to believe I was not trying to use baby talk.

A Chinese club offered an engagement on the condition that the performance be in Cantonese. I cut my talk down to the minimum and then wrote in English the few necessary sentences. I had an interpreter translate and write these sentences in phonetics. There was little difficulty in memorizing the one-syllable words for the tricks, but learning the words for the introduction proved impossible. Therefore the interpreter was asked to write a new introduction and to make it as brief as he could. The new one was easy, it was so short. The audience met the introduction with laughter and applause, and with all confidence I finished the performance. Later the president of the club, a graduate of an English university, congratulated me on my work and particularly on my typical American manner. When asked to explain, he gave the introduction as an example. It seems that I had not said in the correct Chinese way how honored I was to appear before so august a body of gentlemen to offer my unworthy efforts. Neither did I mention the honor to my ancestors, nor how my descendants would always hold this day as the most momentous in the history of the family. No, instead, in my typical American way, I said: "Gentlemen, watch me. I am darned good." I had failed to inquire what the interpreter's short introduction meant.

Many of my engagements have been as a speaker at dinners given by various organizations and societies. I do a little conjuring as an interlude between the after-dinner speeches. Frequently at these dinners no mention is made of my being a magician, and some apparently serious and appropriate subject is assigned me. Talking on a subject of which one has no knowledge is about the same as talking in a language one does not understand. My tricks are to be brought casually into the talk. Of course to bankers a pseudo-serious speech can be easily made on international exchange, with coin tricks

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as illustrations. A talk can be given to an association of aniline-dye chemists while showing tricks with colored handkerchiefs. Even card tricks might be used to explain to a group of college psychologists some new theory about the workings of the mind. But what feasible excuse can be made to bring tricks into a talk before a lumber merchant's organization or before manufacturers of sanitary ice-boxes? To eliminate the chances of being caught in a situation where I could think of nothing to say, I worked out a stock speech which I was sure would fit every case. It was about quantity production which may be readily proved by magic. However, it had to be discarded at the very next dinner when I spoke before an association of directors of mothers' clubs.

Frequently I have performed in private homes, and I have sometimes had a rare insight into the character and home life of the socially prominent. Millions have little to do with the manners of boys! During my entertainment at a children's party in the mansion of one of the several richest men in the world, a young guest's behavior reached the point of being annoying to every one. One of the little hosts quietly spoke to him. "Bill, you just have to behave or you won't get any ice-cream and cake." At another wealthy home I asked the son of an overnight millionaire to assist in the performance by holding a pack of cards. He put his hands behind him and indignantly asked: "Whatcha tink I yam, a servant?" Both types are met among the grown-ups, too. One hostess announced before her guests that I had been noticed coming in the front door, though all of her regular staff were made to use the servants' entrance. In private she asked if she need pay for overtime in case her guests asked for an encore. Of quite the contrary sort was the host who insisted that no man with so high-sounding a title as *prestidigitator* could be permitted to leave before he had joined the other guests at supper. We get to know these people as only the servants and the family doctor ever know them.

Frequently I am requested to join a group and during or after dinner, or perhaps a dance, to entertain them. Often I am considered one of the guests, and have to keep secret the fact that I came as a paid entertainer. On one such occasion a guest asked the host my profession. The host gave either the first thing that came into his mind or else the work his guests would presumably know least about. He said I was government volcanologist at Hilo in Hawaii. It has since occurred to me that other jobs, satisfying the condition of being little known and yet easier to bluff, might have been chosen. There was no chance for reflection then, as I was too busy inventing details of my supposed work.

However, bluffing is no novelty to us, for it is strange how far some hosts go in their attempt to keep secret that they have hired an entertainer. Often they do this in an endeavor to make everything informal. With others it is a pose of fellowship with people of widely varying interests. One host had me escort his daughter to the dance, for who would dream of her going with a showman! Another man introduced me as a college mate, though he was at least twenty years my senior. Recalling incidents in the daughter's childhood and remembering the ways in which the history class cut up in Professor Wight's room made my preparations for my acts very hurried.

As in mediæval times, we must be constantly alert to seize the chance occurrences during our performances, and unfortunately chance is not always reliable. We have odd accidents. In one trick a large number of silk handkerchiefs were tightly rolled together and pushed down inside my waistcoat so as to be easily accessible for a later mysterious production. The handkerchiefs, having been produced, were being allowed to untwist when in amongst the colored silk I noticed a white linen handkerchief. Not needing this linen one, I started to pull it away from the rest, but not all of it was clear of my waistcoat. Nor could I pull it away, for it was part of my dress-shirt—the part only Chinese wear outside.

My most uncomfortable accident happened during a performance given in the community house of a suburban town. I was asked to do the trick of making myself vanish and reappear at the back of the auditorium. The correct method could not be used, as I had none of the

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paraphernalia with me. I devised a method whereby my stuffed overcoat would be believed to be me long enough for me to run around the building and come in the front door. The only door to the stage was in the proscenium arch in plain sight of the entire audience, but back-stage there was a window barely large enough to jump through. I planned to leave that way, as it was not far to the ground. By the time the performance began, a hard rain-storm started, but, nevertheless, at the proper time I jumped through the window. I did not know the rain-water was saved in a hogshead placed under the eaves—and under the window. My aim couldn't have been better if I had been aware of the tank, but the jump would have been made less quickly had I known of the cold rain-water. It ended well, for as I came down the aisle a man said loud enough for the hushed audience to hear: "Great guns! He must have come twenty miles to have gotten that wet!"

Rain customarily comes on the night of a special show, though never invited. At another town the roof of the hall leaked. The leak was right over the table upon which were laid the pack of cards, the silk handkerchiefs, and the box of chocolates, which were to be used later in my performance. When announced, I confidently went to the table to begin. I found the cards stuck together, the silks a wet mass with their colors all run, and the chocolates gooey. Coin tricks alone were shown that evening, and nothing was up my sleeves but rain-water.

Rain is, of course, the bugaboo of outdoor performances, but even on a glorious warm, cloudless day things may happen. Once I performed before a large number of Boy Scouts at their suburban camp. It was an excellent camp site, high and flat. But because of that flatness many could not see my show, for we all stood on the same level. The scoutmaster gave instructions to take down a tent and have the wooden floor held as a platform. The idea was admirable, and the twenty-five or thirty boys who held the platform felt privileged to be that much nearer the show. The performance went off nicely excepting for one interruption caused by the boys at the rear letting go to come around front for a better view. The platform went down with the sensation of an earthquake.

The most remarkable incident during any of my performances was an almost unbelievable coincidence. The audience was composed of a small group of men who, being in their own club, felt free to call back and forth to one another. I had just shown the trick of making each of several people choose the same card from the deck, although seemingly granted a free choice. As the applause stopped, one man called out: "Can you do that trick with any pack of cards?" The deck makes no difference to me, for they vary little, and I do not need prepared cards. So I said that I was quite willing to repeat the trick with any pack of cards. The man called for club cards. These had the club's seal printed on the backs. "Now," he challenged, "here is an unopened pack. Let's see you do the trick with it." To my amazement, on opening the wrapper I found every card was an ace of hearts. It wouldn't happen once in a million packs. That trick became a positive miracle.

It is amusing—the way people come to us with their original ideas for entertainments. These ideas are always imparted in a hushed voice, after a promise of inviolable secrecy has been extracted. It would be poor business to explain that these ideas are not new, and, besides, there are so very few novelties in giving entertainments that near novelties are welcome. Then, too, the mere fact of others' having the same thought shows its appropriateness and speaks well for its success. The inspiration of having a magician for a Hallowe'en party is often encountered. "You know, one always connects that night with ghosts, and hobgoblins, and mysteries! And it would be so novel to have a magician perform actual mysteries." At another time of year we are approached with: "I want to hire you for April 1. What could be better than a magician for an All Fools' Day party?" By wheedling these patrons into arranging to have our part of the programme at a particular hour, we often give three or four shows in one evening to different parties whose hostesses have at last thought up something new.

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We enjoy entering into the spirit of the occasion, and do our best to follow whatever plans are made. At times, however, some of these may be trying. One night it was decided I was to dress and make up as an East Indian. The hostess did not devise this programme until just before my arrival. She hurriedly ransacked the house and had everything necessary for my complete disguise, including make-up. The costume, while too small, I didn't mind; but the make-up supplied was objectional. At least it was objectional as make-up, for it was Johnson's Penetrating Wood Dye. At a number of performances thereafter I had to go as a gradually fading Hindu.

We seldom actually suffer, however, through thoughtlessness, for as a rule every one is very considerate. The inconsiderate thing we mind is being not allowed to give our performance at the time designated. It means that in the suburbs we sometimes have to wait three or four hours for a train. At times in the smaller towns we wait in the snow or rain with only a shed for cover. In the city I have been hired with the understanding that I was to begin at nine o'clock. At nine all the guests had not arrived, so I was asked to wait. Several did not come until just before ten, and then some amateur lecturer talked until eleven-thirty. He was not being paid for his work, so of course he could not be asked to wait. Refreshments were served until twelve-fifteen, when I actually began. Providence has mercifully provided few thoughtless hostesses, and anyway it is all in the magician's night's work.

In one suburban town I missed the eleven o'clock train by the fraction of a minute. The chairman had misplaced my check. The next train was two-eight. I went resignedly into the station to serve my three-hour sentence, and settled myself as comfortably as I could. After a short while the station-master came out of the ticket-office and told me he had to go home and wanted to lock up. I protested at being put out in the cold to wait for the train, and he asked if I thought he was going to stay up all night to keep me warm. We finally made a dicker whereby he would leave me in charge of the station and I was to leave my magazine behind when I left. As the train whistled, I put the magazine on the ticket-window, turned out the lights, locked the station, and put the key under the mat.

The late hours I am forced to keep coupled with the small black-leather box of tricks under my arm leads to a great deal of suspicion and a little expectation. During the week of police watchfulness after a crime wave, I was walking in a restricted neighborhood from the house where my performance had been given. A voice behind me demanded: "Stand still! Put up your hands! Let's see that box." The owner of the voice was a policeman. The contents of the box were minutely examined and proved more suspicious than the box itself. Under a street-lamp I gave part of my show to allay the cop's suspicion, and then had to very nearly finish it to satisfy his curiosity.

Another policeman astonished me as I was leaving a private entertainment with the greeting: "Sure and wasn't it too bad, doctor, just the night of the party to have some one taken sick."

That black box helped to place me in a very different rôle one night on the last city-bound train. As I sat in the empty car, I was folding the colored handkerchiefs and long ribbons used that evening. Both the handkerchiefs and ribbons had been knotted many times. I had to untie these knots before putting the silk away in the box. The conductor collected my ticket just as I was busy picking knots from bright-colored silk handkerchiefs. He stood and watched me a minute. A little later he walked by and again asked for my ticket. Before I could reply, he said: "Oh, yes, you gave it to me, didn't you?" A third time he stopped and asked: "You were the one that gave me the ticket, weren't you?" Each time he stood by the seat a minute. As I was the only one in the car, I thought he must be mildly insane. It never occurred to me that he might think I was. The next time the conductor came through the car he brought the brakeman with him, and they both stood just behind me and whispered. By that time I had folded the ribbons and handkerchiefs and put them away, and had begun to go over five hundred small numbered

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cards. These cards were in order at the start of one of the tricks, but became mixed during the trick, so I was again arranging them in order. To do this I laid the cards out first in piles of fifty, and then put each pile in numerical order. After a few piles were laid out, the brakeman slapped the conductor on the back and exclaimed: "Oh, he's all right! It's some sort of a new-fangled solitaire he's playing."

The chairmen of entertainment committees are as interesting a class of people as I have ever met. They are almost invariably chosen because of their popularity, and also, seemingly, because of a couple of ideas common to them all. The first is that problems concerning the entertainment will work out automatically before the appointed day, and the few remaining details can be easily taken care of then. The second idea commonly held is that a chairman must not address the gathering in his natural manner. The one completely lacking a sense of humor must be funny. The quiet man must make all introductions in an inflated eloquent style. The following examples are typical:

The chairman had asked his two assistants to arrange to bring one entertainer each. The entertainment was given by the Men's Club for the Boy Scouts. One man brought a most interesting travelogue lecturer, and the other man had arranged with me. The chairman was told our respective programmes and our names as we were introduced to him. He failed to inquire which was the lecturer and which was the magician, and it did not occur to any one to tell him. When the audience, the combined Scout troops of the city, were seated, the chairman, the lecturer, and I took seats on the platform. As is often the case with a modern mountebank, all appurtenances for my tricks were in my pockets, and the lecturer likewise had no distinguishing marks. The chairman believed, unknown to us, that I was the lecturer. He merely said in introducing me: "Boys, this is Mr. Mulholland, who will talk to you." When my tricks were finished the chairman, still believing the other chap to be a magician, said: "Well, boys, you surely are in luck to-night, for I know you haven't had enough magic. I didn't know the first gentleman knew tricks, too. Now I introduce another magician, Mr. Brown." The boys lost most of Mr. Brown's talk because they were concentrating on his gestures, expecting a trick to happen at any moment.

When introducing a magician, many a chairman, whose humor is not a gift of nature, prophesies the instant disappearance of all valuables held by the audience. This idea of warning every one to hold tight to his wealth because a magician is present is something for which I cherish hatred.

Lack of humor is not nearly so bad as lack of preparation. The man who extemporaneously gives a detailed outline of his organization during his introduction usually leaves stranded both the audience and the entertainer. In this introduction one chairman left us all wondering how the programme was to start. "Ladies and Gentlemen: To-night we Valleyrock residents are gathered together in the Valleyrock Community Church. As so many of you know, a number of men of the town formed a men's club several years ago. This club is connected with the Valleyrock Community Church, and so we call it the Valleyrock Community Church Men's Club. The club holds several entertainments a year and at one of the entertainments ladies are invited. To-night is that night. It is the Valleyrock Community Church Men's Club Ladies' Night Entertainment. I am sure that you will enjoy the evening, for I am told that all the entertainers are quite good. Oh, yes—and one more word—may we see you all again next year."

People get pleasure from our performances, and we enjoy meeting people. The people change, but the work varies but little. To-night I make my annual appearance before a young people's club of a local church. My tricks will all be different from those I performed last year, and the club will have many new members, but the magician's job will be the same. I shall use the same methods, and the audience will respond in the same ways, as at the other performances. In fact, my methods to-night will be those of the mountebank conjurer of hundreds

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of years ago, and just as surely to-night's audience will react as did those audiences of the past. And I wonder, were it possible for one of my mediæval predecessors to be present on this occasion, if he would not shake hands with me across the years, and join his loathing to mine as our ears catch the familiar words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Before introducing our entertainer, let me warn you with just this word of advice—watch your watches!—Mr. Mulholland."

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# A Death in the Stadium

BY ROBERT NATHAN

MY friend approached me with these words: "How are you?" Before I could reply, he exclaimed: "I am on my way to attend the public death of Principus, the great actor, at the stadium. Come, we will go together, for it is sure to be an interesting spectacle." And he added: "He was the greatest actor in the world."

I turned and went with him, for I had heard of this affair. Indeed, it seemed as if the whole city were hurrying in that direction; nevertheless, we managed to squeeze ourselves into the subway. As we jogged slowly up-town, with many stops and waits, my friend told me a little more about Principus, whose death was convulsing the entire nation. "He was a great lover," said my friend; "he always played the part of the hero. Now he is dying; with a showman's instinct, and also in order to provide for his family, he has determined to die in public, comforted during his last moments by the groans of his admirers."

It was a peaceful evening; the roof-tops of the city towered upward into the sky stained by the sunset and lighted by a few pale stars. The great actor lay dying in a field ordinarily given over to prize-fights or baseball, and rented for this occasion; the seats which rose in concrete tiers all about him were entirely filled, while crowds of men and women at the gates gazed with gloomy interest at the ushers, who gazed back at them with a lofty expression.

After some delay, due to the crowds, we bought our tickets, and also two small straw mats to sit on, and ascended to our seats. Next to us sat an Englishman, an acquaintance of my friend's. "How do you do?" he said; "this is extraordinary."

The death-bed was in the centre of the field, under a bright light, and surrounded by doctors, nurses, reporters, and newspaper photographers. We were a little late; when we arrived, the mayor had already been there: assisted by the doctors, he had given Principus the first injection of strychnine, after which he had retired amid applause. Thereafter the dying man had received visits from the Fire Commissioner, a committee from the Actor's Equity, three State senators, and a Mr. Cohen, of Hollywood. The President of the United States had been invited, and had sent a small cake.

The audience gazed at the dying man with anxious enthusiasm. Now and then a sigh, like a gust of wind on a hill, rippled up and down the aisles where venders of lemonade, peanuts, sausages, and pennants moved about, calling their wares. On the pennants, which were arranged with black mourning borders, were printed the names of the most important plays in which Principus had taken the part of hero. Spectators bought their favorites, and waved them at the dying man.

"Ah!" they cried. "Oh!"

"Principus."

"Don't let them kill you."

And they shouted advice, interspersed with jeers at the doctors.

Suddenly, in the row in front of us, a man stood up, and turned around to glare

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at me. "I am a friend of his," he exclaimed with energy. "I am also a member of the Rotary Club of Syracuse, N. Y. Who are you pushing?"

"Nobody," I answered firmly; and after some hesitation he sat down again.

The Englishman gave me a gloomy glance. "The trouble with America," he said, "is that you do nothing original. This reminds me of the ancient festivals at Rome under Diocletian. You are always borrowing something. Why don't you strike out for yourself?"

He had hardly finished speaking when a woman rose in her seat in a far corner of the stadium, gave a scream and fell forward on her face. At once there was a rush for her, she was lifted up, examined by some police matrons, photographed, and her name and address taken; after which she was carried out, with an expression of satisfaction on her face. A moment later, in another part of the great circle, another woman repeated this performance. She also was photographed and carried out, looking very pleased. As a result of this incident, all over the stadium women rose screaming, and fell in various attitudes, some with their noses pointed to the sky, others on their stomachs. These, however, were left where they fell, and presently got up again and sat down, waving their flags.

"You Americans," said the Briton, "you are like everybody else. Why should I watch this sort of thing, which was done very much better by the Druids in England centuries ago?" And leaning forward with a strained expression, he shouted: "Look here, are you going to die, or not?"

The sick actor lay gazing at his public with weary eyes. In the bright light above his bed, he looked pale and thin; I wondered how it felt to die. The doctors moved anxiously about the bedside, conferring with the nurses and with each other; but they did not seem to agree with each other, or to notice the cheers with which the audience greeted each bulletin, regardless of its content.

An hour later extras were for sale in the aisles. "Woman Swoons at Principus Death," shouted the newsboys. "All about the big death." These editions already had photographs of the first woman to faint, whose pet name was Pinky. The Englishman bought one.

"We also," he observed, "have women in England.

"They have also been known to faint."

The man in front of us looked back at him angrily. "This is the largest death," he said, "there has ever been."

"It is a triumph," agreed my friend.

All at once a hush fell upon the stadium. All eyes were directed at the doctors; huddled around the bedside of the dying actor, they made it plain by their expressions that a crisis had arrived. The audience held its breath; the lemonade-venders were silent. At last the head doctor stepped back, and held up his hand. Pale, but with a noble look, he exclaimed: "He will live."

A few cheers broke out, but they were immediately drowned in a storm of hisses. Men and women rose to their feet; flags were waved, peanuts, sausages, and pop bottles were hurled at the doctors and at the dying man. "We want to see him die," shouted the crowds who had bought tickets for this event. Led by the two women who had been photographed, they broke into jeers and catcalls.

"Cowards," they shrieked; "idiots."

"Let us have some new doctors."

The dying man raised himself wearily; he seemed to be searching for the sky, already dark with night. His eyes scanned with amazement the stormy sea of faces around him and above him. The desire of so many people for his death descended upon him in an overwhelming compulsion, fell upon him in an irresistible wave; with a sigh he lay down and died. At once flash-lights went off, a procession was formed with Pinky at the head, and pieces of the bed were broken off for souvenirs. Several men threw their hats into the air; and an old woman who happened to fall down in the excitement, was trampled upon.

"We also die in England," said the Englishman bitterly. "Can't you be original?"

And he went home, first stopping to buy a small piece of cotton cloth from the death-sheet of Principus, the world's greatest lover.

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# AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

*LEAD us not into temptation.* This phrase, which is repeated every day by millions of people, is not clear. What does it mean?

Professor Charles C. Torrey, a three-dimensional scholar (Hebrew, Greek, Early Church History), once furnished me with a possible explanation, though conjectural. "I don't believe, myself, that the original (Aramaic) meant what our too literal Greek means. There is another passage, Matt. 26:41 (and Mark 14:38, Luke 22:46), which I think should be taken in connection with the words in the Lord's Prayer. 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation' is too general, too weak, for the situation; as more than one commentator has remarked, though no one has suggested any other meaning of the words (no other is possible in the Greek). I think that the original was: 'Awake, and pray *not to be overcome* in the trial (which is at hand),' *i. e.*, pray for strength to stand against the coming test—which, in fact, proved too much for them. In the Lord's Prayer we certainly have the same verb, in the causative stem; meaning (as I think) 'Let us not *be overcome* by temptation.'"

I have just received an interesting letter from Charles W. Keppel, Columbia, '27:

I have been working on the sentence in the Lord's Prayer, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," in the attempt to get *satisfactory* meaning out of it. I write to ask if the following seems convincing to you.

"Lead us not into temptation" may mean either, "Let us not be tempted," or "Let us not be overcome by temptation." I am in favor of the latter interpretation, because Christ, in Matthew XXVI, 41, says, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into (that is to say, that ye do not act upon) temptation," and in Luke XXII, 32, says, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." In both cases there is no thought at all that temptation may be withheld. The attitude is that it will come as certainly as rain will come, only when it does, may one be prepared to thwart or shed it.

An analysis of the sentence would make it seem sensible to substitute an "and" for "but" (leaving out the first "and," and capitalizing "l" in "lead"), thereby making the two petitions distinct. For they *should* be distinct. People may be in two conditions. One is when they have an *opportunity* to avoid or commit sin; the other is when they have *already sinned*. What I think Jesus wanted was to have people feel that in whichever state they happened to be, there was a special and pertinent utterance for them in the prayer.

I asked Professor Torrey to comment on this letter:

I agree with this man's interpretation, as you know, but am unable to demonstrate its correctness.

It *cannot possibly be obtained from the Greek*, the reading of which is perfectly certain, both in the Lord's Prayer and in Matt. 26:41. The Greek means exactly what is expressed in our English version; and there never was any other Greek reading. So also Luke 11:4.

But both Matt. and Lk. were translated from the Aramaic language, and there is some ground for thinking that the verb in the original may have permitted not only the rendering found in our Greek but also the one suggested by your correspondent, "be overcome." This, however, is mere conjecture, based on slender evidence.

I cannot see that "and" is an improvement over "but." Either one makes good sense, to be sure, and the second clause can be understood in more than one way.

In Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book," the old Pope makes a fine allusion to this difficult phrase, which drew from Stevenson this comment:

It is lawful to pray that we be not led into temptation; but not lawful to skulk from those that come to us. The noblest passage in one of the noblest books of the century is where the old Pope glories in the partial fall and but imperfect triumph of the younger hero.



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Another passage in the Gospel which no one has ever satisfactorily explained is Pilate's famous question:

*What is truth?*

A letter dated April 9, from Howard Lassen, New Haven:

A logical explanation, and possibly a spiritual one as well, came to me as I meditated upon it. It is this: when a person asks a question, he ordinarily manifests two things: that he does not know the answer, and that he invites an explanation. If this is applicable to the case of Pilate, then he manifests, first, that he does not know what truth is, in its broadest, purest sense, and, secondly, that he manifests a desire, or it may be merely an interest, to hear truth expounded by so spiritual a teacher as Jesus. But I believe this desire to hear Jesus was curtailed by his previous wincing under Jesus' trenchant observation, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" Therefore, by subsequently rudely obstructing Jesus' reply, Pilate openly condemns Jesus and the Truth, and takes his seat with the scornful.

Does not this seem to conform with logic and also with the trend of human obduracy?

What was the expression on Pilate's face and the tone of his voice as he uttered that question? Bacon, in his famous essay, wrote "What is truth? said jesting Pilate." But he surely was not jesting. He may have been indifferent or impatient, but he was not jocose. Yet in the mystery plays, which Bacon knew as well as Shakespeare, Pilate was sometimes represented as a jester; and I myself feel certain that just as Shakespeare got his Herod (in "Hamlet") from the stage and not from the Bible, Bacon took his Pilate from the same source.

Pilate was a Roman, a practical politician, with a Roman's and a politician's contempt for abstract theory. He was a little nettled and possibly dismayed that Jesus, in this terrible emergency, should talk about truth. "You don't want the truth. Don't you see that you are in mortal peril? What you want is a practical scheme to get you out of this fix." For it is plain that Pilate admired the composure of Jesus, and wanted to save him from the mob.

Some one said, "though somewhat profanely," that even God himself could not answer Pilate's question.

I find among my papers a very interesting letter from the late Professor Henry A. Beers, written in August, 1924. He had been reading something I had written on the Bible, and he wrote:

It happened that I was occupying the same cottage at Chatham that I had occupied in 1917. The lady who owns the shebang has a library consisting of four volumes; two copies of the Bible, a book about Cape Cod, and the biography of a whilom missionary and sea captain. In 1917 I read the book of Job. This summer I was reading Isaiah when your commentary arrived. I have been intrigued like you, about those words of Pilate, "What is truth?" I do not believe, in spite of Bacon, that they were spoken in jest. It may be that the translation ought to run "What is the truth?" *i. e.* "What is the truth in this particular case? the truth which you say you have come into the world to teach?" But if the translation, as we have it, is idiomatically correct, may not Pilate have meant something like this: "You say you have come to preach the truth, but what *is* truth? Truth, my young friend, is a hard thing to discover. Here are the Jews who believe in Jehovah, and who want me to crucify you: and there are my countrymen who believe in Jove; and the philosophers and poets of Greece and their Roman followers who don't believe any popular mythology or theology. There is Plato *e. g.* and there is Lucretius who thinks the universe a concourse of fortuitous atoms, etc. I tell you, my young friend, truth is hard to come at."

Every one ought to read "Jesus, Man of Genius," by J. Middleton Murry, although no one will agree with everything in the book, and I think the author will modify some of his statements. The Fourth Gospel cannot nowadays be airily dismissed, for there is good ground for believing that it was written before 75 A. D. and in Palestine. It is closer to Our Lord's personality than any of the Synoptics. I advise Mr. Murry to read his fellow countryman's (Lord Charnwood) fine book, "According to St. John." And Mr. Murry's attitude toward the mother of Jesus is absurd—"his mother and his brothers had gone over to the enemy" (p. 98). But it is a deeply reverent and in many respects a beautiful book, and whatever the author may call himself, he

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is through and through Christian, if by Christian we mean a believer in and follower of the Master.

Among the new volumes of verse I particularly recommend "Sonnets" by Amory Hare. Forty pages of real poetry. Also anything and everything by the Canadian poet, Wilson MacDonald, especially "Out of the Wilderness."

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, our popular and well-beloved American novelist, has in "Lost Ecstasy" produced her best book; and yet I am certain that she has the ability to write a better one, and that she will verify my statement. She is a born story-teller; her prodigious vogue is well earned, because her name on the title-page guarantees enjoyment and excitement to the reader. Mrs. Rinehart believes that the foundation of a play or a novel should be a good fable; as Mrs. Sidney Miller declared in her high-school graduation essay, the novelist should tell a story. Most of them do not, for the simple reason that they have no power of invention. When a novelist is unable to write a story, he will do one of two things to attract attention: he will either try to write clever dialogue and description or he will write smut, making a living off filth just as respectably as a landlord in a red-light district. Many American readers hesitate to buy any new novel to-day, because they have a well-grounded fear that it will either be devoid of interest as a story or that it will be unfit to read. And it is impossible to tell, from many newspaper book reviews, whether the story is either interesting or respectable. I have seen books seriously praised in newspaper reviews that have exactly the same relation to the art of the novel that chalk-drawings and verses on fences have to sculpture and literature.

Now Mrs. Rinehart always has a good story, and while she is not squeamish, for if anybody knows what men and women really are she does, she has not found it necessary to descend to filth in order to attract attention. She apparently believes that eyes should be treated as respectfully as ears.

"Lost Ecstasy" has the dramatic contrast between the complexities and refinements and affectations of fashionable society and the raw life of the desert. Furthermore, Mrs. Rinehart is justified in having her young Philadelphia million-heiress fall in love with a penniless cowboy, and in having the wild centaur fall in love with her. New sensations are arresting; unlike calls to unlike. The reason I cannot hail this admirable story as an impeccable masterpiece is that the contrast between the lovers and the society they represent is too grossly obvious; she is so perfectly the type of the child of fashion, he is so perfectly the "strong, silent man" of the motion-pictures. There is a lack here of subtleties and of shades; but there is no lack of knowledge. Mrs. Rinehart knows her Eastern society and her ranch, and the men and women who live in both. Furthermore, although philosophy and analysis are purposely made subordinate to the narrative, there is plenty of shrewd observation of human nature. I suspect that some who sniff at this novel would be glad to have written it. Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands will enjoy it.

If the young writer, Mr. Charles Rumford Walker, who himself went from the refinements of civilization to the hell of underground steel, had only one-tenth of Mrs. Rinehart's ability to create a plot, what a novelist he might be! He has just published "Bread and Fire," which purports to be a novel; it is well written, is stamped all over with brains, is filled with acute observation of men and things, and sound reflections thereupon, but on this solid foundation there is no structure. Thomas Hardy's novels are full of meat, as are the plays of Shakespeare; but in both what wonderful stories!

As a contrast, take Mary Roberts Rinehart and Virginia Woolf. What would Charles Lamb do if he had to write "Tales from Virginia Woolf"?

"Twilight Sleep," by the accomplished Edith Wharton, naturally exhibits her deft hand, her skill in portraiture, her aristocratic literary style, her architectural powers; but it resembles one of her previous books, "The Custom of the Country," in being somewhat overdrawn. Suppose a visitor from a far country should have obtained his notion

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of American small-town life from "Main Street," of city life from "Babbitt," of the medical profession from "Arrowsmith," of evangelical ministers from "Elmer Gantry," of fashionable society in New York from "Twilight Sleep," what kind of a hell-hole would he imagine America to be?

Mrs. Wharton's protagonist is a good satirical portrait of a woman who leads society and who is herself led by her activities. The fads and catchwords of Vanity Fair are all here, but what a collection of puppets! They resemble the wooden men and women walking on the street, as beheld by the stoker in "The Hairy Ape." They are restless, but they are without life.

Mrs. Wharton's masterpiece is still "The Age of Innocence."

To those in search of a good novel, written with wit and subtle suggestions, and ending with melodrama, I recommend Phyllis Bottome's "The Belated Reckoning." Those who have been in Taormina will enjoy it doubly; Americans who have not been there will be glad they live in America.

With characteristic breadth of view, the Oxford Press publishes an English translation of "From Bismarck to the World War, a History of German Foreign Policy, 1870–1914," by Erich Brandenburg, professor at Leipzig. Nearly every nation in the world thoroughly believes in war, and glorifies it in every possible manner; yet every nation tries to fasten the responsibility for starting it on some other nation. Logically, one ought to be proud of the initiative.

It is so seldom one sees an unashamed Conservative in these liberal days that I recommend as piquant reading "The Last Victorians," by Arthur A. Baumann, who saw, heard, and had a personal acquaintance with all the Parliamentary figures from 1875 to 1925. "I am a Victorian Tory, naked and unashamed. I make no pretence to impartiality, or attempt to defend my prejudices. . . . Everything done after 1906 is for me a step on the easy slope that leads unlimited democracy to its nadir of helplessness and corruption."

A book of extraordinary interest is "Henry Jackson, O.M.," by R. St. John Parry, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Jackson was Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and was a personality. His letters are particularly charming, and the portion of the book called "Obiter Scripta" is filled with good things. Those who are afflicted with the Baconian insanity, and those who cannot understand how Shakespeare knew Latin, will find the last pages informing and inspiring.

I strongly recommend "The Mind of Rome," edited by Cyril Bailey. It gives in one volume and in English translations an excellent idea of the entire range of Latin literature, as R. W. Livingstone's "Pageant of Greece" does for the greater literature of Athens. Sparta spent all her time and energy in "preparedness" and produced no literature.

An exceedingly valuable list of scholarly reprints of English masterpieces has just appeared in New York, called "The English Replicas," being faithful reproductions in words and typography of the first editions of John Donne's "Anniversaries," William Collins's "Odes," Shakespeare's "Sonnets," Milton's "Minor Poems," Wordsworth's and Coleridge's "Lyrical Ballads," and William Blake's "Poetical Sketches."

Waldo R. Browne had a happy inspiration when he decided to collect, arrange, and publish the various editions of P. T. Barnum's autobiographies. Here we have in one convenient volume "Barnum's Own Story. The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum, combined and condensed from the various editions published during his lifetime." Repetitions are omitted, and suppressed passages restored. This is fascinating reading, and I record my gratitude both to Barnum and to his judicious editor. The death of Barnum's wife, in June, 1927, came as a fresh reminder of the ever-living showman.

S. W. Merrihew, the editor of *American Lawn Tennis*, which is as near an ideal magazine as human effort will allow, arrived in New Haven, and, partnered with Professor Frey, defeated Dean Charles Warren and me in a long match. He talks, writes, and plays with skill and tact. Shortly after his visit the son and daughter of another great tennis authority,

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Doctor Dwight, visited our club, and had a glorious contest with Professor John Gee and me. These tennis specialists exhibit the fruits of the spirit. There are many persons who would benefit more by earnest participation in sport than by anything else.

During the commencement festivities at Yale I had the pleasure of seeing for the first time "Coriolanus," by William Shakespeare. It was given under the able and inspiring direction of Edgar Montillion Woolley, and all the parts were taken by undergraduates. The title rôle was played by Hannibal Hamlin, great-grandson of the Vice-President. In one respect these student performances are superior to those given by professionals—in the group scenes. We know to our sorrow what a Shakespearian army looks like on the professional stage: a dozen of fat, middle-aged, unrehearsed supes. But in student performances one can employ two hundred slender, graceful, athletic youths, and drill them thoroughly, so that they and their evolutions are a delight to the eye. The great actor, Walter Hampden, who expects to play "Coriolanus" next season, came from New York to see this presentation, and expressed himself in the heartiest praise. Of the thirty-seven plays of Shakespeare, I have seen all but eight —three of the eight are the three parts of "Henry VI."

Into the Faery Queene Club come Professor and Mrs. George H. Denton, of Tsing Hua College, Peking. He read it when studying under George Woodberry at Columbia, she at Goucher. They belong to a Chinese society which in extraordinary session has passed a resolution congratulating Australia on the choice of the name of the capital of that commonwealth —Kangaroo. "The kangaroo, being a marsupial, can bear her young. The above society, as you may be aware, is of comparatively recent origin. Its motto is 'Honi soit qui mal y puns.' Over the door of its meeting-place we see 'Spare answers chi entrate qui.'"

Miss Mary Eloise Bauder, of Sebastopol, Calif., aged sixteen, has finished reading the poem, and writes: "I consider the time spent as some of the happiest and most useful and instructive hours of my life."

Albany College, Albany, Ore., comes in with flying colors: Professor R. E. Baker, Professor Elizabeth Irvine, who informs me that she has read the entire poem three times, and in her class five students qualify—Mildred H. Coie, Lucille Shepherd, Lucille Holman, Edna Logan, Merlyn Young.

The Fano Club adds to its list E. Haxby, of New Rochelle, N. Y., and William S. Wallace, Yale, '26.

A recent Yale graduate, Day Tuttle, writes me from Greece:

> We motored to Marathon in the rain, and then on to Cape Sunium, where nine or ten of the columns of the Temple of Poseidon still stand, white and inviolable. It was sunset and far to the northeast stretched the reaches of the Ægean, blurred by silver slashes marking the outlines of the nearer Cyclades. To the southeast we could faintly make out the mountains of the Peloponnesus. At our feet, two hundred of them below the cliff, the winds and currents from the Eubœan strait met and battled with the waves of the main body of the sea.
>
> Suddenly to our left between the columns of the pronaos of the temple, still a glistening white, the sea turned from the deep, rich blue, crinkled in tiny wavelets like the Botticelli birth of Venus, to a pervasive, deep violet and then to another shade almost crimson, but surely a cross between crimson and violet or lavender. This color was made even plainer to the eye if one bent one's head and directed one's eyes through the interstices between the columns at an angle approaching the vertical.
>
> Surely this was what Homer meant when he wrote of the "wine-dark sea." I always thought the term was purely fictitious, or at least epictitious, until the other night, when we became convinced the Grand Old Man was writing whereof he knew.
>
> The sun was behind us; and the flat haze of violet-crimson was a reflected light thrown down on the waters from the rosy clouds banked in the east.

Colonel Osborn's letter on Lever and my list of the twelve best novels have both called out responses from all over the world. In the Los Angeles *Saturday Night* for April 9, the editor, Sam T.

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Clover, gives some interesting nominations for the list of best novels.

Here are two interesting letters on Emerson. Thomas Sergeant Perry, in response to my request, writes: "I wonder if any one knew him well, as men commonly know one another. I certainly did not, though I saw him several times, first as a boy of 10 when I saw him lecture and he looked like his early portrait, long, lean, lank but with the face of a communicative angel; then in 1862, a Freshman taken to the shrine by his son, a classmate. I had written in *Harvard Magazine* an *éreintement* of a sub-Emerson, David Wasson; R. W. E. said erroneously I did it to show off, but he never was a sound critic; then when I was a tutor, he came to my room on some vaguely understood overseer business. A friend of mine, a senior, was in my room who, I told him, fell on his belly with awe and wriggled from the room like a serpent, for there was, with all his simplicity, his habit of rocking, of eating pie, of coddling each elbow with the other hand, an aura of greatness that was most imposing. Every one felt it. He and Monet—very unlike—gave me the impression of greatness—it's a splendid feeling. Then soon after our marriage L. and I paid a visit to R. W. E. and I could give you details of his talk (about Swinburne *e. g.*) if writing were easier. Then I heard his lectures (though earlier) at Harvard College, and in Boston, the first *de omnibus rebus*."

Mary Sinton Leitch, of Lynnhaven, Va., who has written much admirable poetry, called one of her volumes "The Waggon and the Star." The late Charles Woodbury, of California, told her that Emerson did not mean that phrase as idealistic, which was news to her (and to me). She writes:

> Mr. Woodbury was an associate and student with Emerson in the Concord School of Philosophy, and was one of the few, if not the only, remaining member of that group. He wrote what I am about to quote in October 1923. He said:
>
> "The title (he refers to The Waggon and the Star) has a lustre imparted to it by the poet herself. Mr. Emerson's conception of this commonly misunderstood phrase was not ideal but industrial—offspring of his shrewd Yankee common sense. One day I inquired of him about it. After searching a moment, he handed me a leaf on which was written: 'I admire the skill which on the seashore makes the waves turn wheels and grind corn; makes the moon drive the tides like so many hired hands to grind and wind and pump and saw and split stone and roll iron. Now that is the best wisdom of a man in every instance of his labor to hitch his wagon to a star and see his chores done by the heavenly forces themselves.'"

Now I for one will not admit Emerson's right to interpret his own saying for me in this way! I won't let him rob me of a precious possession. In fact, so much do I hate to have a practical meaning injected into this saying that has always seemed to me one of the most idealistic in our literature, that I feel almost guilty in telling you about it, and perhaps spoiling it for you. But the whole incident is so interesting I could not keep it to myself any longer.

Mr. Clayton Crawford sends me this exquisite typographical error from Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer:* "The Missionary Sisters of the Sacred *Hearst.*"

Commenting on the *Ignoble Prize nominations* of "Ye Shoppe," etc., Mr. Crawford says there is a large sign over a Seattle filling-station, "Ye Gasse Shoppe." A visitor said it reminded him of a cafeteria he had seen called "Ye Helpy Selfy."

From Philip Leslie Shutt, of Cedar Falls, Iowa: Morley's "Thunder on the Left." He has made a "patchwork quilt which even in the best regulated families will fall off the bed in winter and leave you in the cold. I liked his 'Parnassus on Wheels' and 'The Haunted Bookshop' much better."

From H. C. Camp, of Alameda, Calif.: The Overworked Preposition. "In the otherwise-well-regulated *Sat. Eve. Post, Collier's*, and the reprehensible *Liberty* I found nineteen in the current issues."

From Professor Dwight Chapman, of DePauw University: The expression "become a mother," in such uses as this: "She was about to become a mother for the second time." "As one mother once said to me, 'Once a mother, always a mother.'"

From Miss Gwynne J. Witt, of Waco, Texas. The noun *complex.* "I would cherish the permission to bury the word—completely boxed—bury it at sea this summer as I sail the high seas toward Italy."

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From Mrs. W. S. Case, of Hartford, Conn.: The noun *human*. "Used most frequently in the plural—do you find any authority for it? I have looked this up in Fowler, and he doesn't even mention this atrocious new use of human. Yet I find even Mr. Galsworthy, who is so delicate and finished in his use of English as to be almost dainty, doing this dreadful thing. You come upon it in the most unexpected places, and it always makes me shrink away—humans, instead of human beings, men and women, individuals—do let me know if there is any justification for this." I hereby excommunicate the word, and all who use it hereafter will do so at their peril.

From Frank W. Clancy, of Santa Fe: "In the last issue of *The American Mercury*, is a somewhat interesting article by W. A. S. Douglas, and . . . I find the following: 'Waiting on us was a girl whose features would have *intrigued* Gibson.'"

From the accomplished columnist of the Sioux City *Journal*. *Very*. Alas, I am in this respect a very terrible sinner. I agree that the adjective is almost always stronger without the adverbial ally.

This same columnist gives a splendid illustration of the punishment that sometimes falls on those who use the horrible word *gotten*. A man telegraphed to his wife: "Have gotten tickets for theatre." The operator sent the message: "Have got ten tickets for theatre." She showed up with eight friends. Served him right!

From a Bostonian. *Lloyd Morris's book on Hawthorne*. "Besides this bad taste, such a low tone of intelligence, always trying to be smart. He ought to be deprived of ink and paper. The English will find it hard to be polite to him."

From a lady in New Haven. "The newspaper-magazine-candy-tobacco-book-chewing-gum-man who is permitted to go through Pullman cars every three minutes shouting out his wares, waking those who are asleep and irritating those who are awake."

After reading a number of modern novels, which I emphatically do not recommend, I find a certain monotony of intention. They all seem determined to take the Freude out of life and substitute Freud in its place.

Those who believe the surest sign of intellectual superiority is the mannerism of contempt, should remember a sentence written by Alfred De Vigny: "Il n'y a pas un homme qui ait le droit de mépriser les hommes."

Nearly all publications have typographical errors except the Authorized Version of the Bible and railway time-tables.

One reason ministers of the gospel are so constantly criticised unfavorably is because of their willingness to co-operate in community efforts both in war and peace. Those who never try to help are never attacked; they are not even defended.

The miracles of the Old Testament are often repeated in our day. Take the widow's cruse (I Kings 17 : 14) and compare its lasting qualities with one cruse of prewar stuff.

Solemnity is often regarded as a sign of cerebration; but there is sometimes true wisdom in laughter. We say the owl looks wise—he merely looks grave.

Why is it that a tailor is usually eager to please his men-clients, while a dressmaker tyrannizes over her woman-customers and treats them with royal disdain? This is a pretty question and might lead to much speculation.

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# THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WHEN I first travelled in Spain, back in the nineties, El Greco was a distinctive and generously recognized but not precisely towering figure in the literature of art. Criticism took appreciative account of him but did not lose sight of his limitations. Velasquez was the unchallenged occupant of the throne in Spanish painting. I can remember so well in what superb isolation he loomed in the Prado. El Greco played his part there and played it well, but he was unmistakably a very different sort of luminary. Since then I have seen the difference magnified in divers quarters to an extraordinary degree. In my own time an El Greco cult has come into being. There was no sign of it in 1903 when Charles Ricketts, the English artist and critic, published his beautiful book on the Prado, the best introduction to that gallery that I know. He was in two minds about El Greco, as, indeed, were most writers on the painter. Then Cossio's elaborate work appeared in 1908, and about this time the cult began to function. The German critic Julius Meier-Graefe burst into something like hysterical adulation. In his Spanish Journey, which was translated into English only the other day, he says among other specious things: "I have found a man, a great man, an inconceivably great genius: El Greco." His ardor is so urgent that it even leads him into a silly disparagement of Velasquez. Maurice Barrès, in Le Greco ou le Secret de Tolède, is fervid but intelligent. I might cite numerous other books, for the bibliography of the artist is extensive, but I need mention now only two. One of these is Doctor Mayer's magnificent folio, valuable for its text and peculiarly precious for its exhaustive collection of perfect plates. The other book is a brief critical biography by Elizabeth Trapier, issued by the Hispanic Society, exactly what the student wants if he is to make acquaintance with the facts in English.

IT is as well for the inquirer to begin with facts and proceed from them rather warily, for, as I have indicated, the cult has gone far in the exaltation of El Greco, enveloping him in clouds of esoteric rhapsody. We shall see that he has singularity enough, but it is a mistake to approach him as though he were a demigod. If some of his biographers had been disposed to be mysterious about him they might plead, reasonably enough, that there are at least mysterious passages in his annals.

Who, and of what status, were his people when he was born at Candia, in the island of Crete, in 1547 or 1548? It is pathetic to see how one historian after another has been baffled by the matter of El Greco's origin and kindred questions. It is plausibly to be surmised that he was well born and had a fairly good education, for there were classics in the library that belonged to him in his prime, and from that period dates an allusion by Pacheco, who knew him in Toledo and set him down in his book as a philosopher and author. But apart from conjecture as regards his actual beginnings and contacts, we have pitiably little to go upon. All the books repeat the same scant details. We do not know his exact age when he left Crete and joined the Greek colony in Venice, though we may be sure that he was then young. In Venice he fell under the influence of Titian, Tintoretto, and Leandro Bassano. In 1570, when he would be in his early twenties, Julio Clovio gave him a letter to Cardinal Farnese in Rome, speaking of him very favorably as a pupil of Titian's. From this epoch dates a portrait of Clovio that he painted, a portrait now in the Naples Museum, from which it is plain that he was even then a competent craftsman, though not yet disclosing the marks of genius. In Rome he was evidently accepted as a man of talent by the Cardinal and others. His patron lodged him in the Palazzo Farnese. He looked about



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him, and among experiences that left their mark upon him was contact with the work of Michael Angelo, then recently dead. Again we are confronted by queries. Why did he leave Rome and Italy? Why was Spain his next refuge? When, to a day, did he get there and what was known as El Greco, from the land of his birth. It was peculiarly fitting that he should be thus designated, for there was something essentially exotic about him. He seems to have been a man of strong character, almost rudely independent. He did important work for

Christ in the Temple.
From the painting by El Greco.

were the exact circumstances that led to his settlement in Toledo? I confess that I am myself particularly keen on knowing more about the man's personal background, the good or bad luck that he had, the manner in which he solved the problems of daily living. However, in the absence of all that, there is still something known about the painter as an every-day human creature.

Domenico Theotocopuli—which latter appellation signifies "Little Child of God"—signed many of his pictures with the name that his parents had given him, but from the time that he came to live in Toledo down to his death there in 1614 he Philip II at the Escurial, but it does not appear that he had, like Velasquez, the traits of a courtier. It is amusing to find how quick he was to stand up for his rights. It was customary in those days for a painting to be valued on completion by appraisers appointed by both artist and patron. Their ministrations, when El Greco was concerned, were wont to wind up in a lawsuit. He was nothing loth. Indeed, I gather that he was not only independent but even pugnacious. His fellows had reason to be grateful for his militant habit since out of one litigation of his there developed the liberation of the arts from taxation. A sturdy,

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likable man. Among the legends concerning him is one that musicians beguiled his hours at table. It is consonant with the conviction somehow forming itself in one's mind that El Greco was, in the truest and most æsthetic sense of the term, an artist. The sparse biography that we have shows that, and the works richly confirm it.

Vincenzo Anastagi.
From the portrait by El Greco.

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JUST how he was trained to produce those works is one more of the puzzles in his history. The early portrait of Clovio reveals, I may say again, that he knew his trade, but how did he come to learn it and what were his methods? It is obvious that he was well grounded as a draftsman, but line was not his overmastering predilection. When Pacheco asked him which was the more difficult, coloring or drawing, El Greco answered coloring. Mme. Trapier reproduces from the Spanish annalist this interesting memory of his visit to the painter: "Domenico Greco showed me in the year 1611 a cupboard of clay models by his hand, which he made use of in his work. And what was most remarkable, the originals of all that he had painted in his life, painted in oils on smaller canvases, in a room which by his order his son showed me. What will the presumptuous and lazy say to this, will they not

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fall dead hearing of these examples?" Mme. Trapier notes that while some fifty models of clay, wax, or plaster are listed in the inventory framed on the painter's death, there is no mention of the painted model a figure, how to arrange drapery, and how to put a composition together.

If analysis of his evolution as an artist must look to matters of technique, it must look even more to matters of style and

The Holy Family.
From the painting by El Greco.

"originals of all that he had painted in his life." Nevertheless, I am not inclined to take this as inimical to the hypothesis that he was a man of industry and of many preliminary studies. He must have had great facility. He was fertile in the production of replicas and variants. All the testimony of his work is in favor of the idea that while in his later period he was capable of fluent improvisation, his art was based from the beginning on disciplined preparation. He knew how to spirit. The landmarks in his career almost immediately subordinate questions of drawing, brushwork, and the like to questions of mood. In his youth in Crete he must have been aware of the Byzantine tradition, and it long reverberates in his life. Then in Venice he becomes Venetian. It is not merely that the types and backgrounds of Tintoretto and Bassano commend themselves to him. In the whole organization and atmosphere of his picture he is true to

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their sumptuous ideal and to the nominally academic scaffold supporting their realistic designs. He would build up a portrait in the true Venetian fashion, whether a simple bust or a splendid full-length like the noble Vincenzo Anastagi in the Frick collection. Titian himself, his master, might have conceived that virile performance. The monumental Assumption of the Virgin, hanging in the Art Institute at Chicago, one of his great masterpieces, is an obviously Titianesque scheme. It was, in fact, with no small Italian baggage that this Greek came to Spain. But it was with extraordinary rapidity that El Greco found himself, and in so doing became the portent in Spanish art that we know and that has developed the cult.

Toledo.
From the painting by El Greco.

Before characterizing this portent, I would lay great stress upon the craftsman in him to whom I have already referred. The Greco of the dithyrambic æsthetes, the Greco of the cult, the Greco whom the Modernists would try to kidnap as they have tried to kidnap Ingres, is the

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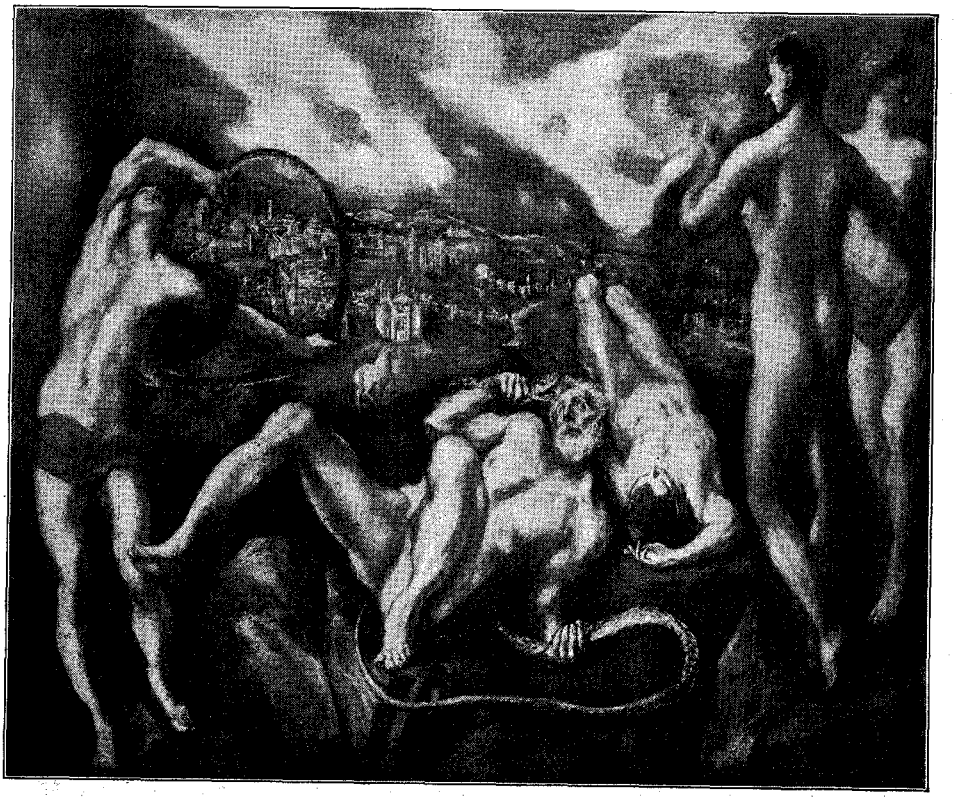

Laocoon.
From the painting by El Greco.

later and mannered Greco of the elongated forms who is often a caricature of himself and a negation of nature. He is, besides, a violator of his own canons of good workmanship. But that he had those canons and that he knew truth as well as beauty are facts important to remember. When he painted the prodigious Burial of Count Orgaz, at Toledo, he reared up a fabric as masterly in its way as Raphael's august Disputa. The picture is divided into its two zones with the cool judgment of an academician. In the foreground of the lower zone the two saints, with their armored burden between them, are unerringly placed with reference to the figures beside them, to the serried nobles behind them, and to the heavenly host above. The great canvas is crowded, but every figure, every head, is at precisely the right point in the design as a design. The sentimentalists make much of the mystical and psychological power in the thing, its spiritual *élan*, and, to tell the truth, I would not say them nay; but I can recall now that when it first burst upon my vision long ago my mind went back to the genius of the Stanze for unity comparable to the unity of this. I knew then that El Greco was a consummate workman. I don't think he was ever so masterly a composer in any of his other works unless possibly in the famous Expolio in the Cathedral at Toledo, wherein he beautifully illustrates the maxim of Degas, that you make a multitude in art not with a host of figures but with comparatively few. The Burial of Count Orgaz as a design is, to be sure, in a class by itself, monumental and unique. But let us turn from the splendor of that achievement and see what El Greco does in the generality of his better pictures. He makes them true pictures. The atti-



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tude is rightly fixed. Whether he be painting a religious subject or a portrait the figure is felicitously disposed in the rectangle and it has character. Above all, it has character, it is the vitalized expression of an idea or an individuality. Which brings me back to the portent.

Portrait of a Cavalier.
From the painting by El Greco.

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WHAT is it that makes El Greco one? What is his secret? What is it in him that seizes our imagination? Criticism makes various replies. His conception of form will appeal to one analyst. His color to another. His mysticism to a third. My own hypothesis has long been that El Greco's secret lies in just the originality which was expressed through all these factors, that he touches us because of the rich response he makes to the craving in every lover of art for the absolutely unprecedented, new-minted artistic experience. You get such an experience sometimes from a temperament living within the tradition of a school, as you get it, say, from a Florentine like Botticelli. But El Greco is his own school. There is something uncanny about the self-sufficiency of this painter. Consider his style—and his style is as significant as his spiritual content—and you see that he spins his magic out of his own entrails. Though he ponders on Byzantium, he is not a Byzantine. Though he touches hands with Tintoretto, he is only temporarily a Venetian. He visits Rome and

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escapes all influences there save, in a measure, that of Michael Angelo, and even that he transmutes into something of his own. His pictures and portraits are freighted with the very soul of Spain, so he gives to the transaction an accent which, I repeat, is absolutely new. It is new and it brings almost fantastic beauties with it. The colors are very lovely for all that a rather livid tone will

Portrait of a Lady.
From the painting by El Greco.

yet you cannot call him in his own soul a Spaniard. He is simply El Greco, an episode of intense strangeness and originality in the history of art. This is, I maintain, by itself fascinating. The passion of this changeling is sometimes profoundly moving. When he paints a religious picture, it stirs your heart. His saints are truly saintly, and when he paints a sixteenth-century cavalier or priest or scholar, he seems to reach down into the very depths of the man's nature and to pluck forth its secret. As he does creep in. The play of light, especially over landscape, is romantically arresting. How much he gives us that is rare and fine and altogether distinguished! And then he gives us other things which bring us to a pause.

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ORIGINALITY is a golden gift, but it may be precious and still be of only relative value. Questions of degree and kind enter in. Ricketts has a saying which is apposite here. "The person-

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ality or originality of El Greco," he remarks, "is too thin, too whimsical, too arbitrary, to command absolute praise." I do not quite agree with Ricketts.

Don Antonio Covarrubias.
From the portrait by El Greco

"Thin," particularly strikes me as too severe a word. Yet up to a point I sympathize with the English critic. I remember how the lovely color, especially the grays and greens, occasionally grows morbid, and emotionally, too, El Greco now and then invites the same epithet. If his ecstasy can be holy, it can also be merely feverish. In him the improvisatore will, on occasion, submerge the designer. The elongation of form which is persuasive enough in, for example, a picture like the Crucifixion in the Louvre, presently runs away with him and becomes, frankly, tiresome. As he drew toward the close of his career, there is no obscuring the fact that El Greco frequently substituted mannerism for style. In short, "discrimination" is the watchword for those who would extract from El Greco the joy that is surely to be got out of him. For the collector of sensations he is one of the most alluring and repaying artists in the whole range of painting. But that same collector must be on his guard against the rhapsodists, careful to distinguish between what is great and what is grotesque in the work of the master.

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A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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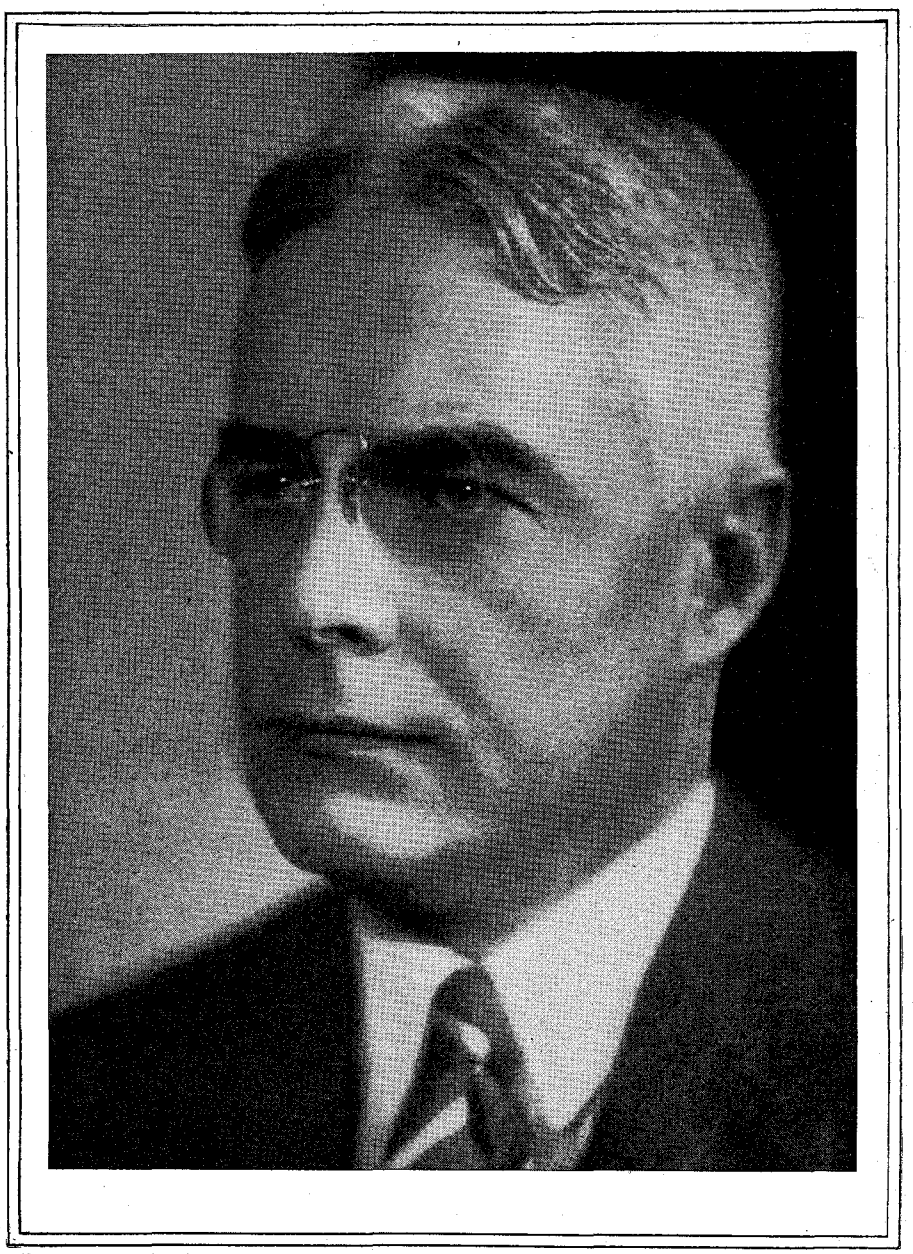

*From a photograph by Strauss Peyton.*

Albert C. Ritchie

—See "Ritchie of Maryland," page 404.



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